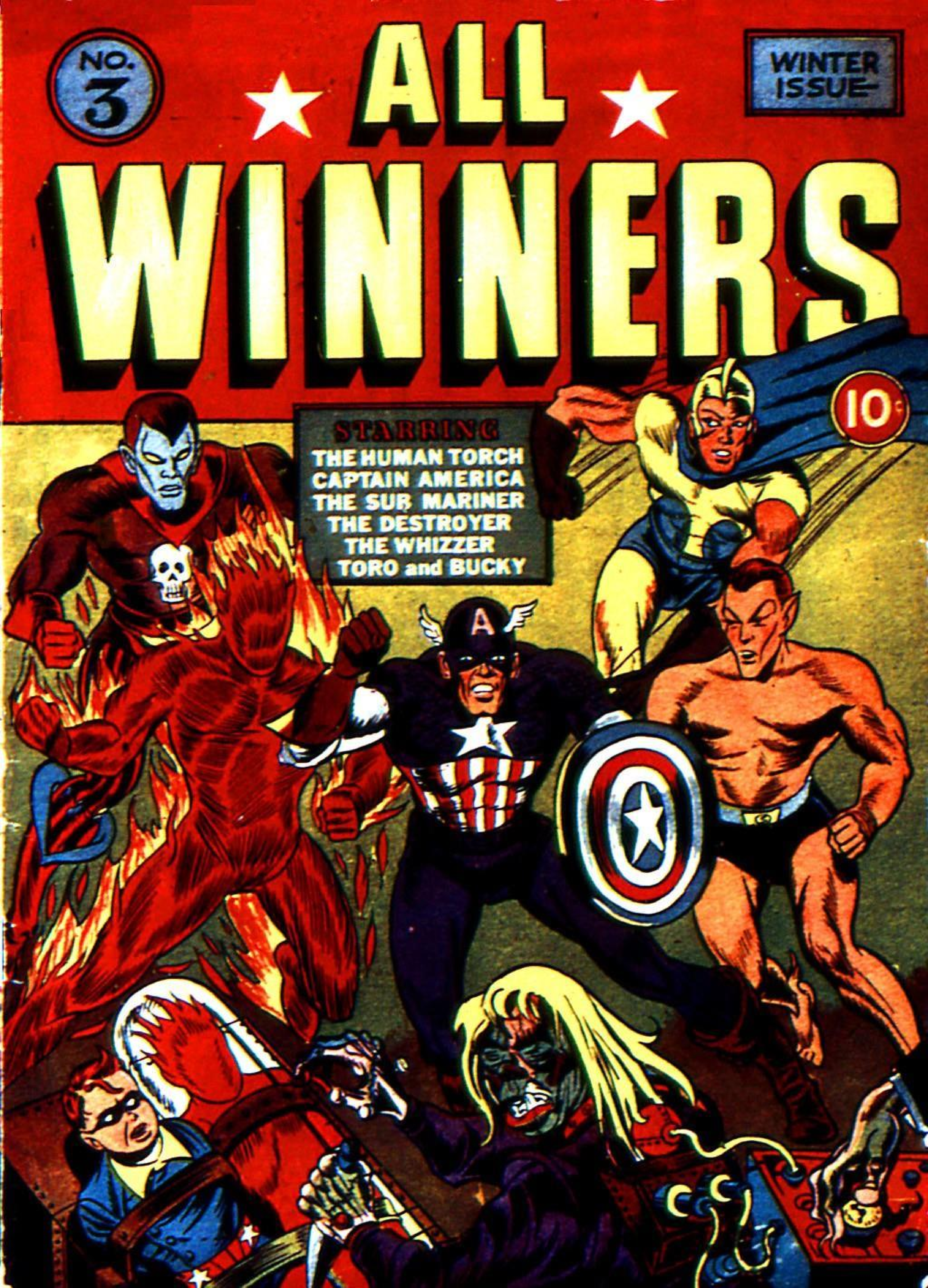
NO. 3
ALL WINNERS
WINTER ISSUE
10¢
STARRING
THE HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE SUB MARINER
THE DESTROYER
THE WHIZZER
TORO and BUCKY
A

ALL WINNERS

Winter Issue ☆ ☆ CONTENTS ☆ ☆ Thrill to.....

HUMAN TORCH: ....Page 1

When the Black Dragon appeared on the victim's chest, the Human Torch found himself in the middle of a Doom Game played by murderous Japanese terrorists!

The Case of The Black Dragon Society!

CAPTAIN AMERICA: ....Page 13

Because the "Black Talon" story in the December issue of "Captain America Comics" was so well liked, Cap decided to tell you about another time when he fought a murderous artist! Here it is—

The Canvas of Doom!

WHIZZER: .... Page 26

Behind the walls of Tolegate Prison lurked a menace which struck dread fear in men's hearts! But when the words "jailbreak" were uttered, the Whizzer took a hand!

Terror Prison!

ALSO:— ....Page 38

A gripping short novelette!

SUB MARINER: ....Page 40

What was the awful secret of the terror ship which prowled the seas? Sub Mariner meant to find out—though it cost his very life!

The Ship of Horrors!

DESTROYER: ....Page 53

Deep in the heart of Nazi Germany a dreadful scheme was afoot! Could the Destroyer prevent the Nazis from executing their foul deed, or would he too be a victim?

Secret Tunnel of Death!

If you enjoyed the thrilling tales of the characters in this magazine, don't fail to read the following magazines in which they regularly appear—

MARVEL COMICS (Human Torch and Sub Mariner)
CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS (Captain America)
U.S.A. COMICS (Whizzer)
MYSTIC COMICS (Destroyer)

also the **HUMAN TORCH** and **SUB MARINER Quarterlies!**

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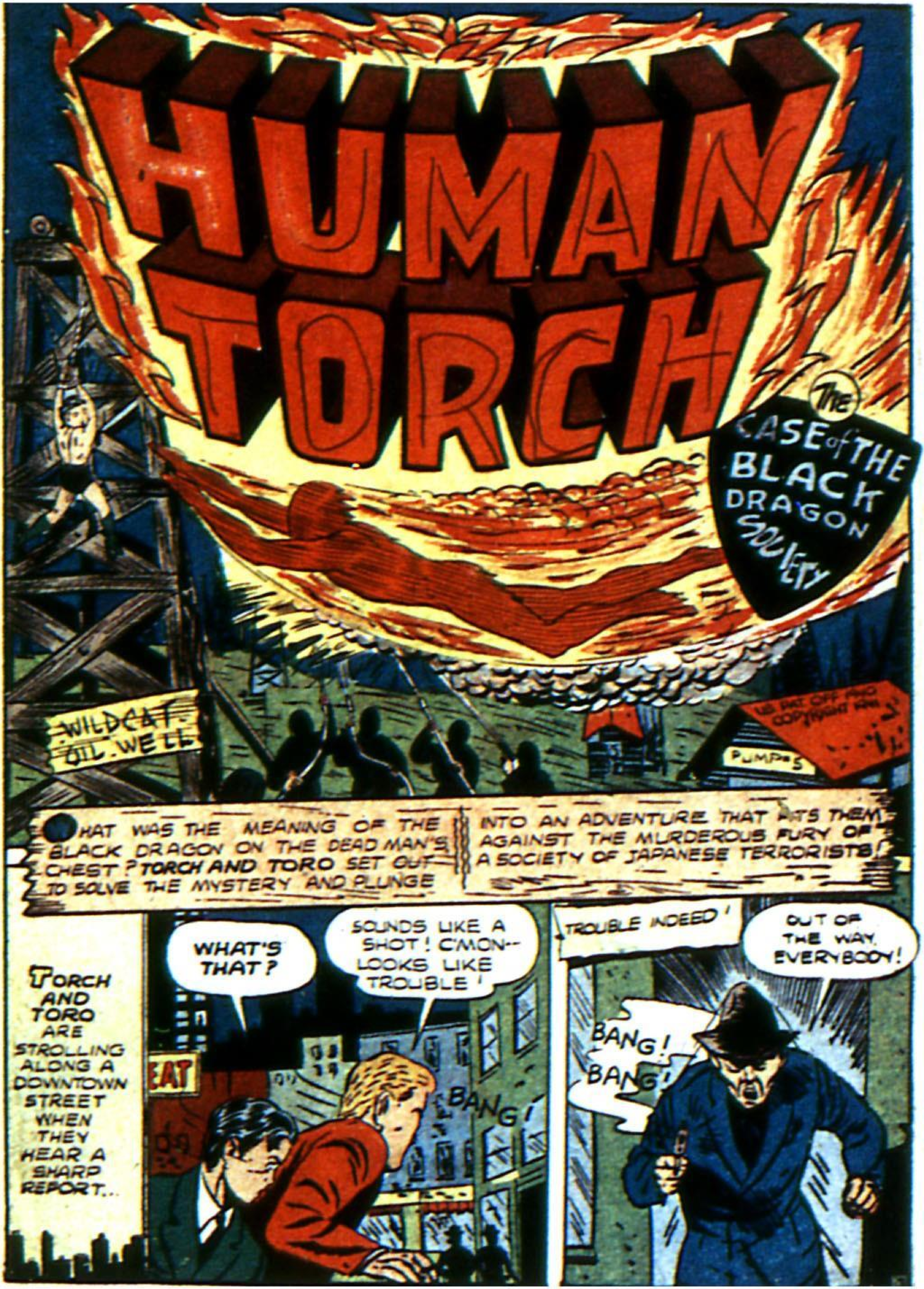
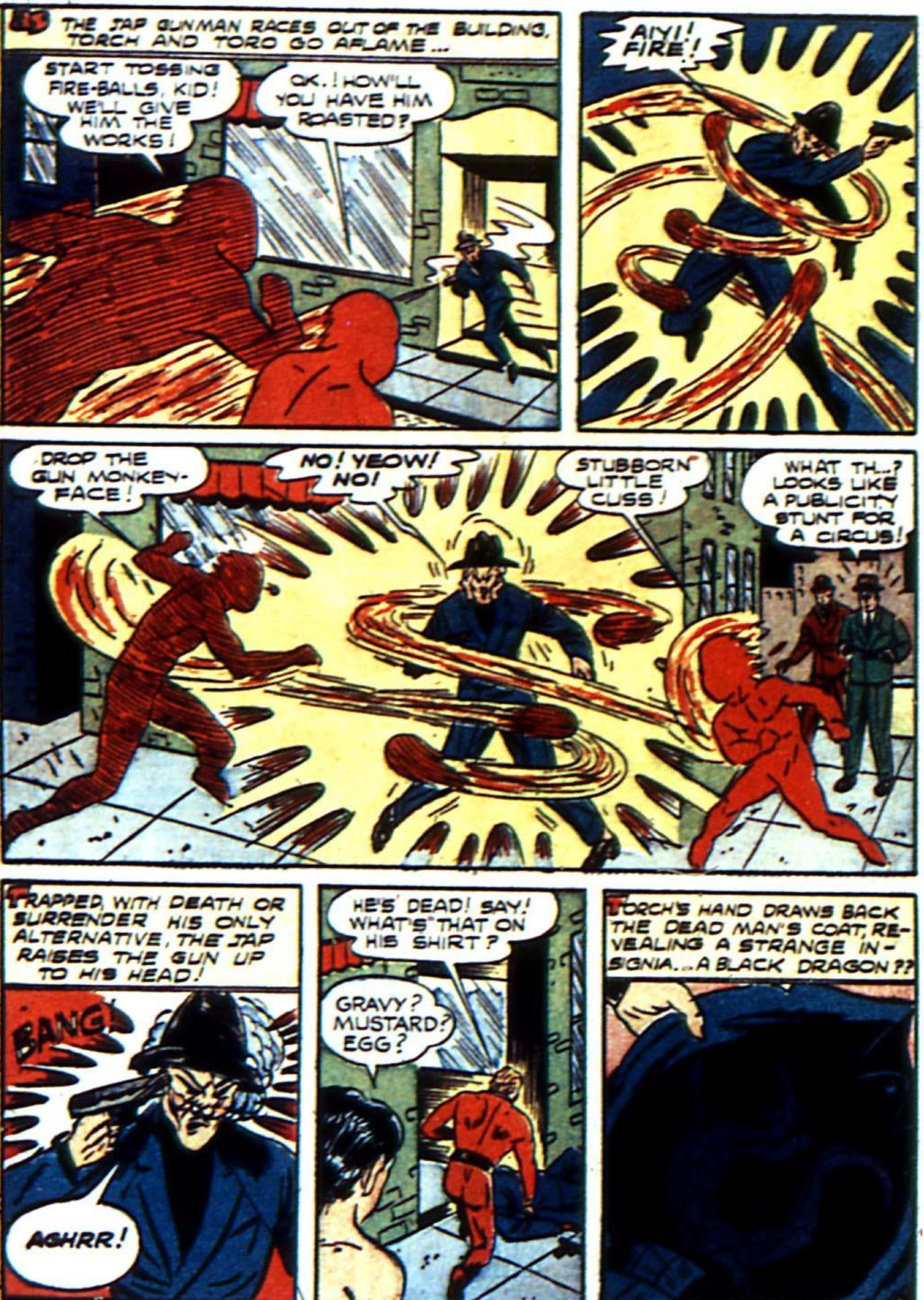
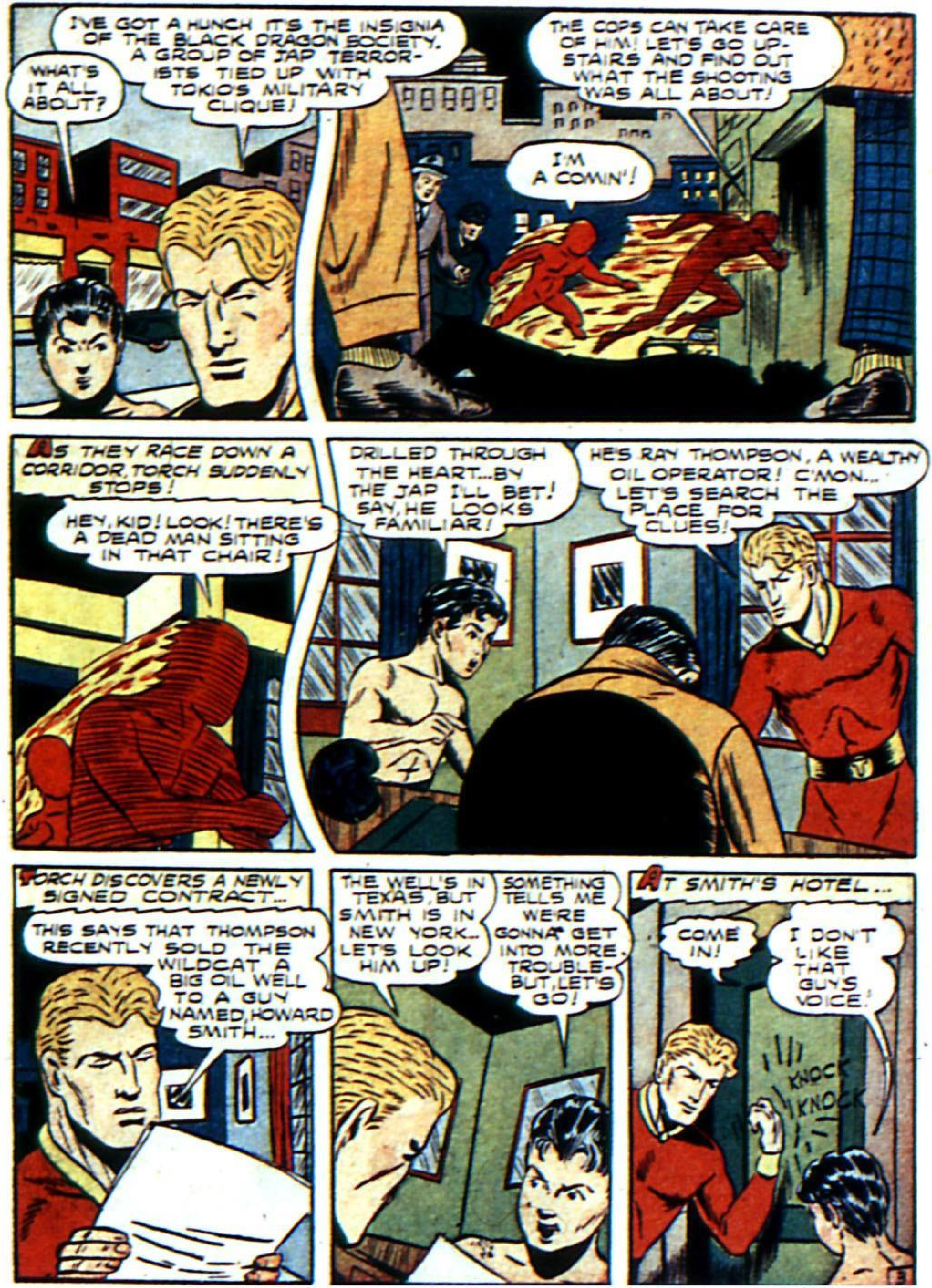
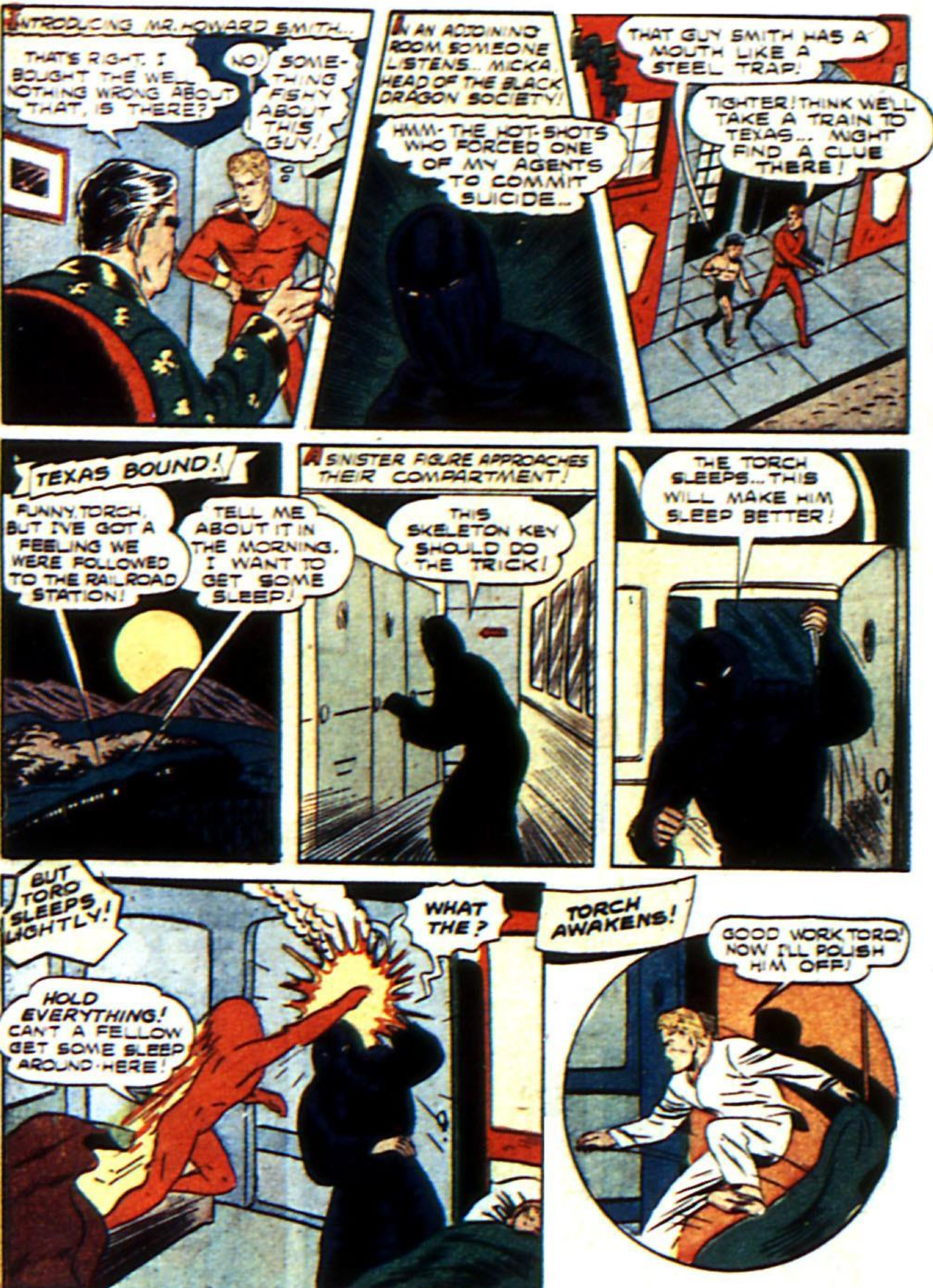
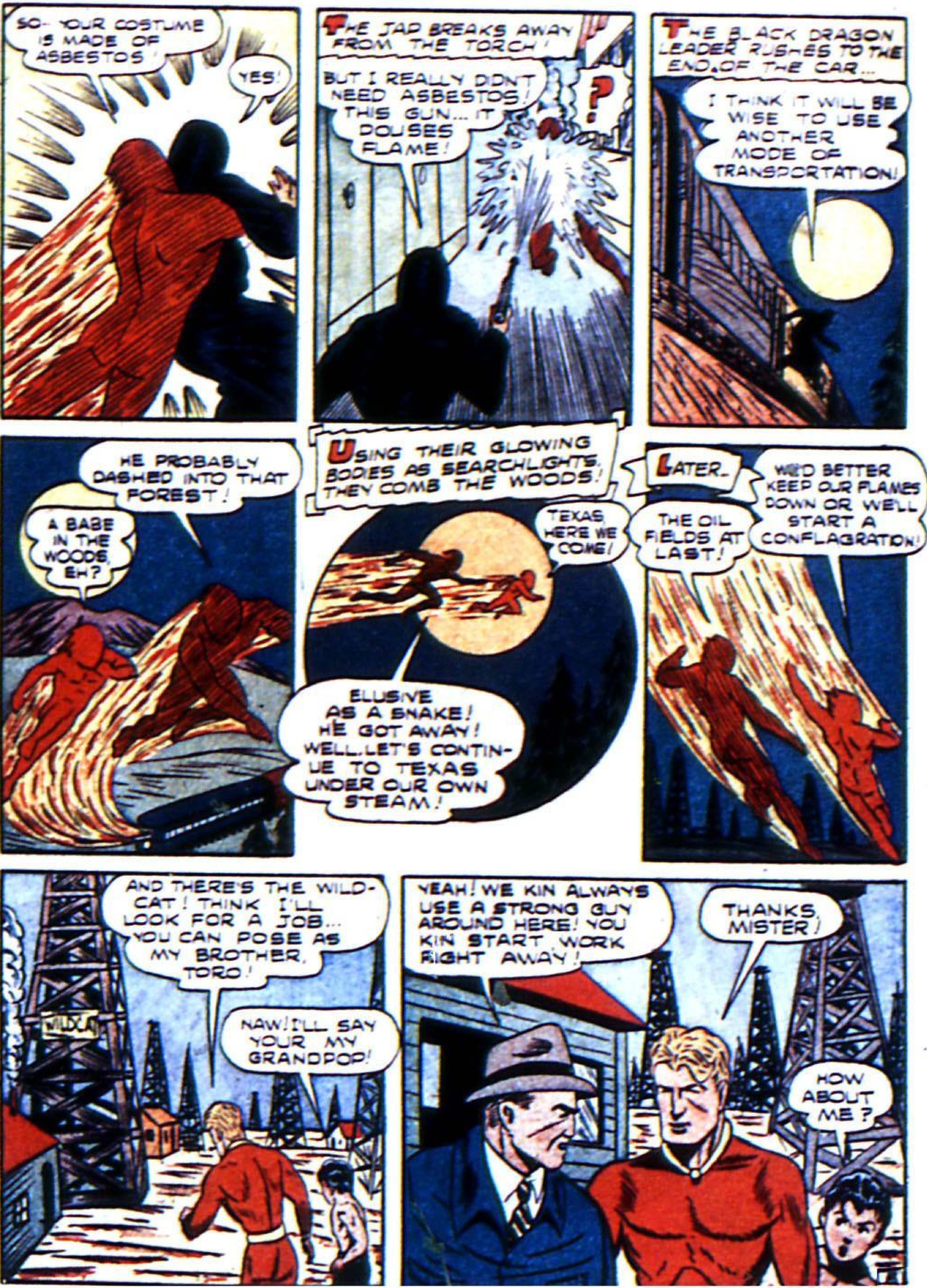
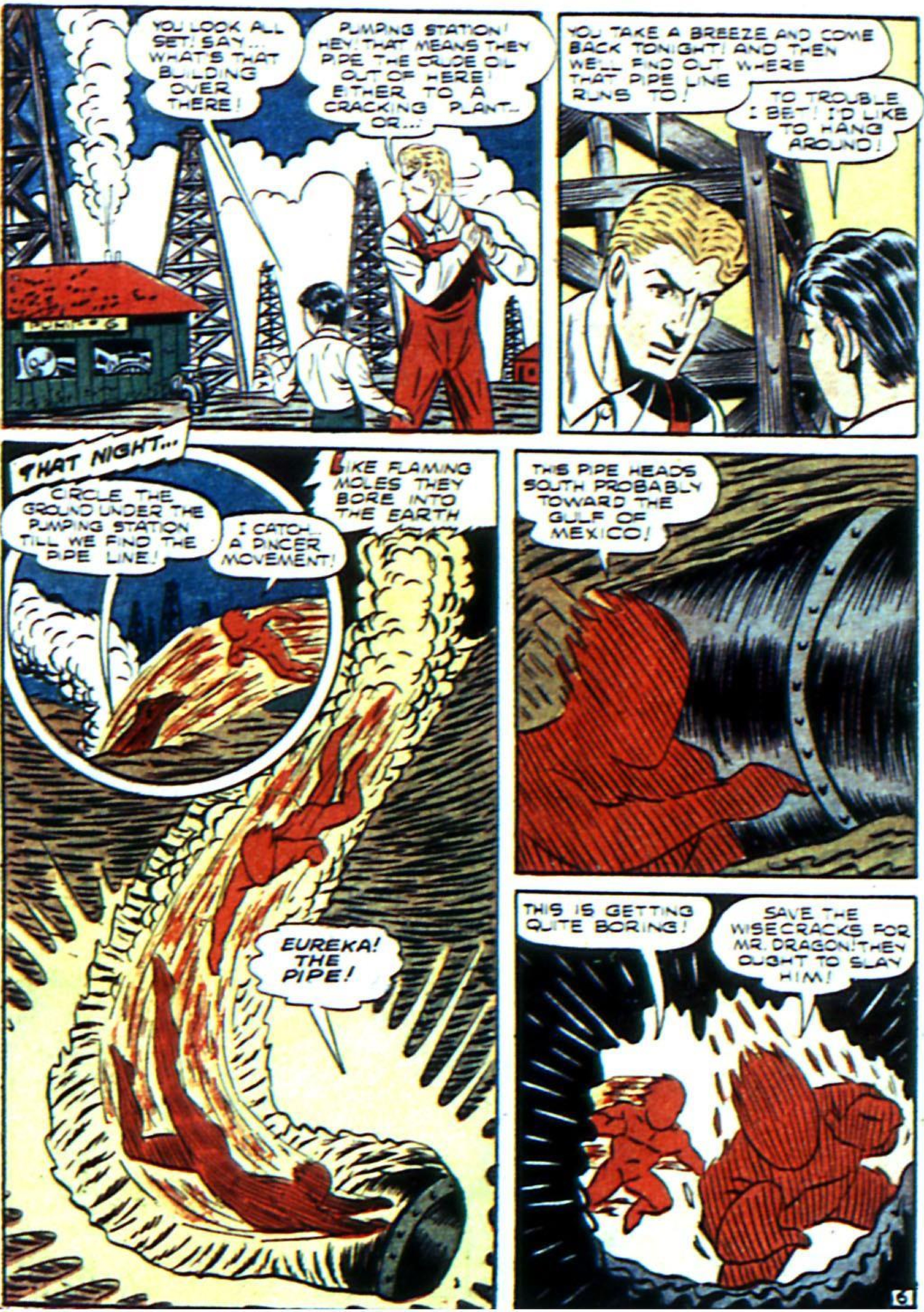

HUMAN TORCH
THE CASE OF THE BLACK DRAGON SOCIETY
WILDCAT OIL WELL
PUMP 5
US PAT OFF AND COPYRIGHT 194
WHAT WAS THE MEANING OF THE BLACK DRAGON ON THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST? TORCH AND TORO SET OUT TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY AND PLUNGE INTO AN ADVENTURE THAT PITS THEM AGAINST THE MURDEROUS FURY OF A SOCIETY OF JAPANESE TERRORISTS!
TORCH AND TORO ARE STROLLING ALONG A DOWNTOWN STREET WHEN THEY HEAR A SHARP REPORT...
WHAT'S THAT?
SOUNDS LIKE A SHOT! C'MON-- LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!
EAT
BANG!
TROUBLE INDEED!
OUT OF THE WAY, EVERYBODY!
BANG! BANG!]

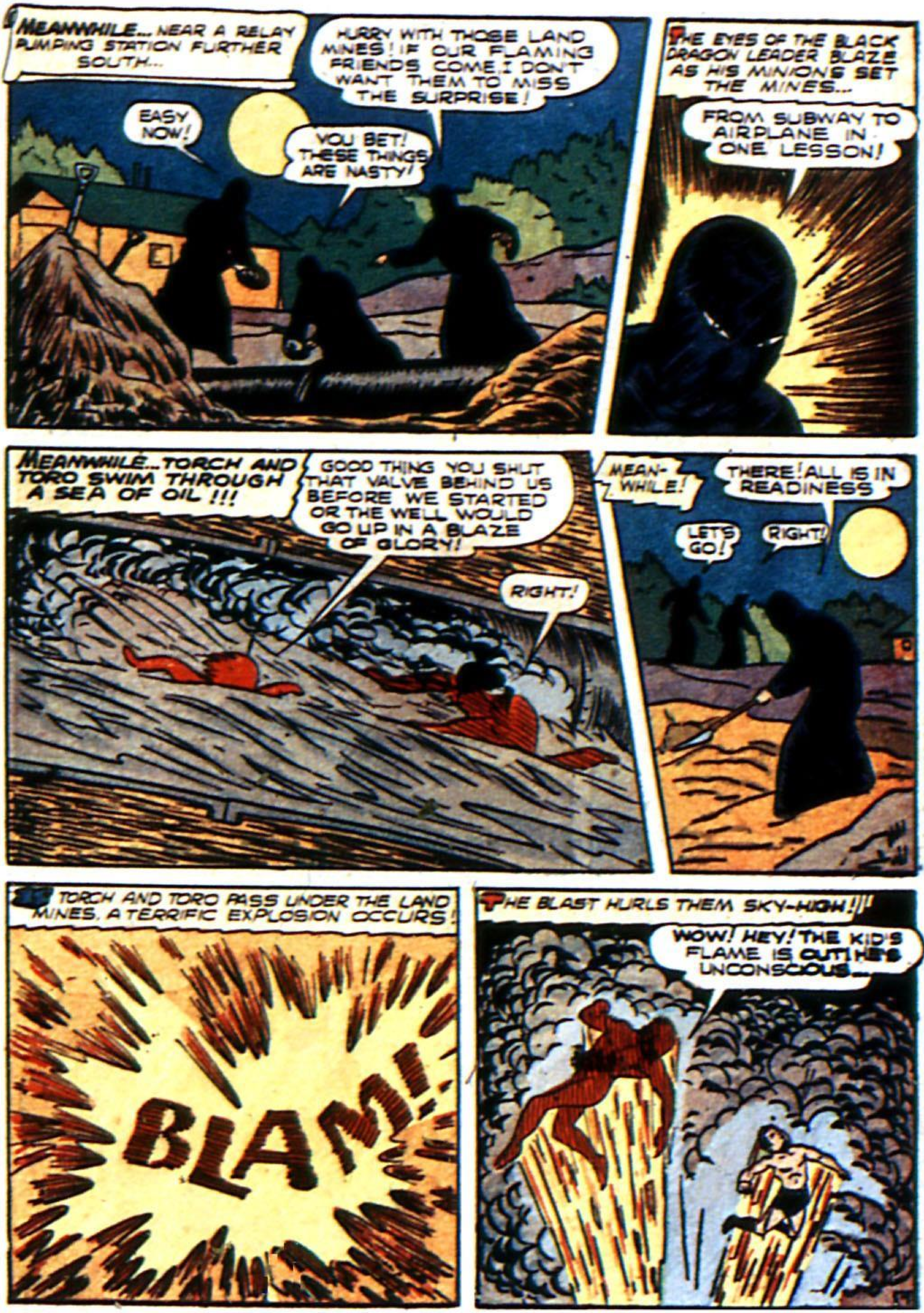

THE JAP GUNMAN RACES OUT OF THE BUILDING, TORCH AND TORO GO AFLAME...
START TOSSING FIRE-BALLS, KID! WE'LL GIVE HIM THE WORKS!
OK.! HOW'LL YOU HAVE HIM ROASTED?
AIYI! FIRE!
DROP THE GUN MONKEY-FACE!
NO! YEOW! NO!
STUBBORN LITTLE CUSS!
WHAT TH..? LOOKS LIKE A PUBLICITY STUNT FOR A CIRCUS!
TRAPPED, WITH DEATH OR SURRENDER HIS ONLY ALTERNATIVE, THE JAP RAISES THE GUN UP TO HIS HEAD!
BANG!
AGHRR!
HE'S DEAD! SAY! WHAT'S THAT ON HIS SHIRT?
GRAVY? MUSTARD? EGG?
TORCH'S HAND DRAWS BACK THE DEAD MAN'S COAT, REVEALING A STRANGE INSIGNIA... A BLACK DRAGON??

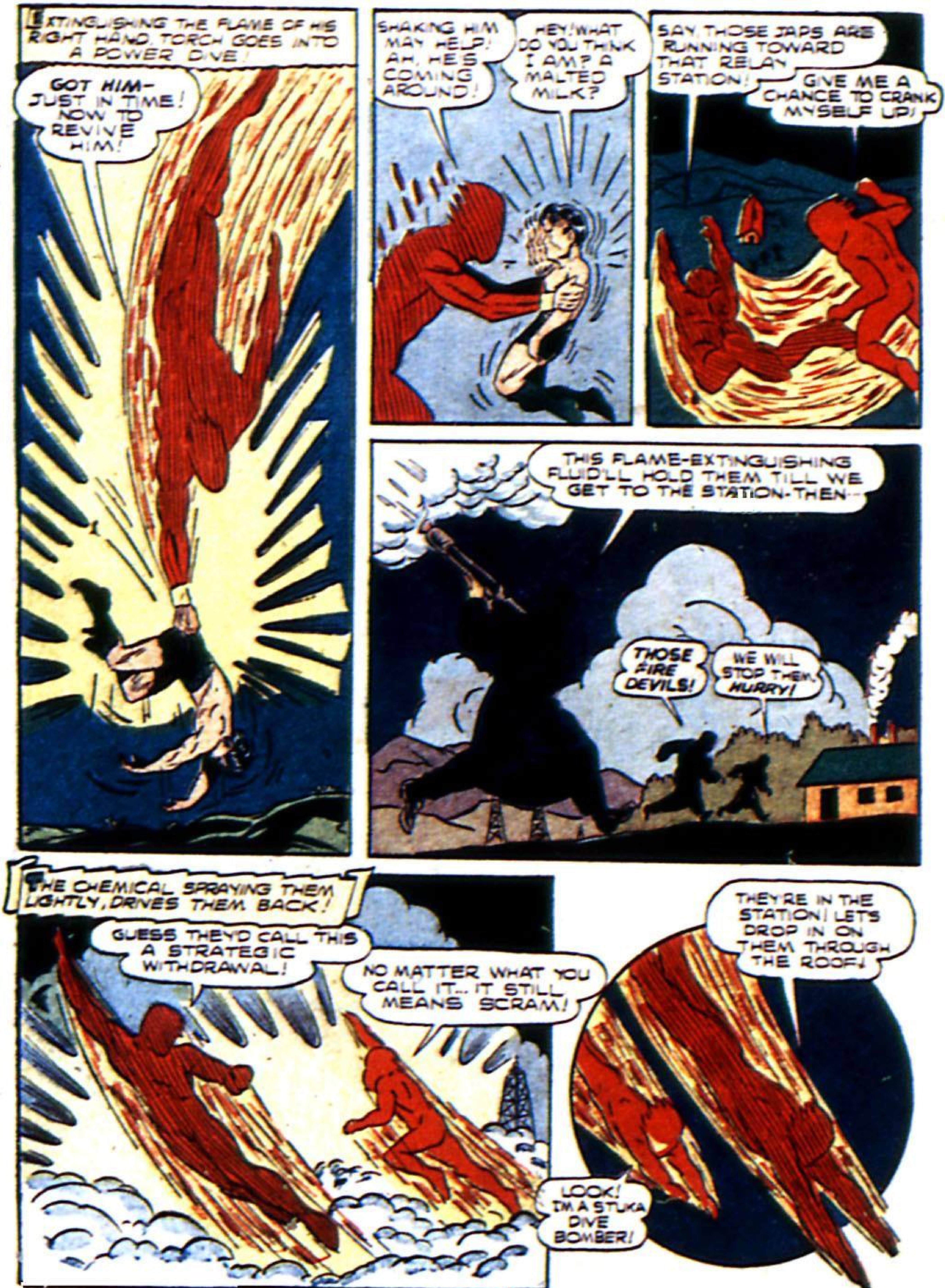

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT'S THE INSIGNIA OF THE BLACK DRAGON SOCIETY. A GROUP OF JAP TERRORISTS TIED UP WITH TOKIO'S MILITARY CLIQUE!
THE COPS CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM! LET'S GO UPSTAIRS AND FIND OUT WHAT THE SHOOTING WAS ALL ABOUT!
I'M A COMIN'!
AS THEY RACE DOWN A CORRIDOR, TORCH SUDDENLY STOPS!
HEY, KID! LOOK! THERE'S A DEAD MAN SITTING IN THAT CHAIR!
DRILLED THROUGH THE HEART...BY THE JAP I'LL BET! SAY, HE LOOKS FAMILIAR!
HE'S RAY THOMPSON, A WEALTHY OIL OPERATOR! C'MON... LET'S SEARCH THE PLACE FOR CLUES!
TORCH DISCOVERS A NEWLY SIGNED CONTRACT...
THIS SAYS THAT THOMPSON RECENTLY SOLD THE WILDCAT A BIG OIL WELL TO A GUY NAMED, HOWARD SMITH...
THE WELL'S IN TEXAS, BUT SMITH IS IN NEW YORK... LET'S LOOK HIM UP!
SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE GONNA GET INTO MORE TROUBLE- BUT, LET'S GO!
AT SMITH'S HOTEL...
COME IN!
I DON'T LIKE THAT GUY'S VOICE!
KNOCK KNOCK

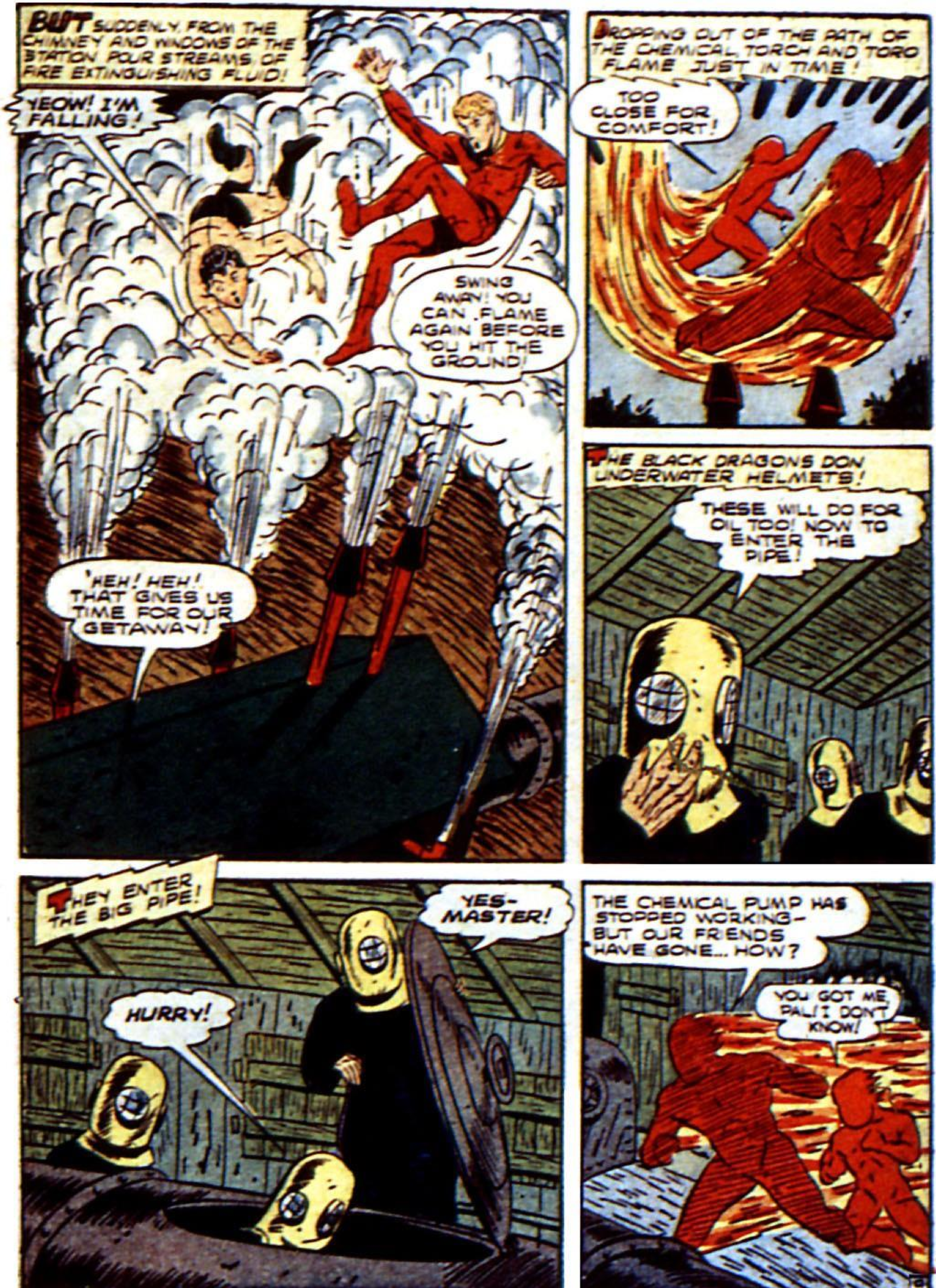

INTRODUCING MR. HOWARD SMITH...
THAT'S RIGHT. I BOUGHT THE WELL. NOTHING WRONG ABOUT THAT, IS THERE?
NO!
SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS GUY!
IN AN ADJOINING ROOM, SOMEONE LISTENS... MICKA, HEAD OF THE BLACK DRAGON SOCIETY!
HMM- THE HOT-SHOTS WHO FORCED ONE OF MY AGENTS TO COMMIT SUICIDE...
THAT GUY SMITH HAS A MOUTH LIKE A STEEL TRAP!
TIGHTER! THINK WE'LL TAKE A TRAIN TO TEXAS... MIGHT FIND A CLUE THERE!
TEXAS BOUND!
FUNNY, TORCH, BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING WE WERE FOLLOWED TO THE RAILROAD STATION!
TELL ME ABOUT IT IN THE MORNING. I WANT TO GET SOME SLEEP!
A SINISTER FIGURE APPROACHES THEIR COMPARTMENT!
THIS SKELETON KEY SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
THE TORCH SLEEPS... THIS WILL MAKE HIM SLEEP BETTER!
BUT TORO SLEEPS LIGHTLY!
HOLD EVERYTHING! CAN'T A FELLOW GET SOME SLEEP AROUND HERE!
WHAT THE?
TORCH AWAKENS!
GOOD WORK, TORO! NOW I'LL POLISH HIM OFF!

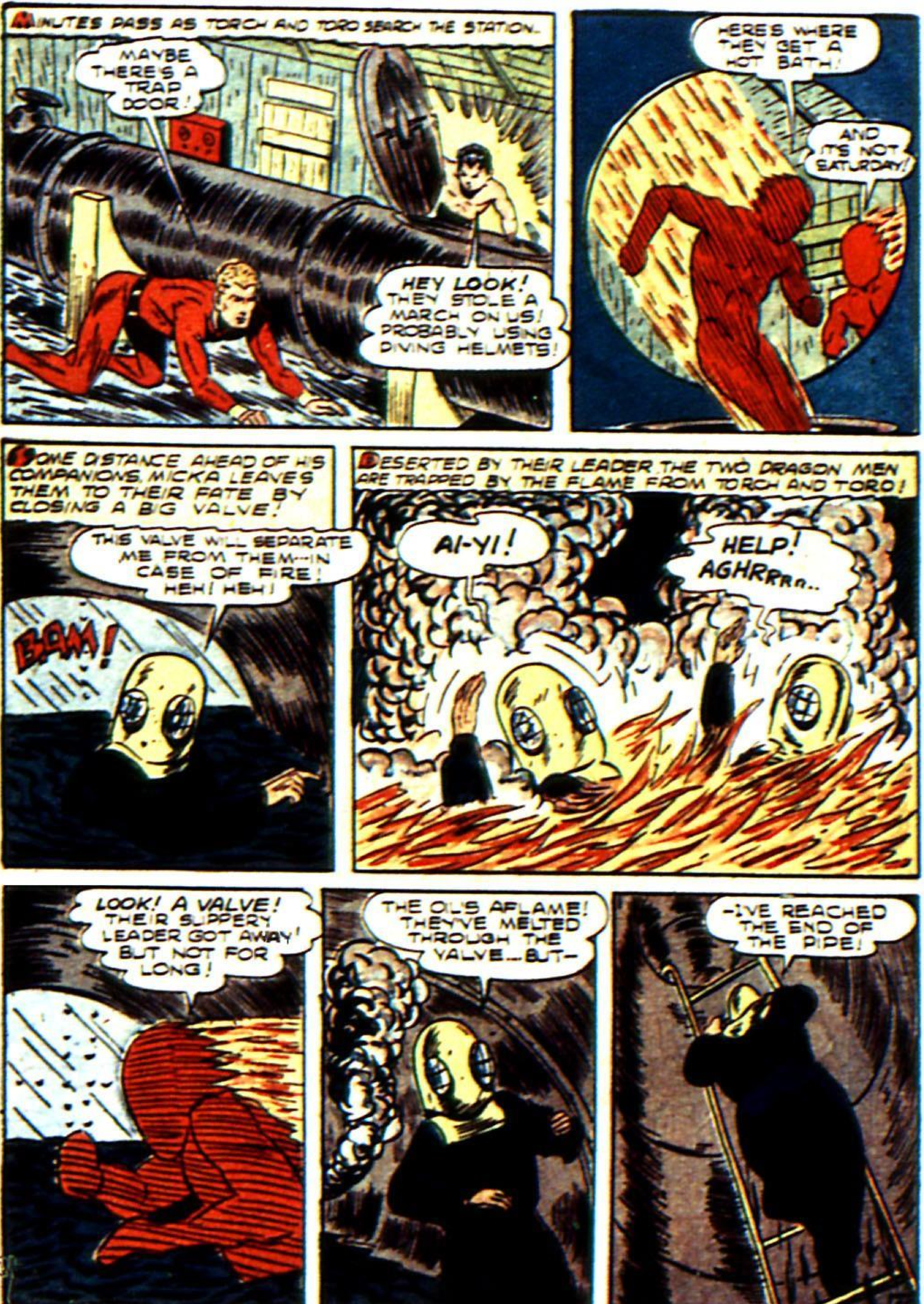

SO- YOUR COSTUME IS MADE OF ASBESTOS!
YES!
THE JAP BREAKS AWAY FROM THE TORCH!
BUT I REALLY DIDN'T NEED ASBESTOS! THIS GUN... IT DOUSES FLAME!
?
THE BLACK DRAGON LEADER RUSHES TO THE END OF THE CAR...
I THINK IT WILL BE WISE TO USE ANOTHER MODE OF TRANSPORTATION!
HE PROBABLY DASHED INTO THAT FOREST!
A BABE IN THE WOODS, EH?
USING THEIR GLOWING BODIES AS SEARCHLIGHTS, THEY COMB THE WOODS!
TEXAS, HERE WE COME!
ELUSIVE AS A SNAKE! HE GOT AWAY! WELL, LET'S CONTINUE TO TEXAS UNDER OUR OWN STEAM!
LATER...
THE OIL FIELDS AT LAST!
WE'D BETTER KEEP OUR FLAMES DOWN OR WE'LL START A CONFLAGRATION!
AND THERE'S THE WILDCAT! THINK I'LL LOOK FOR A JOB... YOU CAN POSE AS MY BROTHER, TORO!
NAW! I'LL SAY YOUR MY GRANDPOP!
WILDCAT
YEAH! WE KIN ALWAYS USE A STRONG GUY AROUND HERE! YOU KIN START WORK RIGHT AWAY!
THANKS, MISTER!
HOW ABOUT ME?

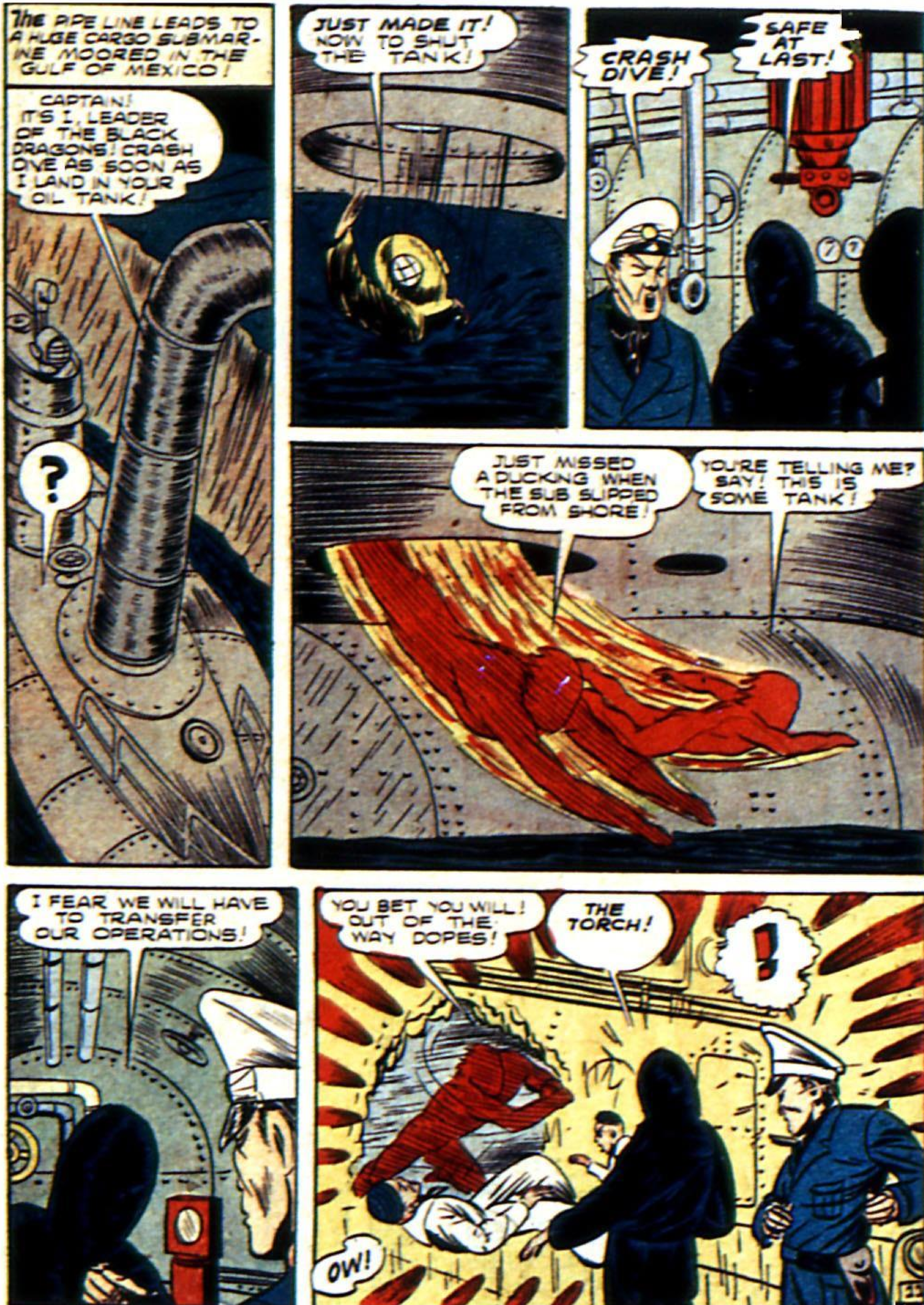

YOU LOOK ALL SET! SAY... WHAT'S THAT BUILDING OVER THERE!
PUMPING STATION! HEY! THAT MEANS THEY PIPE THE CRUDE OIL OUT OF HERE! EITHER TO A CRACKING PLANT-- OR...
YOU TAKE A BREEZE AND COME BACK TONIGHT! AND THEN WE'LL FIND OUT WHERE THAT PIPE LINE RUNS TO!
TO TROUBLE I BET! I'D LIKE TO HANG AROUND!
THAT NIGHT...
CIRCLE THE GROUND UNDER THE PUMPING STATION TILL WE FIND THE PIPE LINE!
I CATCH... A PINCER MOVEMENT!
LIKE FLAMING MOLES THEY BORE INTO THE EARTH
EUREKA! THE PIPE!
THIS PIPE HEADS SOUTH PROBABLY TOWARD THE GULF OF MEXICO!
THIS IS GETTING QUITE BORING!
SAVE THE WISECRACKS FOR MR. DRAGON! THEY OUGHT TO SLAY HIM!

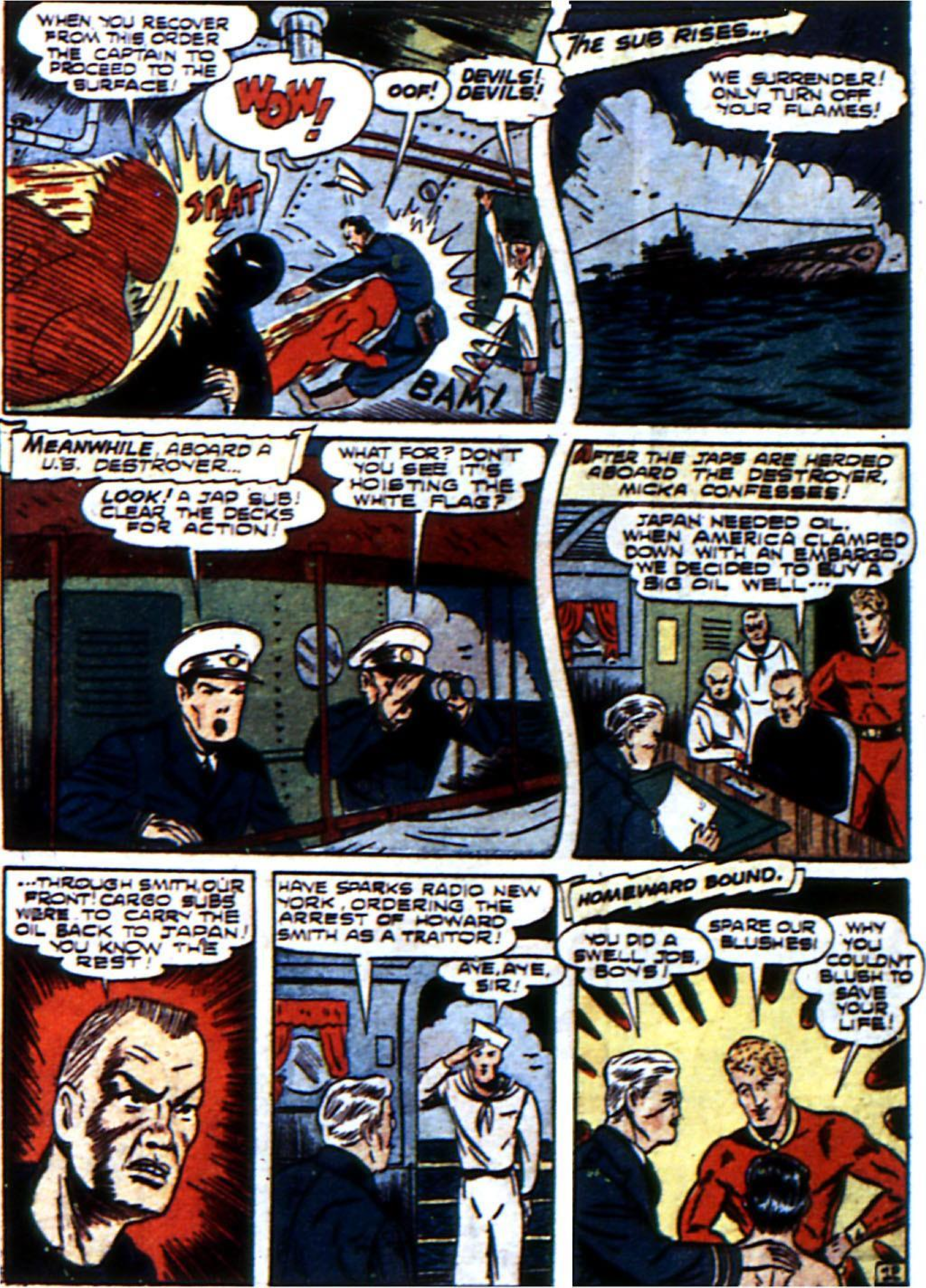

MEANWHILE... NEAR A RELAY PUMPING STATION FURTHER SOUTH...
HURRY WITH THOSE LAND MINES! IF OUR FLAMING FRIENDS COME, I DON'T WANT THEM TO MISS THE SURPRISE!
EASY NOW!
YOU BET! THESE THINGS ARE NASTY!
THE EYES OF THE BLACK DRAGON LEADER BLAZE AS HIS MINIONS SET THE MINES...
FROM SUBWAY TO AIRPLANE IN ONE LESSON!
MEANWHILE... TORCH AND TORO SWIM THROUGH A SEA OF OIL !!!
GOOD THING YOU SHUT THAT VALVE BEHIND US BEFORE WE STARTED OR THE WELL WOULD GO UP IN A BLAZE OF GLORY!
RIGHT!
MEAN-WHILE!
THERE! ALL IS IN READINESS
LET'S GO!
RIGHT!
AS TORCH AND TORO PASS UNDER THE LAND MINES, A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION OCCURS!
BLAM!!
THE BLAST HURLS THEM SKY-HIGH!!!
WOW! HEY! THE KID'S FLAME IS OUT! HE'S UNCONSCIOUS...

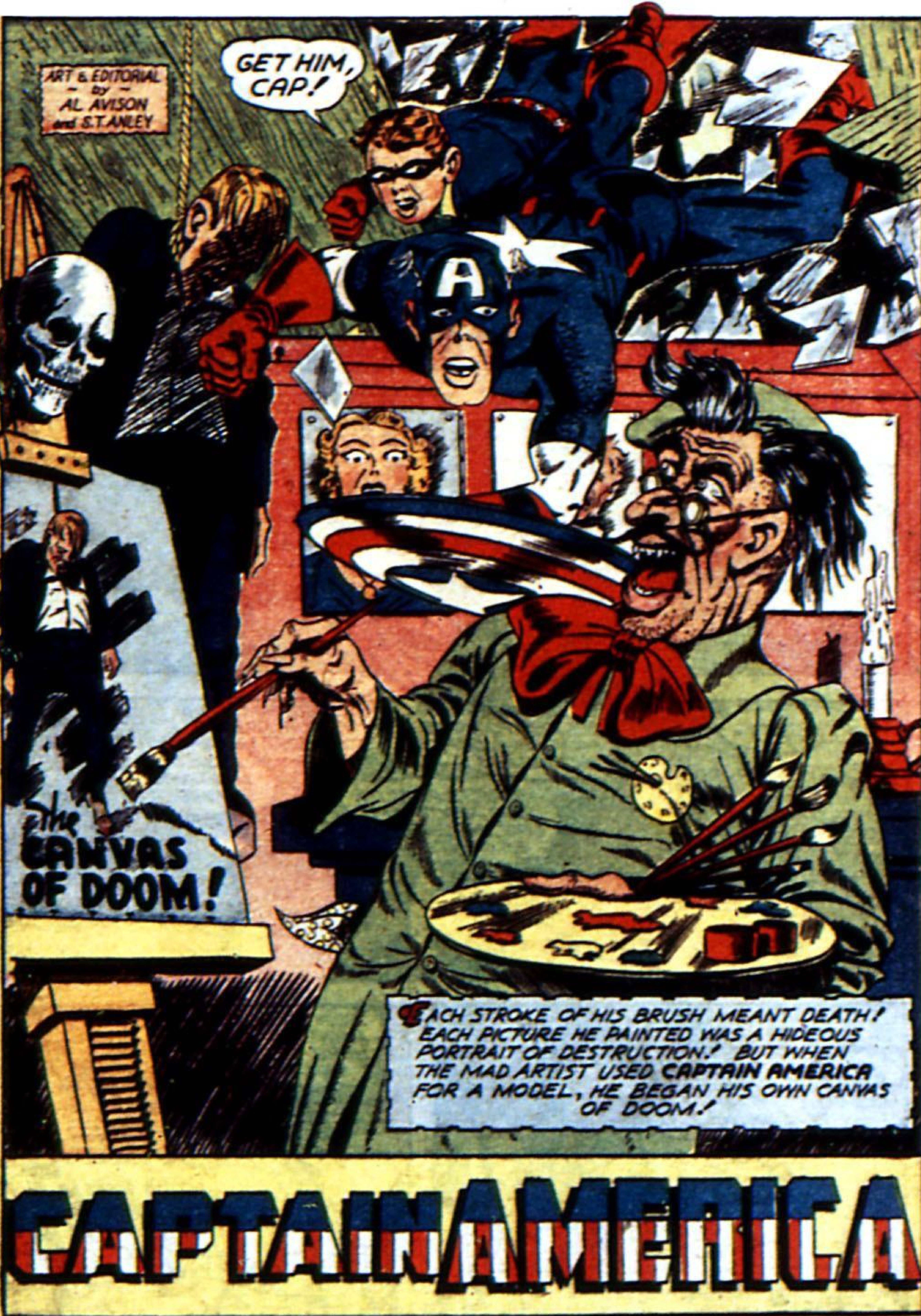

EXTINGUISHING THE FLAME OF HIS RIGHT HAND, TORCH GOES INTO A POWER DIVE!
GOT HIM– JUST IN TIME! NOW TO REVIVE HIM!
SHAKING HIM MAY HELP! AH, HE'S COMING AROUND!
HEY! WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM? A MALTED MILK?
SAY, THOSE JAPS ARE RUNNING TOWARD THAT RELAY STATION!
GIVE ME A CHANCE TO CRANK MYSELF UP!
THIS FLAME-EXTINGUISHING FLUID'LL HOLD THEM TILL WE GET TO THE STATION–THEN--
THOSE FIRE DEVILS!
WE WILL STOP THEM. HURRY!
THE CHEMICAL SPRAYING THEM LIGHTLY, DRIVES THEM BACK!
GUESS THEY'D CALL THIS A STRATEGIC WITHDRAWAL!
NO MATTER WHAT YOU CALL IT... IT STILL MEANS SCRAM!
THEY'RE IN THE STATION! LET'S DROP IN ON THEM THROUGH THE ROOF!
LOOK! I'M A STUKA DIVE BOMBER!

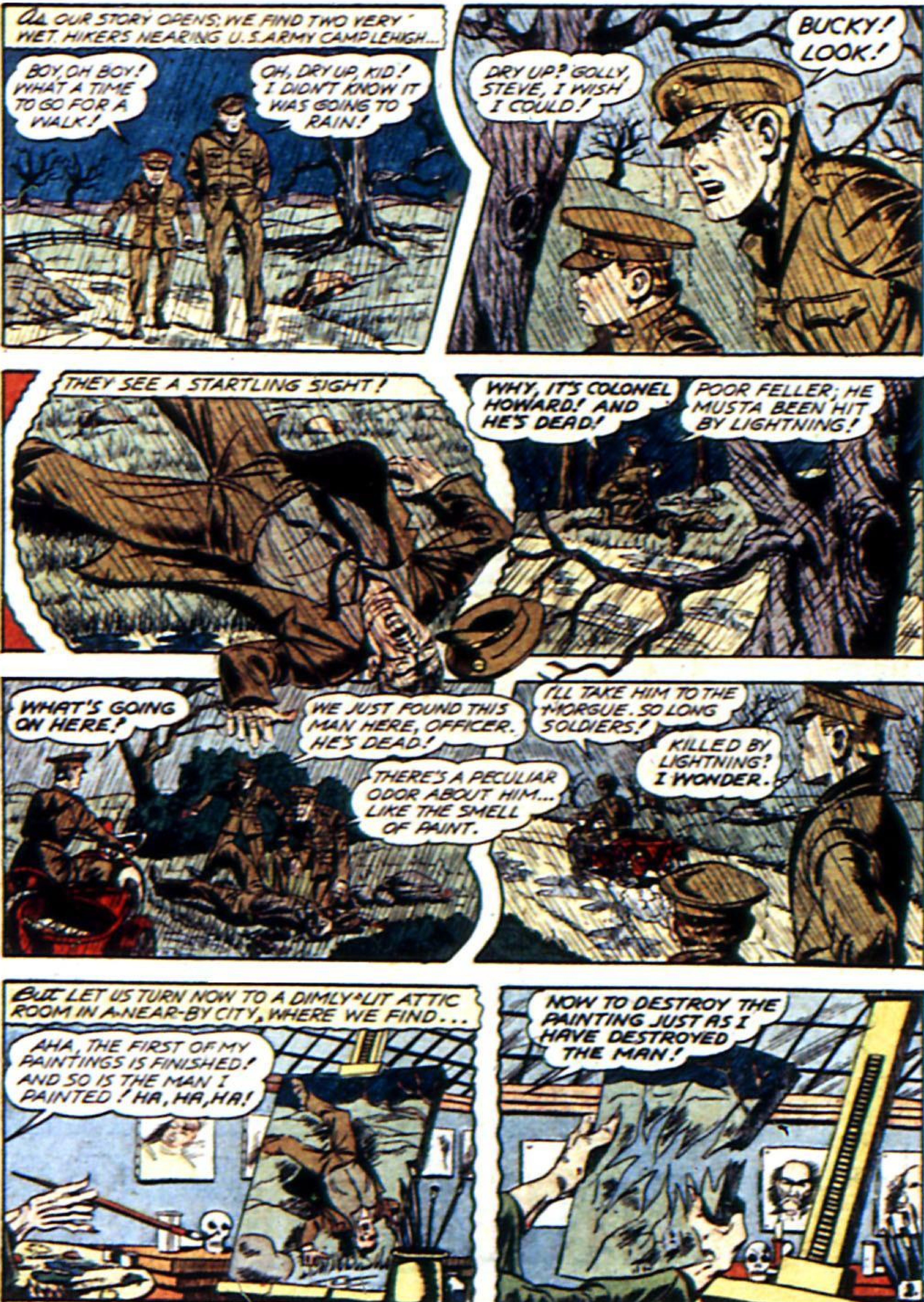

BUT SUDDENLY, FROM THE CHIMNEY AND WINDOWS OF THE STATION POUR STREAMS OF FIRE EXTINGUISHING FLUID!
YEOW! I'M FALLING!
SWING AWAY! YOU CAN FLAME AGAIN BEFORE YOU HIT THE GROUND!
HEH! HEH! THAT GIVES US TIME FOR OUR GETAWAY!
DROPPING OUT OF THE PATH OF THE CHEMICAL, TORCH AND TORO FLAME JUST IN TIME!
TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
THE BLACK DRAGONS DON UNDERWATER HELMETS!
THESE WILL DO FOR OIL TOO! NOW TO ENTER THE PIPE!
THEY ENTER THE BIG PIPE!
HURRY!
YES-MASTER!
THE CHEMICAL PUMP HAS STOPPED WORKING-BUT OUR FRIENDS HAVE GONE... HOW?
YOU GOT ME, PAL! I DON'T KNOW!

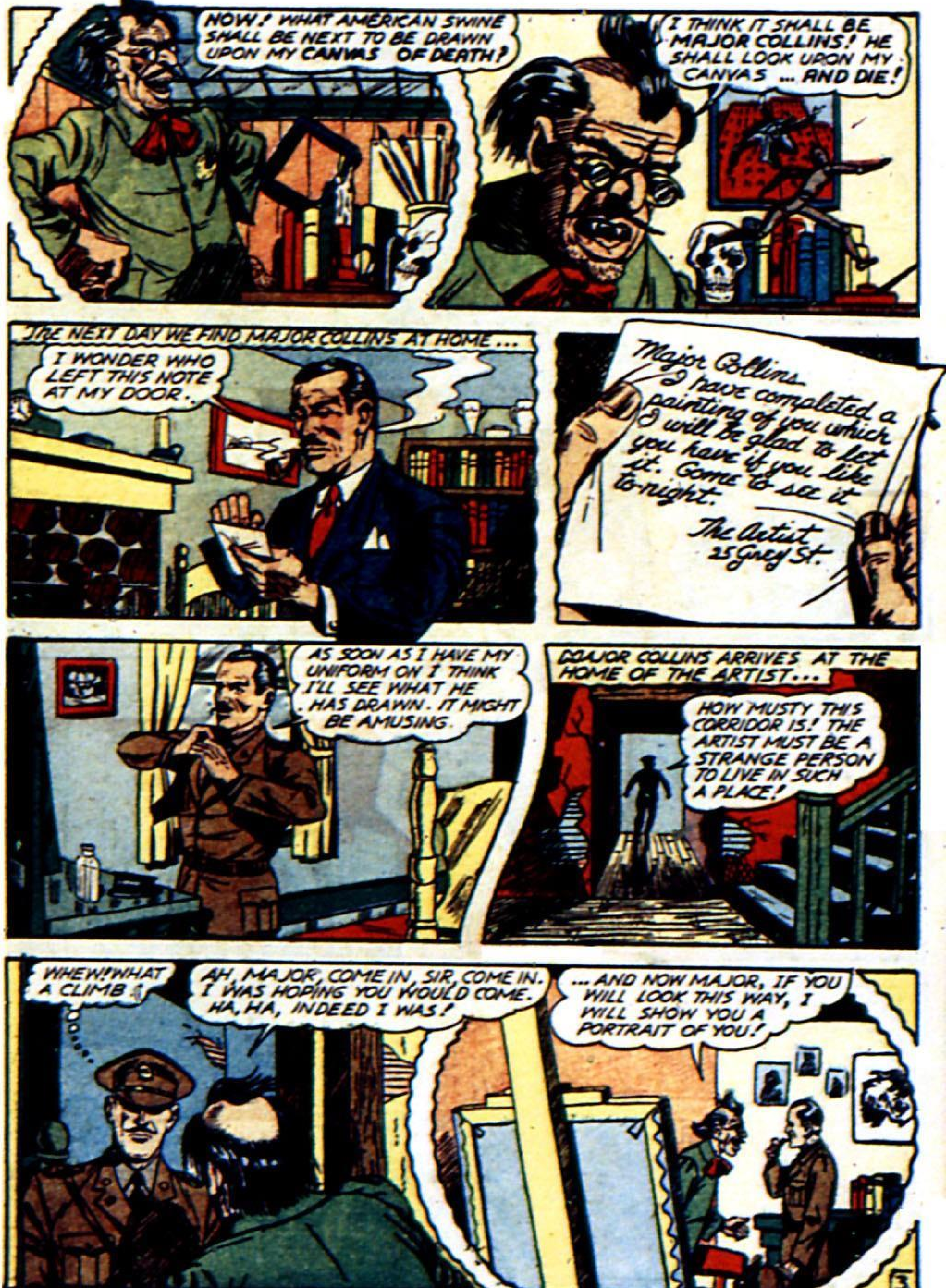

MINUTES PASS AS TORCH AND TORO SEARCH THE STATION..
MAYBE THERE'S A TRAP DOOR!
HEY LOOK! THEY STOLE A MARCH ON US! PROBABLY USING DIVING HELMETS!
HERE'S WHERE THEY GET A HOT BATH!
AND IT'S NOT SATURDAY!
SOME DISTANCE AHEAD OF HIS COMPANIONS, MICKA LEAVES THEM TO THEIR FATE BY CLOSING A BIG VALVE!
THIS VALVE WILL SEPARATE ME FROM THEM---IN CASE OF FIRE! HEH! HEH!
BAM!
DESERTED BY THEIR LEADER THE TWO DRAGON MEN ARE TRAPPED BY THE FLAME FROM TORCH AND TORO!
AI-YI!
HELP! AGHRrrr..
LOOK! A VALVE! THEIR SLIPPERY LEADER GOT AWAY! BUT NOT FOR LONG!
THE OIL'S AFLAME! THEY'VE MELTED THROUGH THE VALVE...BUT-
-I'VE REACHED THE END OF THE PIPE!

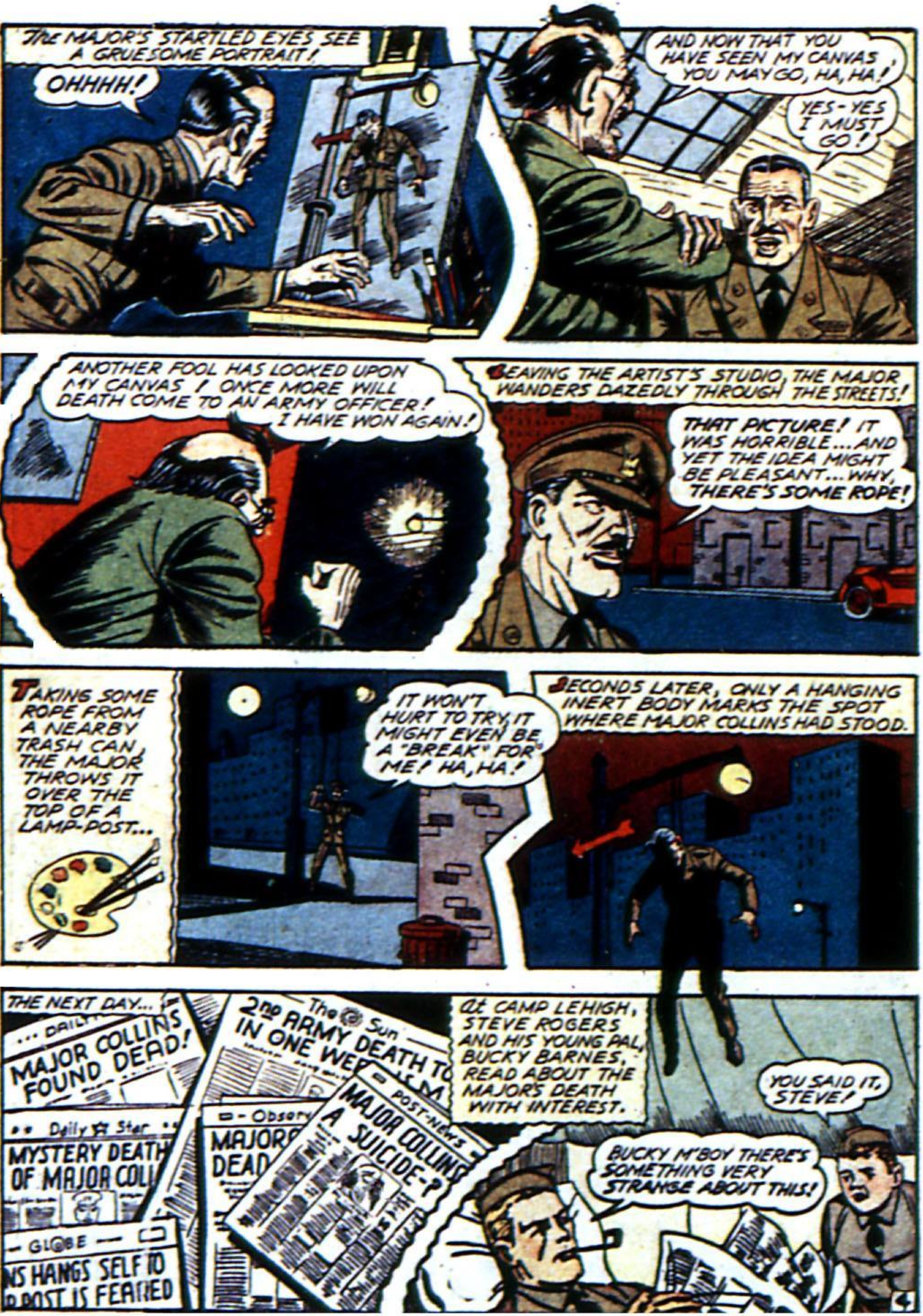

THE PIPE LINE LEADS TO A HUGE CARGO SUBMARINE MOORED IN THE GULF OF MEXICO!
CAPTAIN! IT'S I, LEADER OF THE BLACK DRAGONS! CRASH DIVE AS SOON AS I LAND IN YOUR OIL TANK!
?
JUST MADE IT! NOW TO SHUT THE TANK!
CRASH DIVE!
SAFE AT LAST!
JUST MISSED A DUCKING WHEN THE SUB SLIPPED FROM SHORE!
YOU'RE TELLING ME? SAY! THIS IS SOME TANK!
I FEAR WE WILL HAVE TO TRANSFER OUR OPERATIONS!
YOU BET YOU WILL! OUT OF THE WAY DOPES!
THE TORCH!
!
OW!

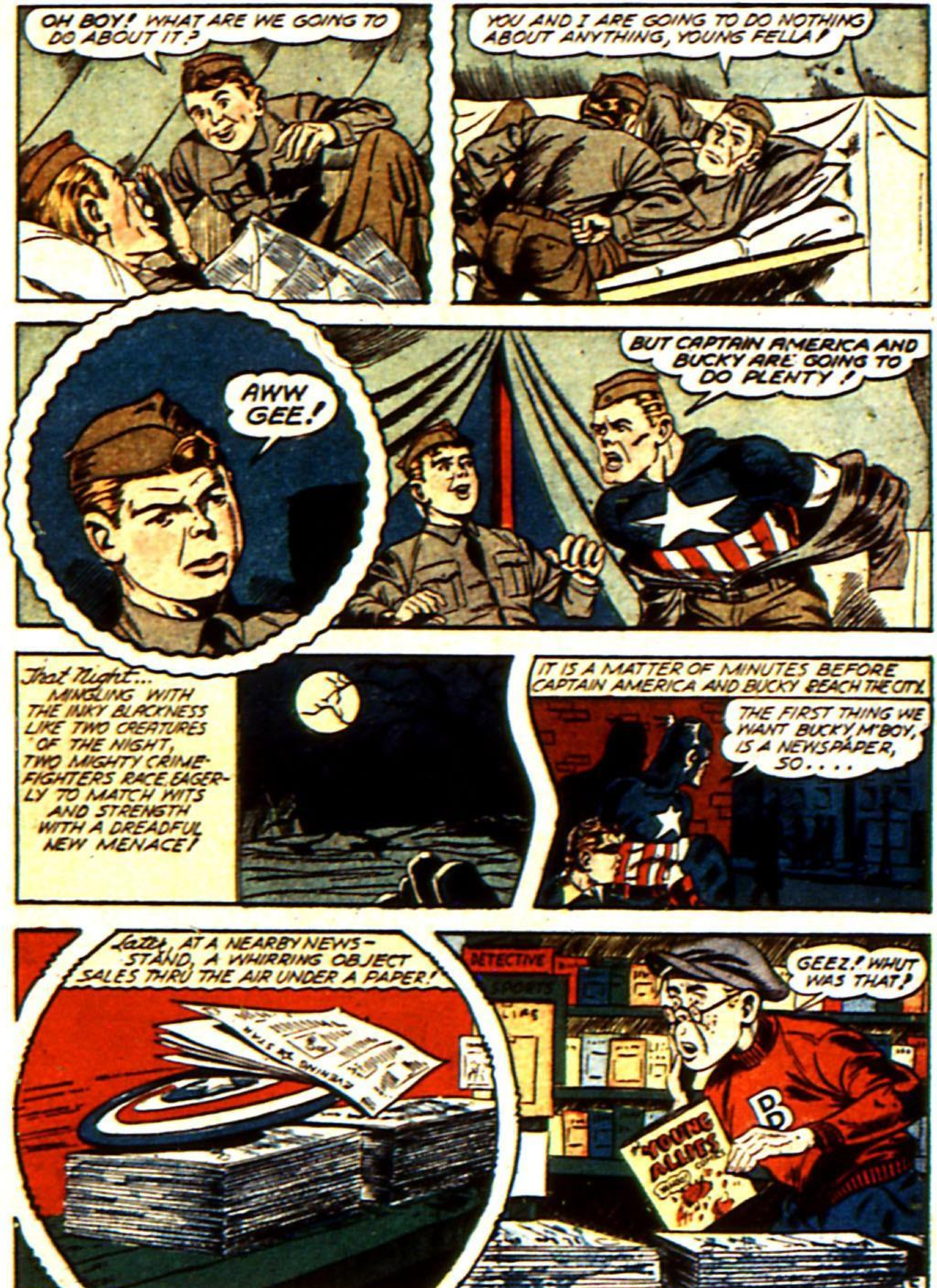

WHEN YOU RECOVER FROM THIS ORDER THE CAPTAIN TO PROCEED TO THE SURFACE!
WOW!
OOF!
DEVILS! DEVILS!
SPLAT
BAM!
The SUB RISES...
WE SURRENDER! ONLY TURN OFF YOUR FLAMES!
MEANWHILE, ABOARD A U.S. DESTROYER...
LOOK! A JAP SUB! CLEAR THE DECKS FOR ACTION!
WHAT FOR? DON'T YOU SEE IT'S HOISTING THE WHITE FLAG?
AFTER THE JAPS ARE HERDED ABOARD THE DESTROYER, MICKA CONFESSES!
JAPAN NEEDED OIL. WHEN AMERICA CLAMPED DOWN WITH AN EMBARGO, WE DECIDED TO BUY A BIG OIL WELL...
...THROUGH SMITH, OUR FRONT! CARGO SUBS WERE TO CARRY THE OIL BACK TO JAPAN! YOU KNOW THE REST!
HAVE SPARKS RADIO NEW YORK, ORDERING THE ARREST OF HOWARD SMITH AS A TRAITOR!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
HOMEWARD BOUND.
YOU DID A SWELL JOB, BOYS!
SPARE OUR BLUSHES!
WHY YOU COULDNT BLUSH TO SAVE YOUR LIFE!

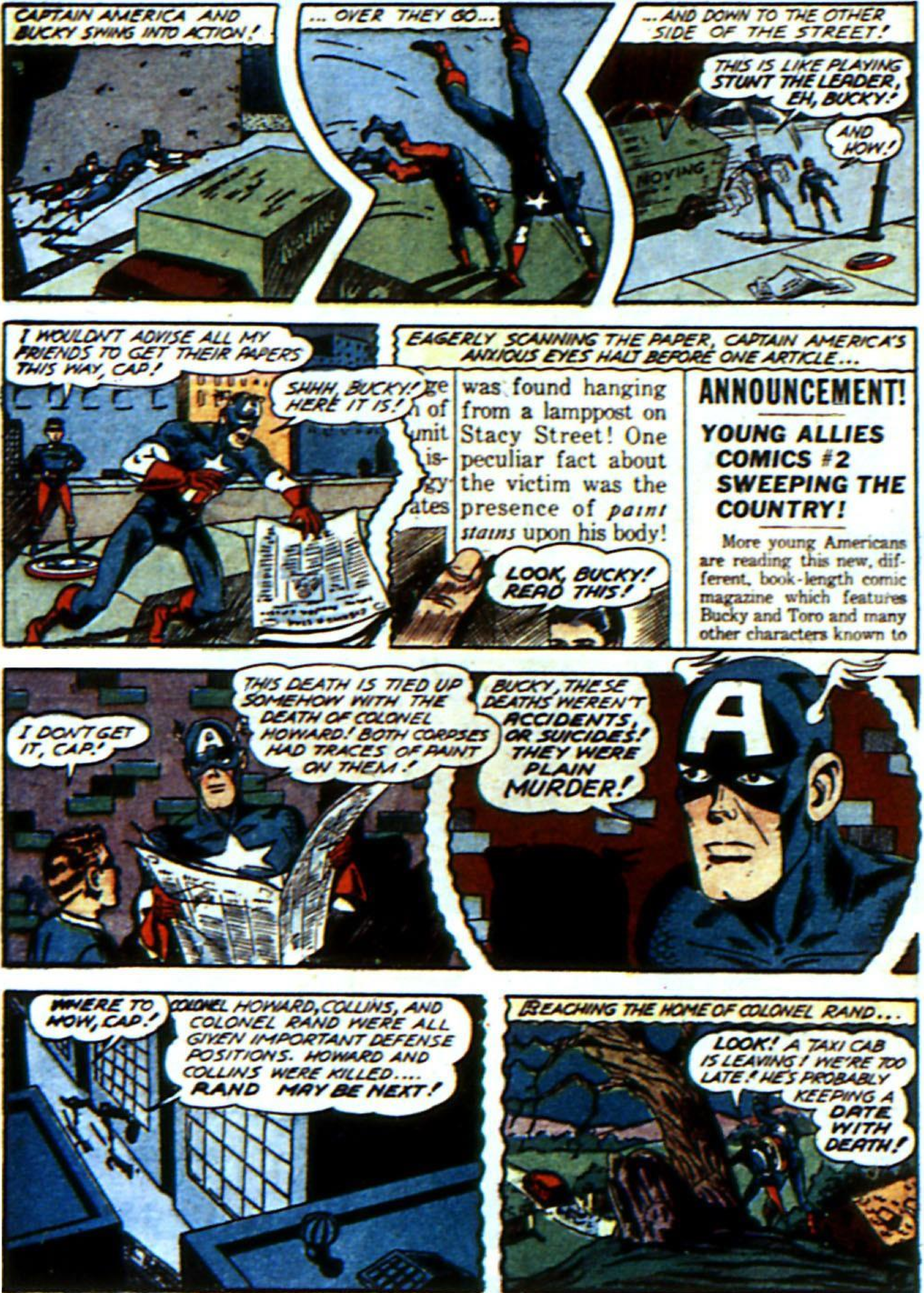

ART & EDITORIAL
- by -
AL AVISON
and S.T.ANLEY
GET HIM, CAP!
The CANVAS OF DOOM!
EACH STROKE OF HIS BRUSH MEANT DEATH! EACH PICTURE HE PAINTED WAS A HIDEOUS PORTRAIT OF DESTRUCTION! BUT WHEN THE MAD ARTIST USED CAPTAIN AMERICA FOR A MODEL, HE BEGAN HIS OWN CANVAS OF DOOM!
CAPTAIN AMERICA

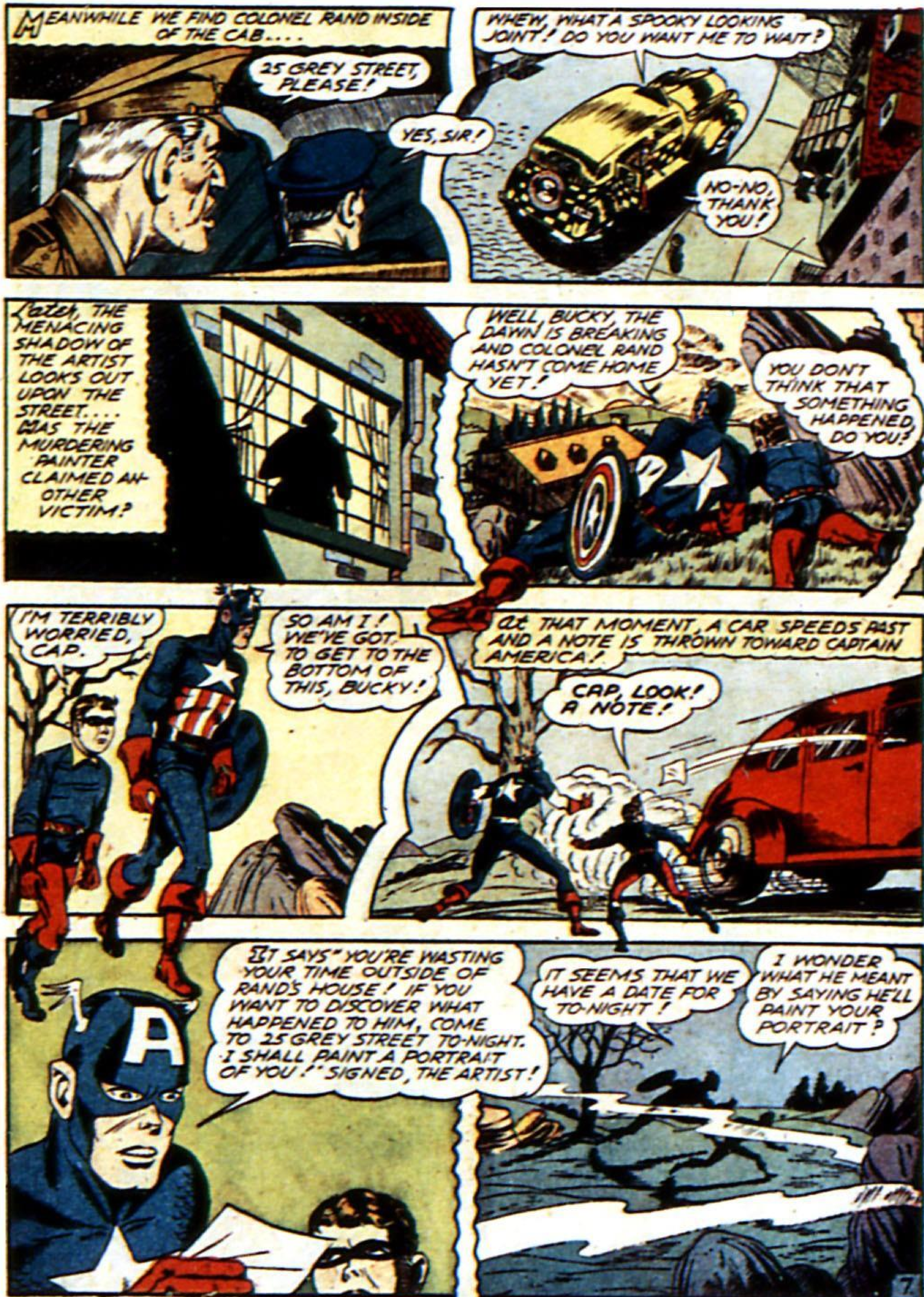

AS OUR STORY OPENS; WE FIND TWO VERY WET HIKERS NEARING U.S. ARMY CAMP LEHIGH...
BOY, OH BOY! WHAT A TIME TO GO FOR A WALK!
OH, DRY UP, KID! I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS GOING TO RAIN!
BUCKY! LOOK!
DRY UP? GOLLY, STEVE, I WISH I COULD!
THEY SEE A STARTLING SIGHT!
WHY, IT'S COLONEL HOWARD! AND HE'S DEAD!
POOR FELLER; HE MUSTA BEEN HIT BY LIGHTNING!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!
WE JUST FOUND THIS MAN HERE, OFFICER. HE'S DEAD!
THERE'S A PECULIAR ODOR ABOUT HIM... LIKE THE SMELL OF PAINT.
I'LL TAKE HIM TO THE MORGUE. SO LONG SOLDIERS!
KILLED BY LIGHTNING? I WONDER...
BUT LET US TURN NOW TO A DIMLY-LIT ATTIC ROOM IN A NEAR-BY CITY, WHERE WE FIND...
AHA, THE FIRST OF MY PAINTINGS IS FINISHED! AND SO IS THE MAN I PAINTED! HA, HA, HA!
NOW TO DESTROY THE PAINTING JUST AS I HAVE DESTROYED THE MAN!

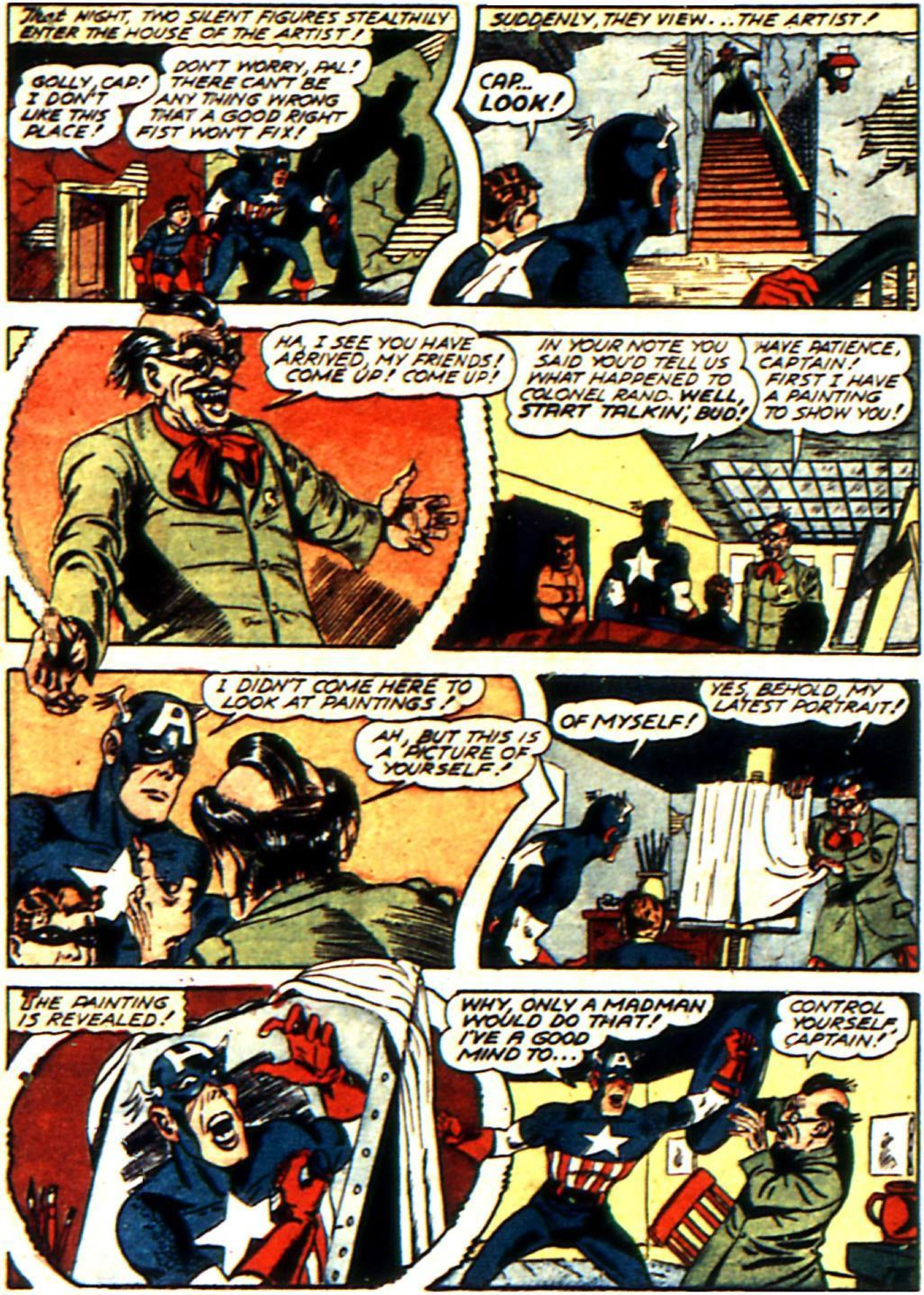

NOW! WHAT AMERICAN SWINE SHALL BE NEXT TO BE DRAWN UPON MY CANVAS OF DEATH?
I THINK IT SHALL BE MAJOR COLLINS! HE SHALL LOOK UPON MY CANVAS ... AND DIE!
THE NEXT DAY WE FIND MAJOR COLLINS AT HOME...
I WONDER WHO LEFT THIS NOTE AT MY DOOR.
Major Collins
I have completed a painting of you which I will be glad to let you have if you like it. Come to see it to-night.
The Artist
25 Grey St.
AS SOON AS I HAVE MY UNIFORM ON I THINK I'LL SEE WHAT HE HAS DRAWN. IT MIGHT BE AMUSING.
MAJOR COLLINS ARRIVES AT THE HOME OF THE ARTIST...
HOW MUSTY THIS CORRIDOR IS! THE ARTIST MUST BE A STRANGE PERSON TO LIVE IN SUCH A PLACE!
WHEW! WHAT A CLIMB!
AH, MAJOR, COME IN, SIR, COME IN. I WAS HOPING YOU WOULD COME. HA, HA, INDEED I WAS!
... AND NOW MAJOR, IF YOU WILL LOOK THIS WAY, I WILL SHOW YOU A PORTRAIT OF YOU!

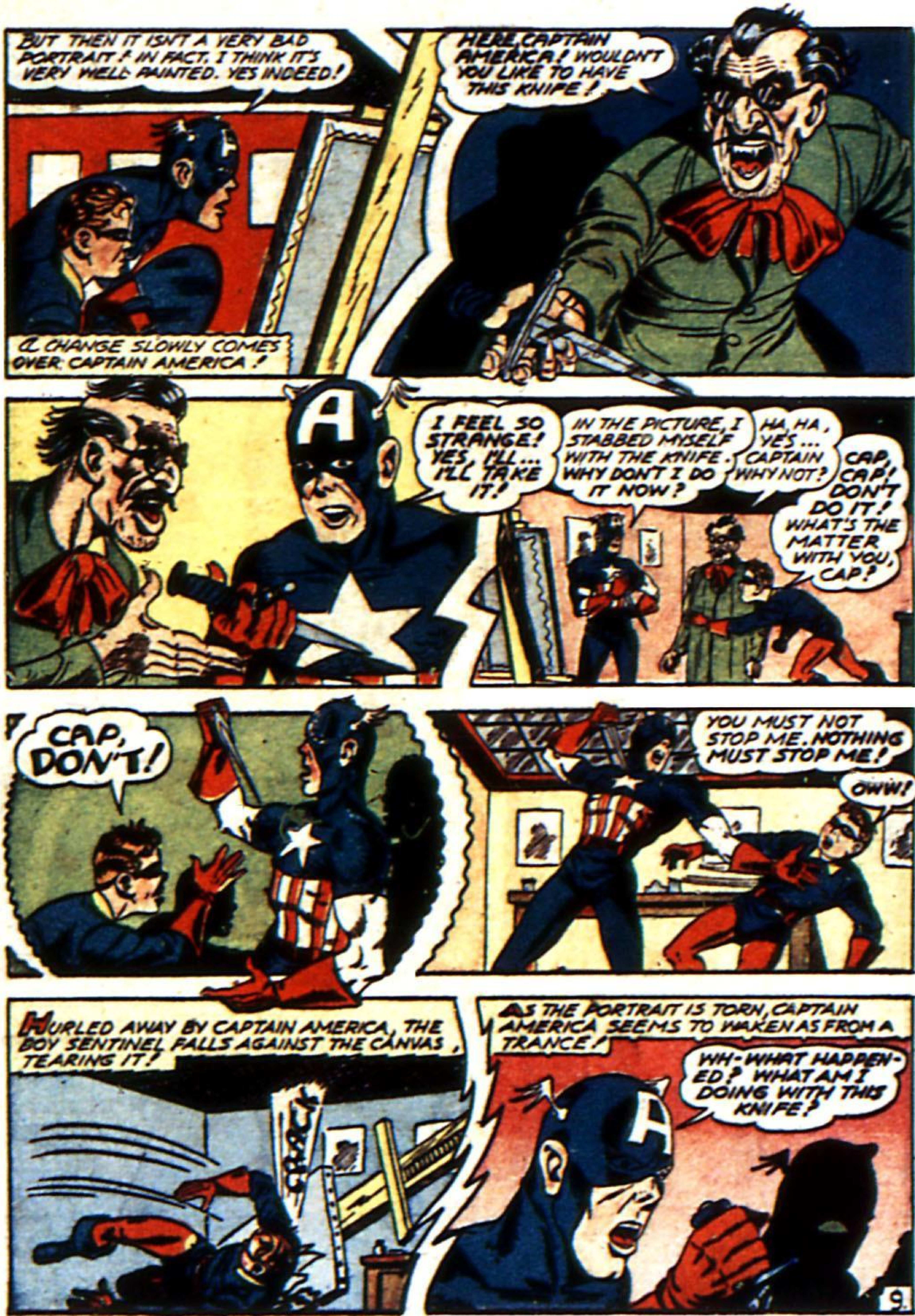

THE MAJOR'S STARTLED EYES SEE A GRUESOME PORTRAIT!
OHHHH!
AND NOW THAT YOU HAVE SEEN MY CANVAS, YOU MAY GO, HA, HA!
YES-YES I MUST GO!
ANOTHER FOOL HAS LOOKED UPON MY CANVAS! ONCE MORE WILL DEATH COME TO AN ARMY OFFICER! I HAVE WON AGAIN!
LEAVING THE ARTIST'S STUDIO, THE MAJOR WANDERS DAZEDLY THROUGH THE STREETS!
THAT PICTURE! IT WAS HORRIBLE... AND YET THE IDEA MIGHT BE PLEASANT... WHY, THERE'S SOME ROPE!
TAKING SOME ROPE FROM A NEARBY TRASH CAN, THE MAJOR THROWS IT OVER THE TOP OF A LAMP-POST...
IT WON'T HURT TO TRY, IT MIGHT EVEN BE A "BREAK" FOR ME! HA, HA!
SECONDS LATER, ONLY A HANGING INERT BODY MARKS THE SPOT WHERE MAJOR COLLINS HAD STOOD.
THE NEXT DAY...
... DAILY
MAJOR COLLINS FOUND DEAD!
The Sun
2ND ARMY DEATH IN ONE WE
Daily Star
MYSTERY DEATH OF MAJOR COLL
Observ
MAJOR DEAD
POST-NEWS
MAJOR COLLINS A SUICIDE-?
GLOBE
NS HANGS SELF TO POST IS FEARED
AT CAMP LEHIGH, STEVE ROGERS AND HIS YOUNG PAL, BUCKY BARNES, READ ABOUT THE MAJOR'S DEATH WITH INTEREST.
BUCKY M'BOY THERE'S SOMETHING VERY STRANGE ABOUT THIS!
YOU SAID IT, STEVE!

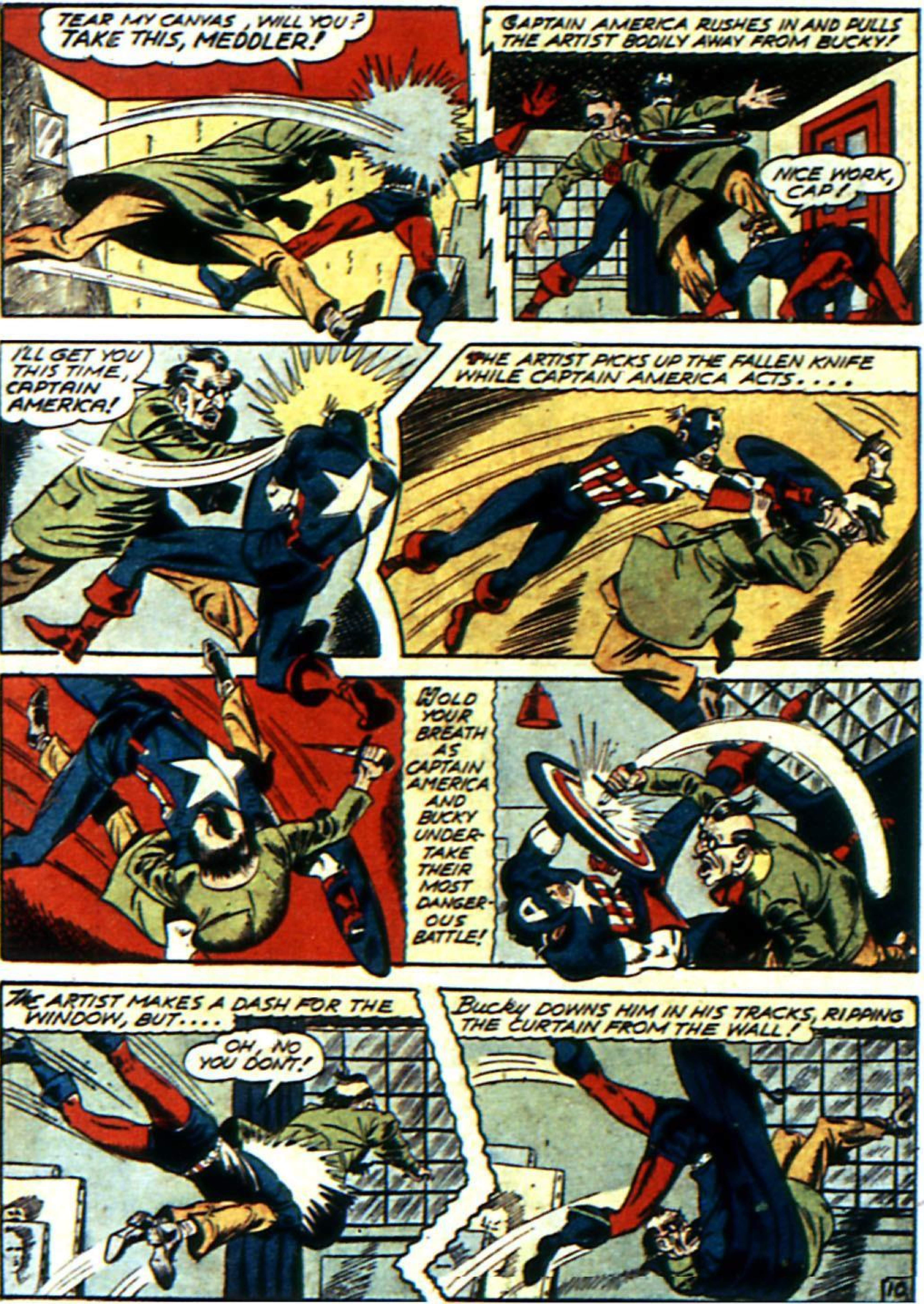

OH BOY! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
YOU AND I ARE GOING TO DO NOTHING ABOUT ANYTHING, YOUNG FELLA!
AWW GEE!
BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARE GOING TO DO PLENTY!
That Night... MINGLING WITH THE INKY BLACKNESS LIKE TWO CREATURES OF THE NIGHT, TWO MIGHTY CRIME-FIGHTERS RACE EAGERLY TO MATCH WITS AND STRENGTH WITH A DREADFUL NEW MENACE!
IT IS A MATTER OF MINUTES BEFORE CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY REACH THE CITY.
THE FIRST THING WE WANT BUCKY, M'BOY, IS A NEWSPAPER, SO....
Later, AT A NEARBY NEWS-STAND, A WHIRRING OBJECT SALES THRU THE AIR UNDER A PAPER!
DETECTIVE
SPORTS
GEEZ! WHUT WAS THAT!
YOUNG ALLIES
B

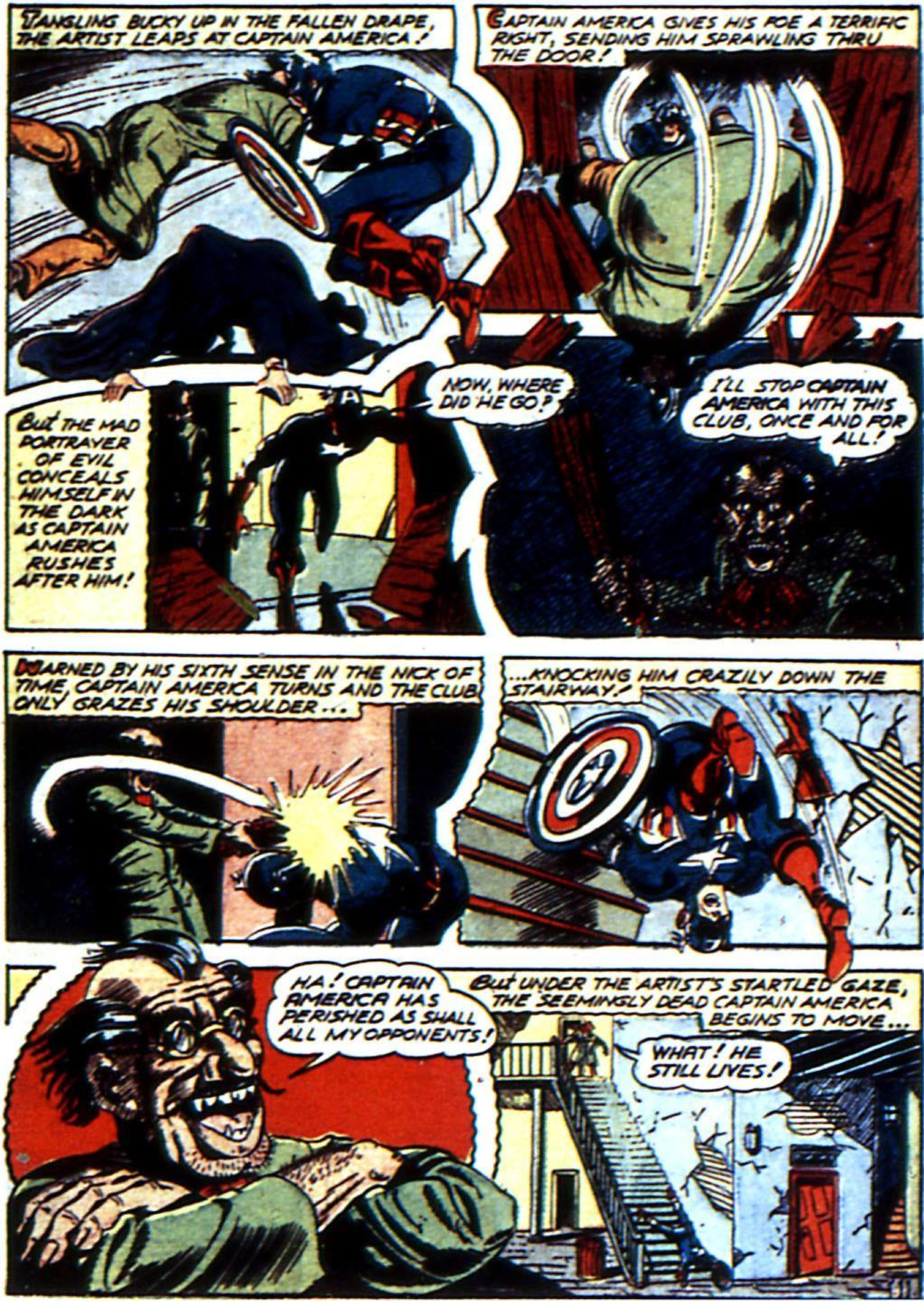

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY SWING INTO ACTION!
... OVER THEY GO...
...AND DOWN TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET!
THIS IS LIKE PLAYING STUNT THE LEADER, EH, BUCKY!
AND HOW!
MOVING
I WOULDN'T ADVISE ALL MY FRIENDS TO GET THEIR PAPERS THIS WAY, CAP!
SHHH, BUCKY! HERE IT IS!
EAGERLY SCANNING THE PAPER, CAPTAIN AMERICA'S ANXIOUS EYES HALT BEFORE ONE ARTICLE...
was found hanging from a lamppost on Stacy Street! One peculiar fact about the victim was the presence of *paint stains* upon his body!
ANNOUNCEMENT!
YOUNG ALLIES COMICS #2 SWEEPING THE COUNTRY!
More young Americans are reading this new, different, book-length comic magazine which features Bucky and Toro and many other characters known to
LOOK, BUCKY! READ THIS!
I DON'T GET IT, CAP!
THIS DEATH IS TIED UP SOMEHOW WITH THE DEATH OF COLONEL HOWARD! BOTH CORPSES HAD TRACES OF PAINT ON THEM!
BUCKY, THESE DEATHS WEREN'T ACCIDENTS, OR SUICIDES! THEY WERE PLAIN MURDER!
WHERE TO NOW, CAP!
COLONEL HOWARD, COLLINS, AND COLONEL RAND WERE ALL GIVEN IMPORTANT DEFENSE POSITIONS. HOWARD AND COLLINS WERE KILLED.... RAND MAY BE NEXT!
REACHING THE HOME OF COLONEL RAND...
LOOK! A TAXI CAB IS LEAVING! WE'RE TOO LATE! HE'S PROBABLY KEEPING A DATE WITH DEATH!

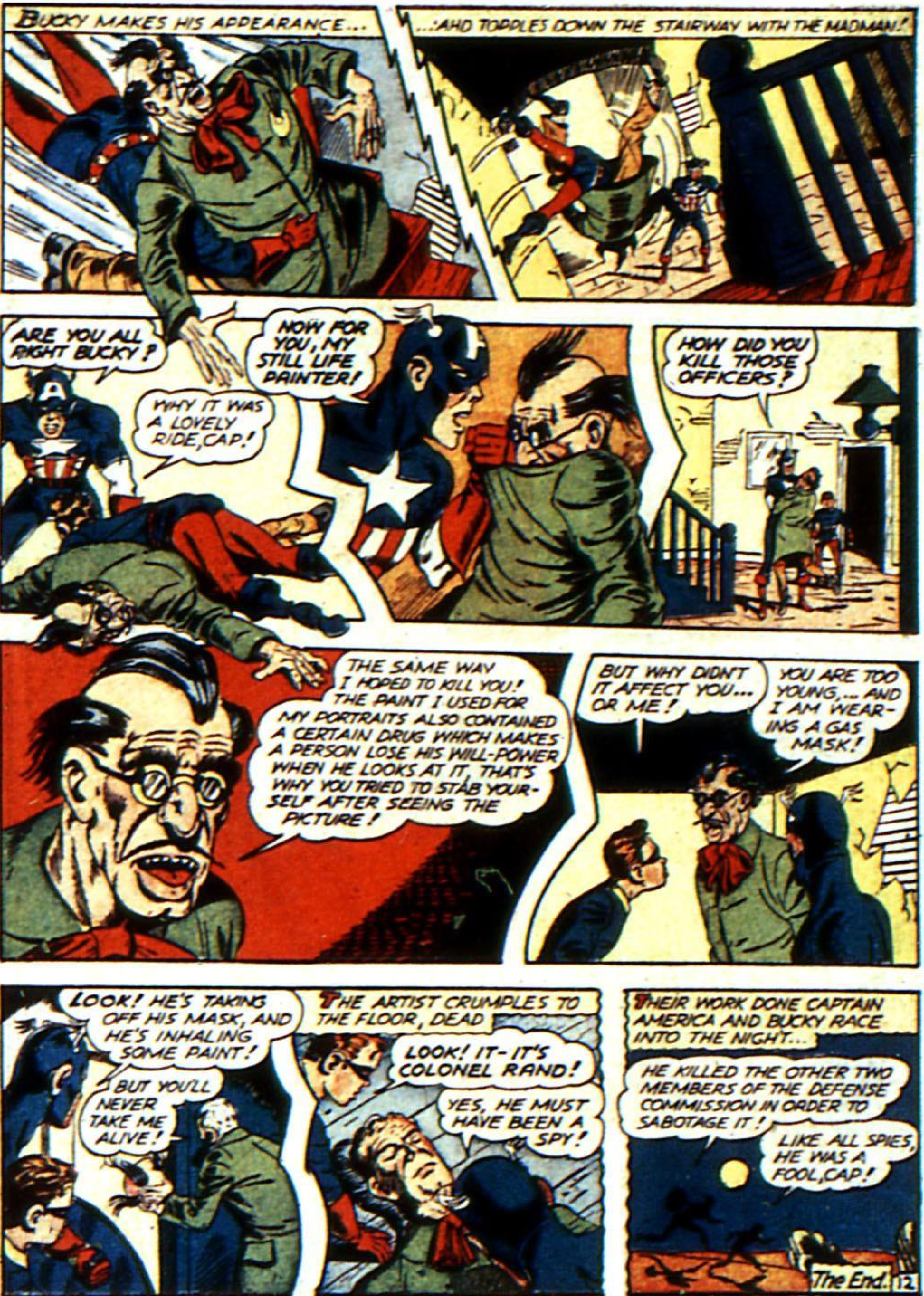

MEANWHILE WE FIND COLONEL RAND INSIDE OF THE CAB....
25 GREY STREET, PLEASE!
YES, SIR!
WHEW, WHAT A SPOOKY LOOKING JOINT! DO YOU WANT ME TO WAIT?
NO-NO, THANK YOU!
LATER, THE MENACING SHADOW OF THE ARTIST LOOKS OUT UPON THE STREET.... HAS THE MURDERING PAINTER CLAIMED ANOTHER VICTIM?
WELL, BUCKY, THE DAWN IS BREAKING AND COLONEL RAND HASN'T COME HOME YET!
YOU DON'T THINK THAT SOMETHING HAPPENED, DO YOU?
I'M TERRIBLY WORRIED, CAP.
SO AM I! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS, BUCKY!
AT THAT MOMENT, A CAR SPEEDS PAST AND A NOTE IS THROWN TOWARD CAPTAIN AMERICA!
CAP, LOOK! A NOTE!
IT SAYS "YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME OUTSIDE OF RAND'S HOUSE! IF YOU WANT TO DISCOVER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, COME TO 25 GREY STREET TO-NIGHT. I SHALL PAINT A PORTRAIT OF YOU!" SIGNED, THE ARTIST!
IT SEEMS THAT WE HAVE A DATE FOR TO-NIGHT!
I WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY SAYING HE'LL PAINT YOUR PORTRAIT?

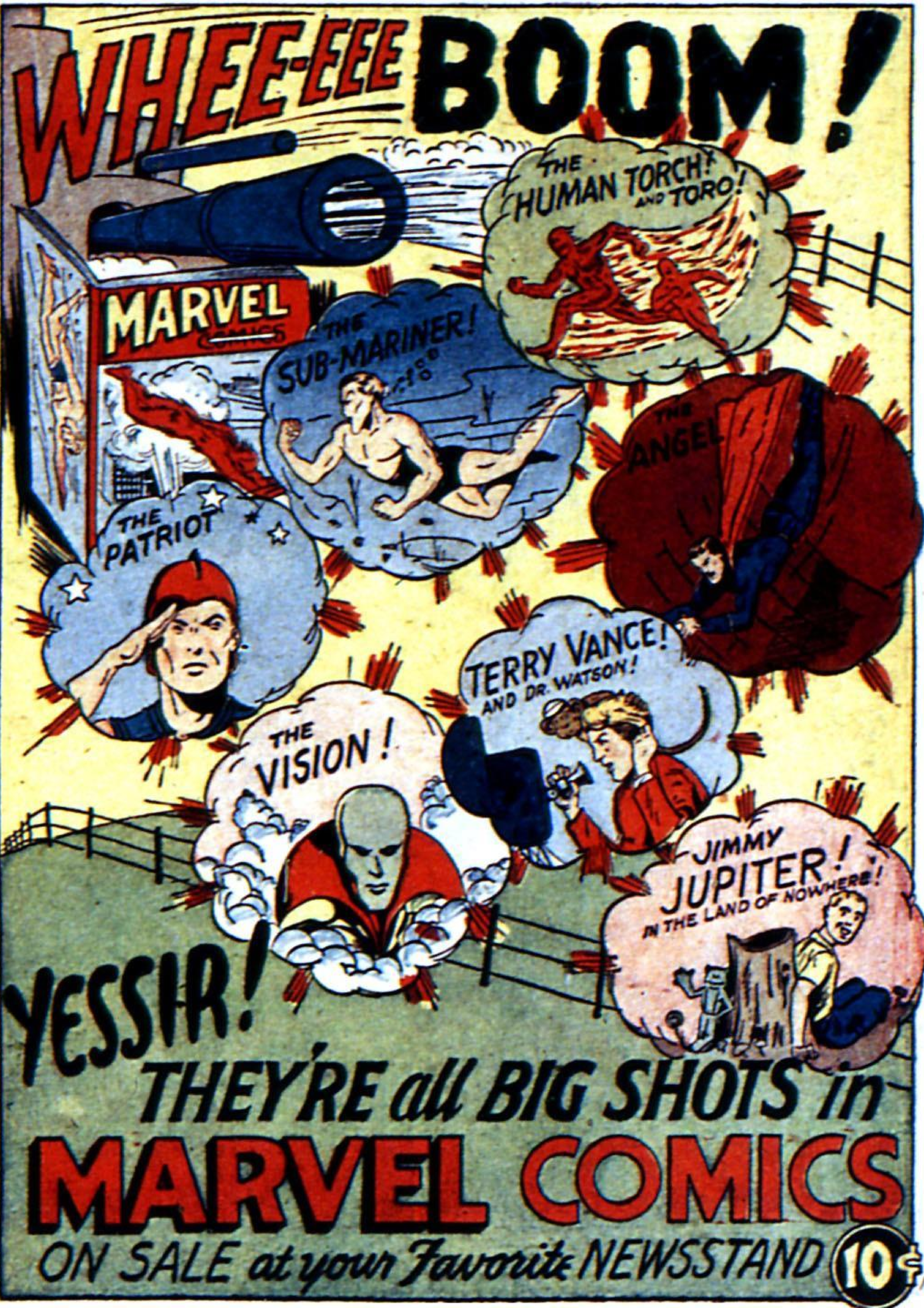

THAT NIGHT, TWO SILENT FIGURES STEALTHILY ENTER THE HOUSE OF THE ARTIST!
GOLLY, CAP! I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE!
DON'T WORRY, PAL! THERE CAN'T BE ANY THING WRONG THAT A GOOD RIGHT FIST WON'T FIX!
SUDDENLY, THEY VIEW...THE ARTIST!
CAP... LOOK!
HA, I SEE YOU HAVE ARRIVED, MY FRIENDS! COME UP! COME UP!
IN YOUR NOTE YOU SAID YOU'D TELL US WHAT HAPPENED TO COLONEL RAND. WELL, START TALKIN', BUD!
HAVE PATIENCE, CAPTAIN! FIRST I HAVE A PAINTING TO SHOW YOU!
I DIDN'T COME HERE TO LOOK AT PAINTINGS!
AH, BUT THIS IS A PICTURE OF YOURSELF!
YES, BEHOLD, MY LATEST PORTRAIT!
OF MYSELF!
THE PAINTING IS REVEALED!
WHY, ONLY A MADMAN WOULD DO THAT! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO...
CONTROL YOURSELF, CAPTAIN!

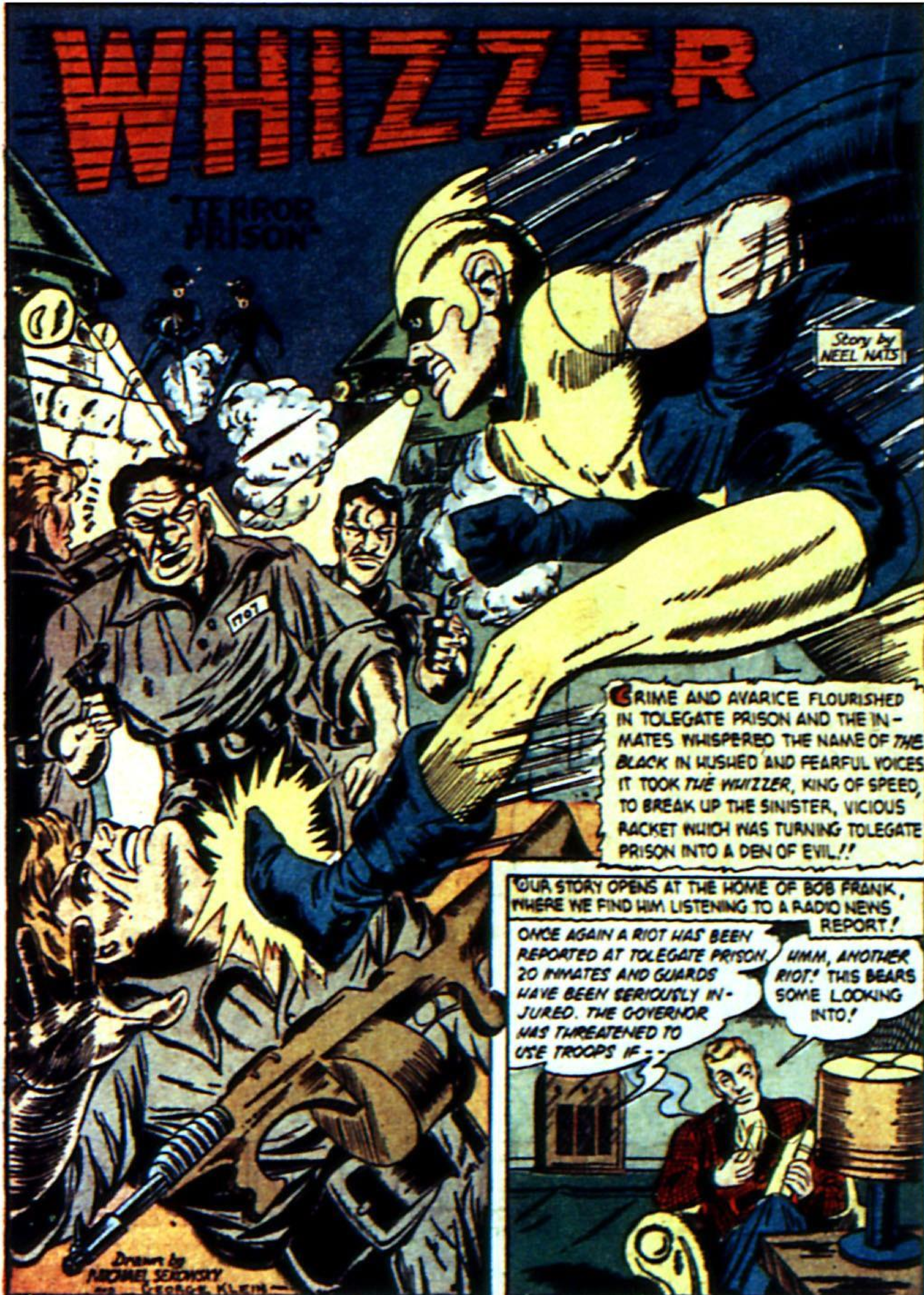

BUT THEN IT ISN'T A VERY BAD PORTRAIT! IN FACT, I THINK IT'S VERY WELL PAINTED. YES INDEED!
A CHANGE SLOWLY COMES OVER CAPTAIN AMERICA!
HERE CAPTAIN AMERICA! WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO HAVE THIS KNIFE!
I FEEL SO STRANGE! YES, I'LL... I'LL TAKE IT!
IN THE PICTURE, I STABBED MYSELF WITH THE KNIFE. WHY DON'T I DO IT NOW?
HA, HA, YES... CAPTAIN WHY NOT?
CAP, CAP! DON'T DO IT! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, CAP?
CAP, DON'T!
YOU MUST NOT STOP ME. NOTHING MUST STOP ME!
OWW!
HURLED AWAY BY CAPTAIN AMERICA, THE BOY SENTINEL FALLS AGAINST THE CANVAS TEARING IT!
CRACK
AS THE PORTRAIT IS TORN, CAPTAIN AMERICA SEEMS TO WAKEN AS FROM A TRANCE!
WH-WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT AM I DOING WITH THIS KNIFE?

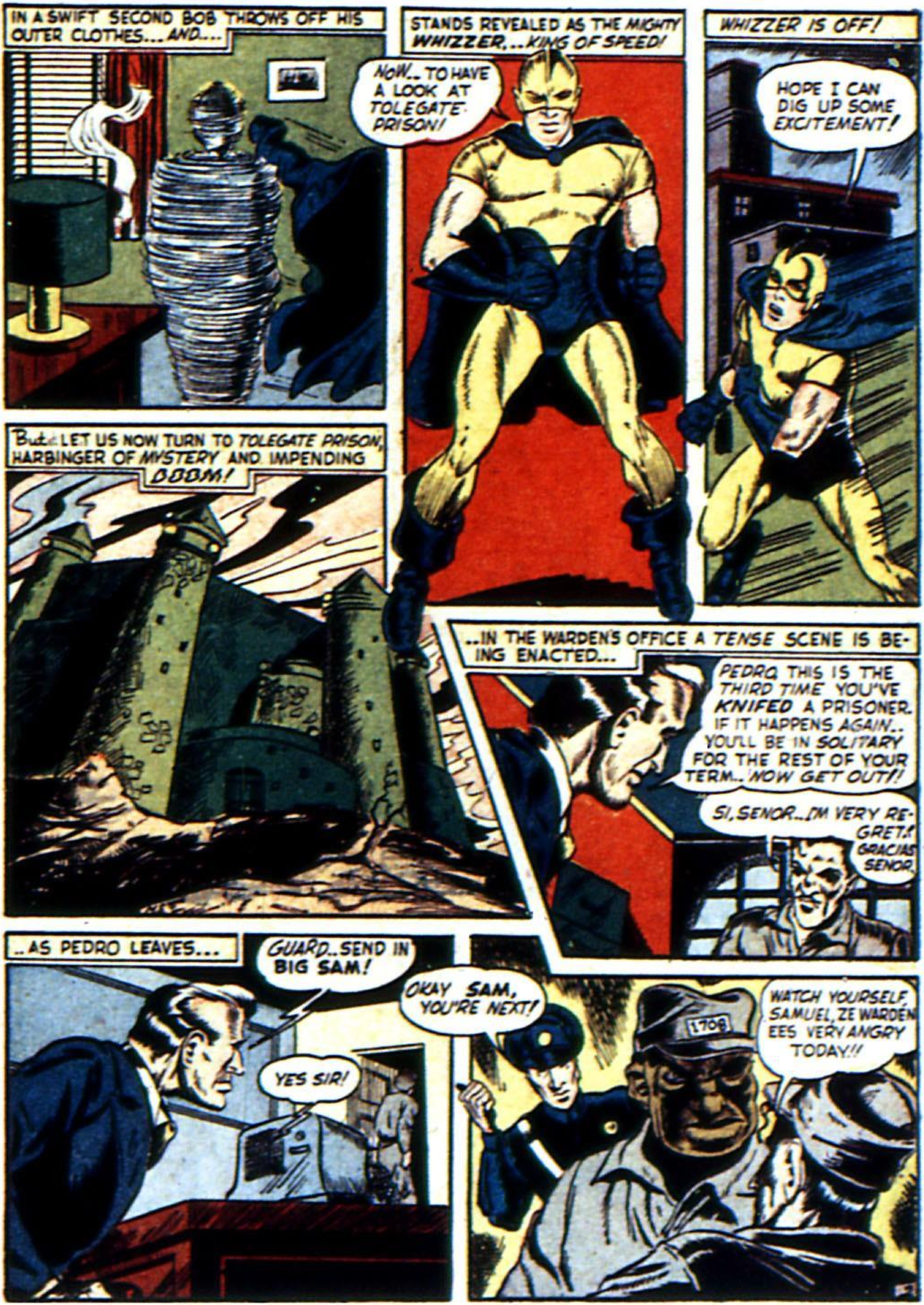

TEAR MY CANVAS, WILL YOU? TAKE THIS, MEDDLER!
CAPTAIN AMERICA RUSHES IN AND PULLS THE ARTIST BODILY AWAY FROM BUCKY!
NICE WORK, CAP!
I'LL GET YOU THIS TIME, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
THE ARTIST PICKS UP THE FALLEN KNIFE WHILE CAPTAIN AMERICA ACTS....
HOLD YOUR BREATH AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY UNDERTAKE THEIR MOST DANGEROUS BATTLE!
THE ARTIST MAKES A DASH FOR THE WINDOW, BUT....
OH, NO YOU DON'T!
Bucky DOWNS HIM IN HIS TRACKS, RIPPING THE CURTAIN FROM THE WALL!
10

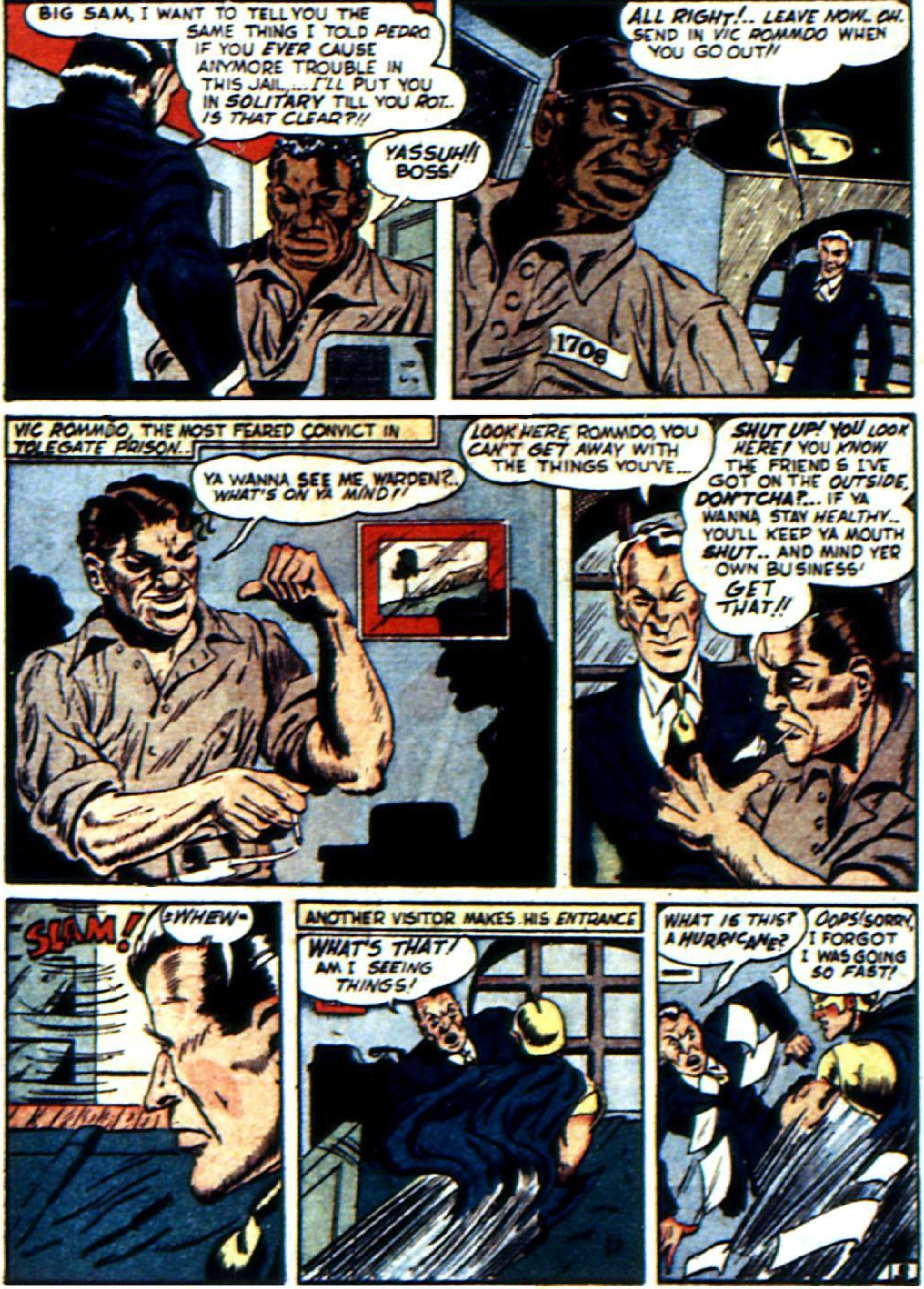

TANGLING BUCKY UP IN THE FALLEN DRAPE, THE ARTIST LEAPS AT CAPTAIN AMERICA!
CAPTAIN AMERICA GIVES HIS FOE A TERRIFIC RIGHT, SENDING HIM SPRAWLING THRU THE DOOR!
But THE MAD PORTRAYER OF EVIL CONCEALS HIMSELF IN THE DARK AS CAPTAIN AMERICA RUSHES AFTER HIM!
NOW, WHERE DID HE GO?
I'LL STOP CAPTAIN AMERICA WITH THIS CLUB, ONCE AND FOR ALL!
WARNED BY HIS SIXTH SENSE IN THE NICK OF TIME, CAPTAIN AMERICA TURNS AND THE CLUB ONLY GRAZES HIS SHOULDER...
...KNOCKING HIM CRAZILY DOWN THE STAIRWAY!
HA! CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS PERISHED AS SHALL ALL MY OPPONENTS!
But UNDER THE ARTIST'S STARTLED GAZE, THE SEEMINGLY DEAD CAPTAIN AMERICA BEGINS TO MOVE...
WHAT! HE STILL LIVES!

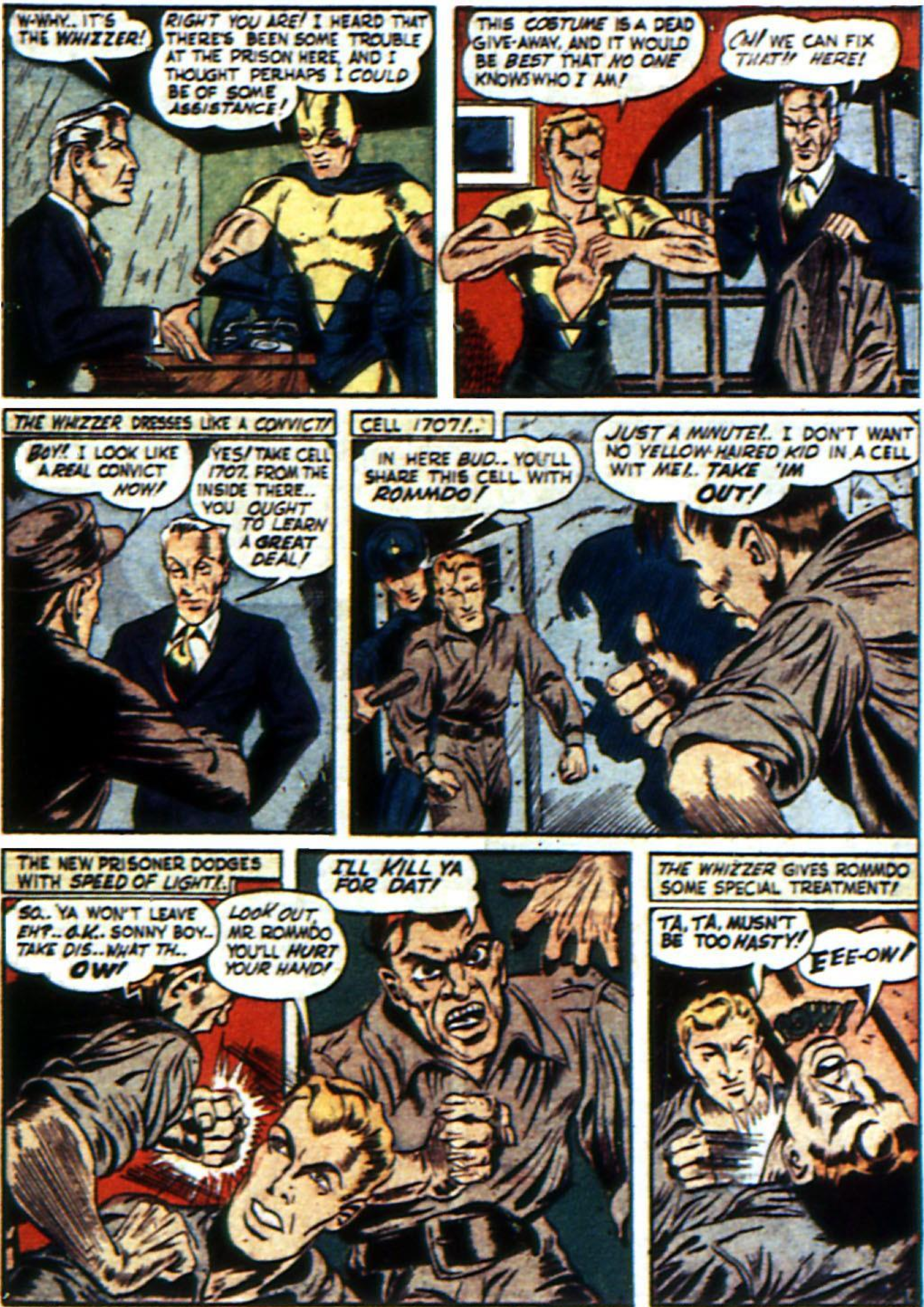

BUCKY MAKES HIS APPEARANCE...
...AND TOPPLES DOWN THE STAIRWAY WITH THE MADMAN!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT BUCKY?
WHY IT WAS A LOVELY RIDE, CAP!
NOW FOR YOU, MY STILL LIFE PAINTER!
HOW DID YOU KILL THOSE OFFICERS?
THE SAME WAY I HOPED TO KILL YOU! THE PAINT I USED FOR MY PORTRAITS ALSO CONTAINED A CERTAIN DRUG WHICH MAKES A PERSON LOSE HIS WILL-POWER WHEN HE LOOKS AT IT, THAT'S WHY YOU TRIED TO STAB YOURSELF AFTER SEEING THE PICTURE!
BUT WHY DIDN'T IT AFFECT YOU... OR ME!
YOU ARE TOO YOUNG,... AND I AM WEARING A GAS MASK!
LOOK! HE'S TAKING OFF HIS MASK, AND HE'S INHALING SOME PAINT!
BUT YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!
THE ARTIST CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR, DEAD
LOOK! IT-IT'S COLONEL RAND!
YES, HE MUST HAVE BEEN A SPY!
THEIR WORK DONE CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY RACE INTO THE NIGHT...
HE KILLED THE OTHER TWO MEMBERS OF THE DEFENSE COMMISSION IN ORDER TO SABOTAGE IT!
LIKE ALL SPIES, HE WAS A FOOL, CAP!
The End.

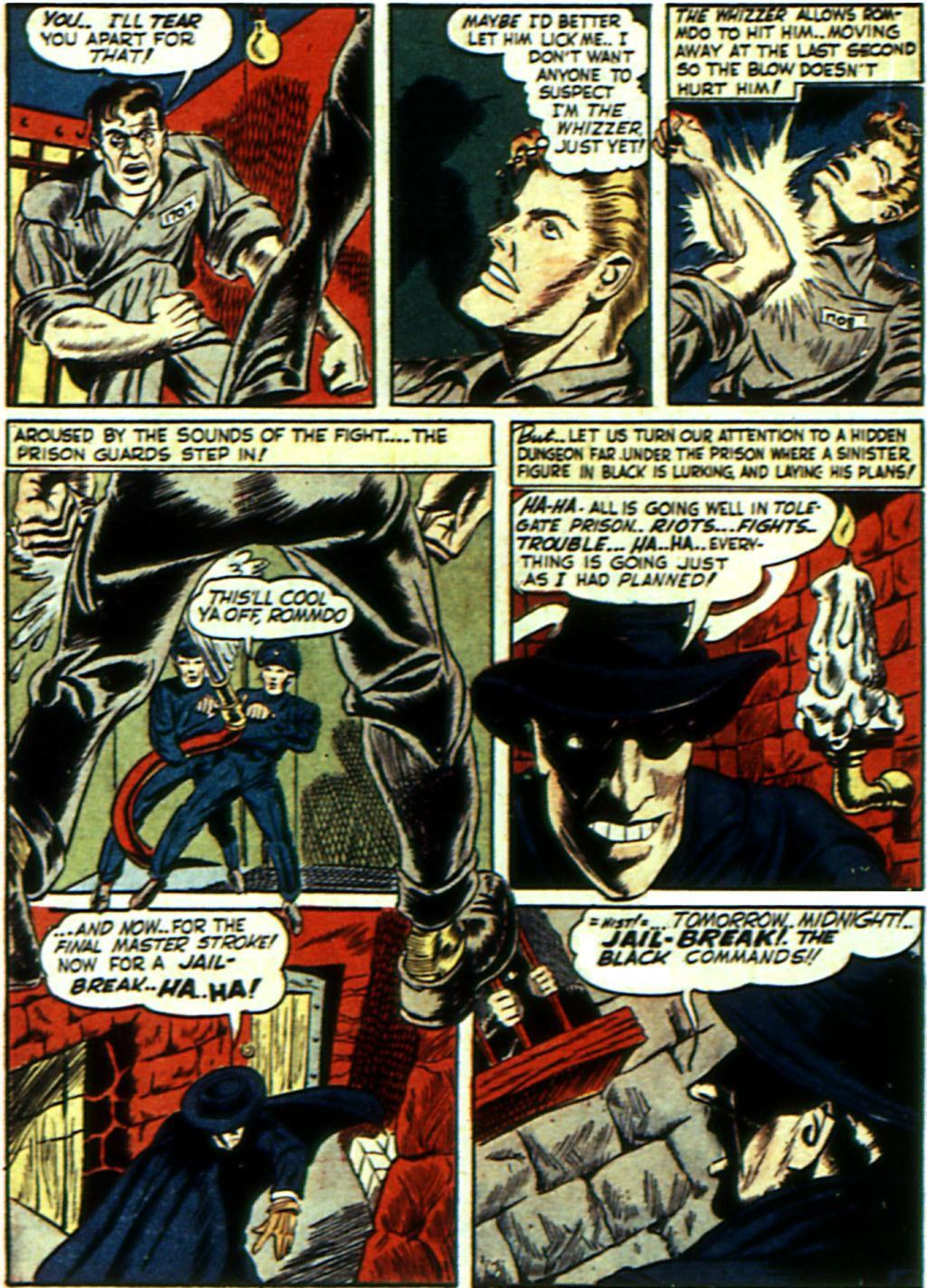

WHEE-EEE BOOM!
MARVEL COMICS
THE HUMAN TORCH! AND TORO!
THE SUB-MARINER!
THE ANGEL
THE PATRIOT
TERRY VANCE! AND DR. WATSON!
THE VISION!
JIMMY JUPITER! IN THE LAND OF NOWHERE!
YESSIR!
THEY'RE all BIG SHOTS in
MARVEL COMICS
ON SALE at your Favorite NEWSSTAND
10¢

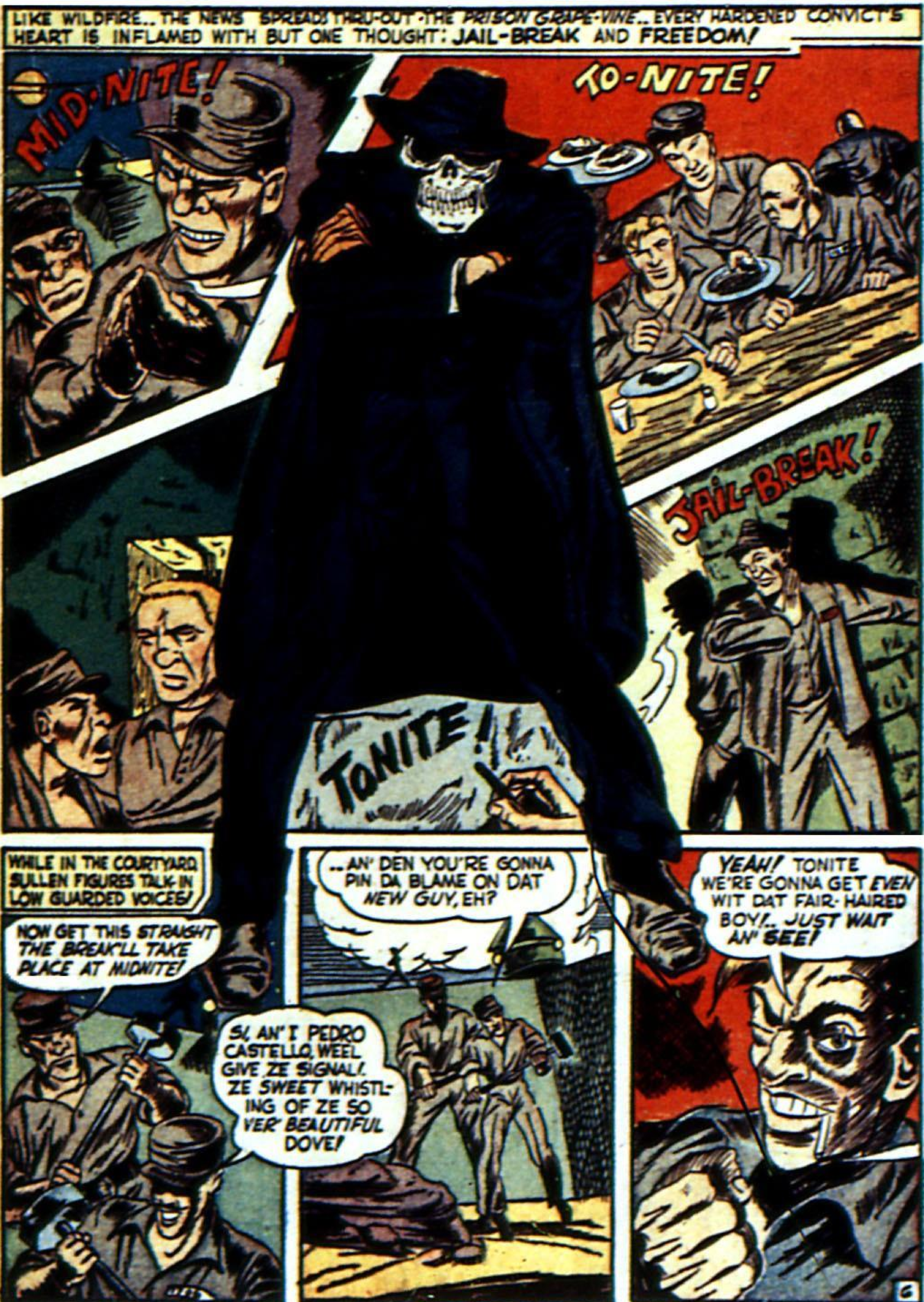

WHIZZER
"TERROR PRISON"
Story by NEEL NATS
CRIME AND AVARICE FLOURISHED IN TOLEGATE PRISON AND THE INMATES WHISPERED THE NAME OF *THE BLACK* IN HUSHED AND FEARFUL VOICES IT TOOK *THE WHIZZER*, KING OF SPEED, TO BREAK UP THE SINISTER, VICIOUS RACKET WHICH WAS TURNING TOLEGATE PRISON INTO A DEN OF EVIL.!!
1707
Drawn by MICHAEL SEKOWSKY and GEORGE KLEIN
OUR STORY OPENS AT THE HOME OF BOB FRANK, WHERE WE FIND HIM LISTENING TO A RADIO NEWS REPORT!
ONCE AGAIN A RIOT HAS BEEN REPORTED AT TOLEGATE PRISON, 20 INMATES AND GUARDS HAVE BEEN SERIOUSLY INJURED. THE GOVERNOR HAS THREATENED TO USE TROOPS IF - -
UMM, ANOTHER RIOT! THIS BEARS SOME LOOKING INTO!

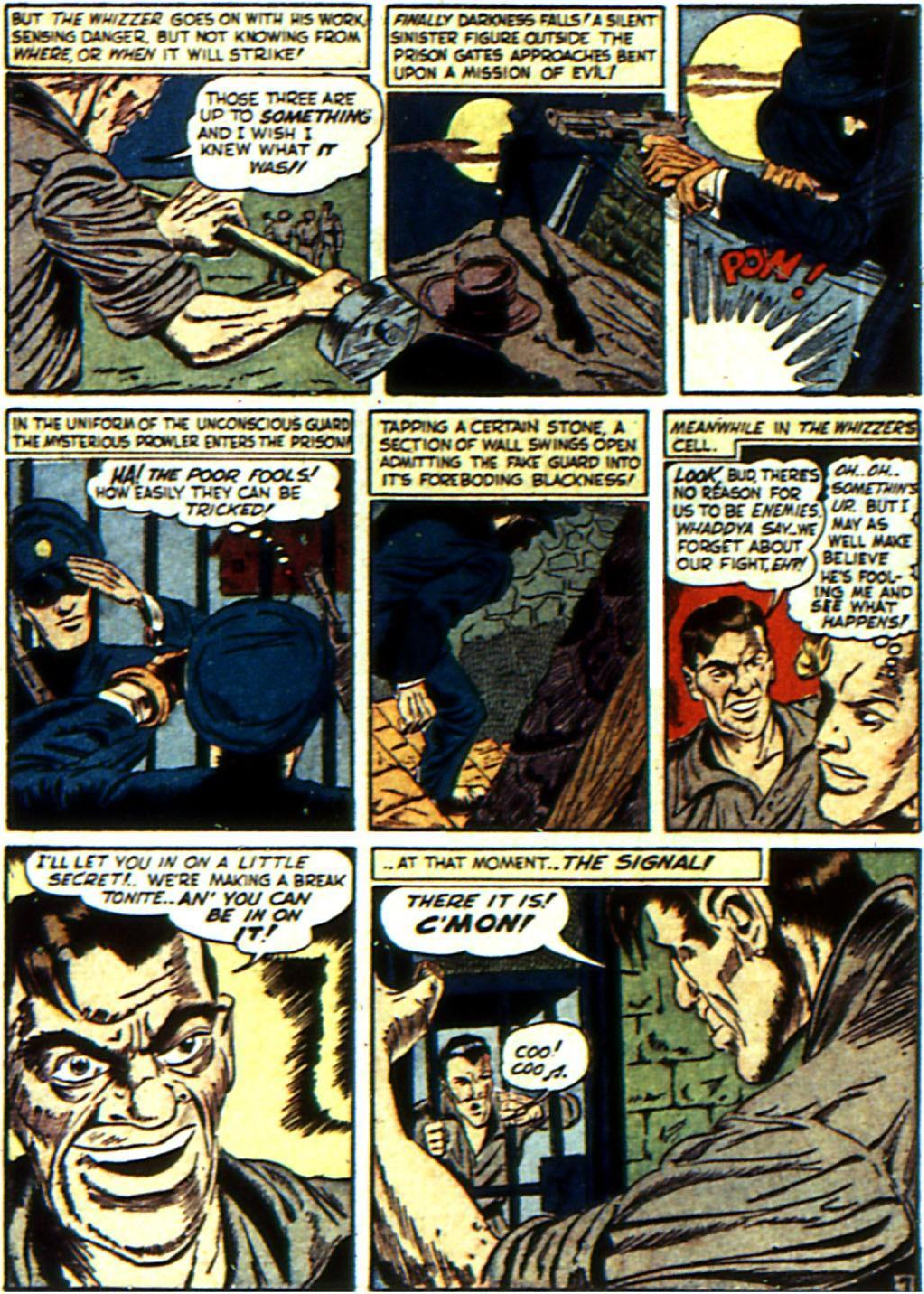

IN A SWIFT SECOND BOB THROWS OFF HIS OUTER CLOTHES... AND...
STANDS REVEALED AS THE MIGHTY WHIZZER,...KING OF SPEED!
NOW.. TO HAVE A LOOK AT TOLEGATE PRISON!
WHIZZER IS OFF!
HOPE I CAN DIG UP SOME EXCITEMENT!
But.. LET US NOW TURN TO TOLEGATE PRISON, HARBINGER OF MYSTERY AND IMPENDING DOOM!
..IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE A TENSE SCENE IS BEING ENACTED...
PEDRO, THIS IS THE THIRD TIME YOU'VE KNIFED A PRISONER. IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN.. YOU'LL BE IN SOLITARY FOR THE REST OF YOUR TERM.. NOW GET OUT!!
SI, SENOR...I'M VERY REGRET! GRACIAS SENOR!
..AS PEDRO LEAVES...
GUARD..SEND IN BIG SAM!
YES SIR!
OKAY SAM, YOU'RE NEXT!
1708
WATCH YOURSELF, SAMUEL, ZE WARDEN EES VERY ANGRY TODAY!!

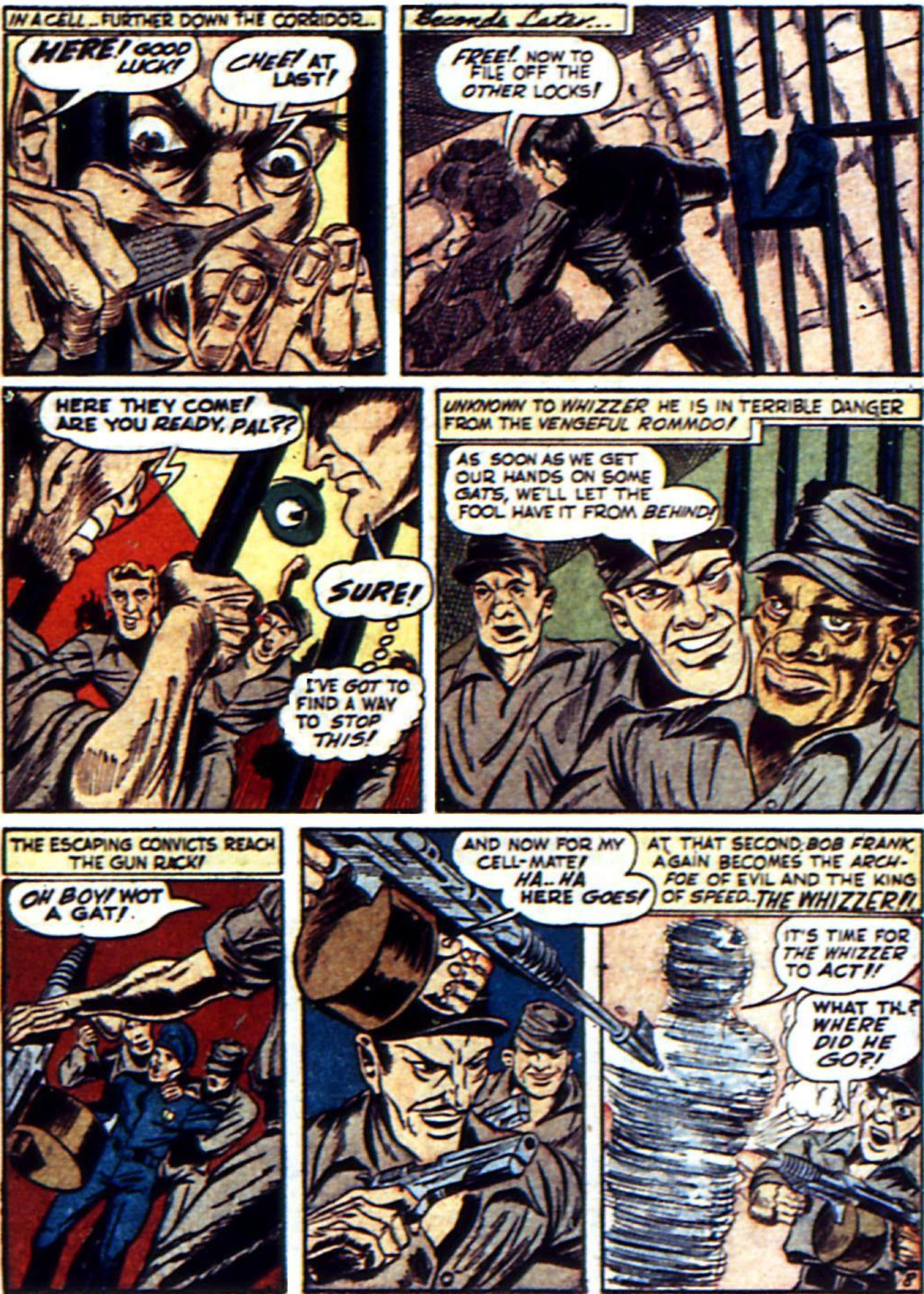

BIG SAM, I WANT TO TELL YOU THE SAME THING I TOLD PEDRO. IF YOU EVER CAUSE ANYMORE TROUBLE IN THIS JAIL,...I'LL PUT YOU IN SOLITARY TILL YOU ROT.. IS THAT CLEAR?!!
YASSUH!! BOSS!
ALL RIGHT!.. LEAVE NOW.. OH.. SEND IN VIC ROMMDO WHEN YOU GO OUT!!
1708
VIC ROMMDO, THE MOST FEARED CONVICT IN TOLEGATE PRISON..
YA WANNA SEE ME, WARDEN?.. WHAT'S ON YA MIND?!
LOOK HERE, ROMMDO, YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THE THINGS YOU'VE...
SHUT UP! YOU LOOK HERE! YOU KNOW THE FRIENDS I'VE GOT ON THE OUTSIDE, DON'TCHA?... IF YA WANNA STAY HEALTHY.. YOU'LL KEEP YA MOUTH SHUT... AND MIND YER OWN BUSINESS! GET THAT!!
SLAM!
-WHEW-
ANOTHER VISITOR MAKES HIS ENTRANCE
WHAT'S THAT! AM I SEEING THINGS!
WHAT IS THIS? A HURRICANE?
OOPS! SORRY, I FORGOT I WAS GOING SO FAST!

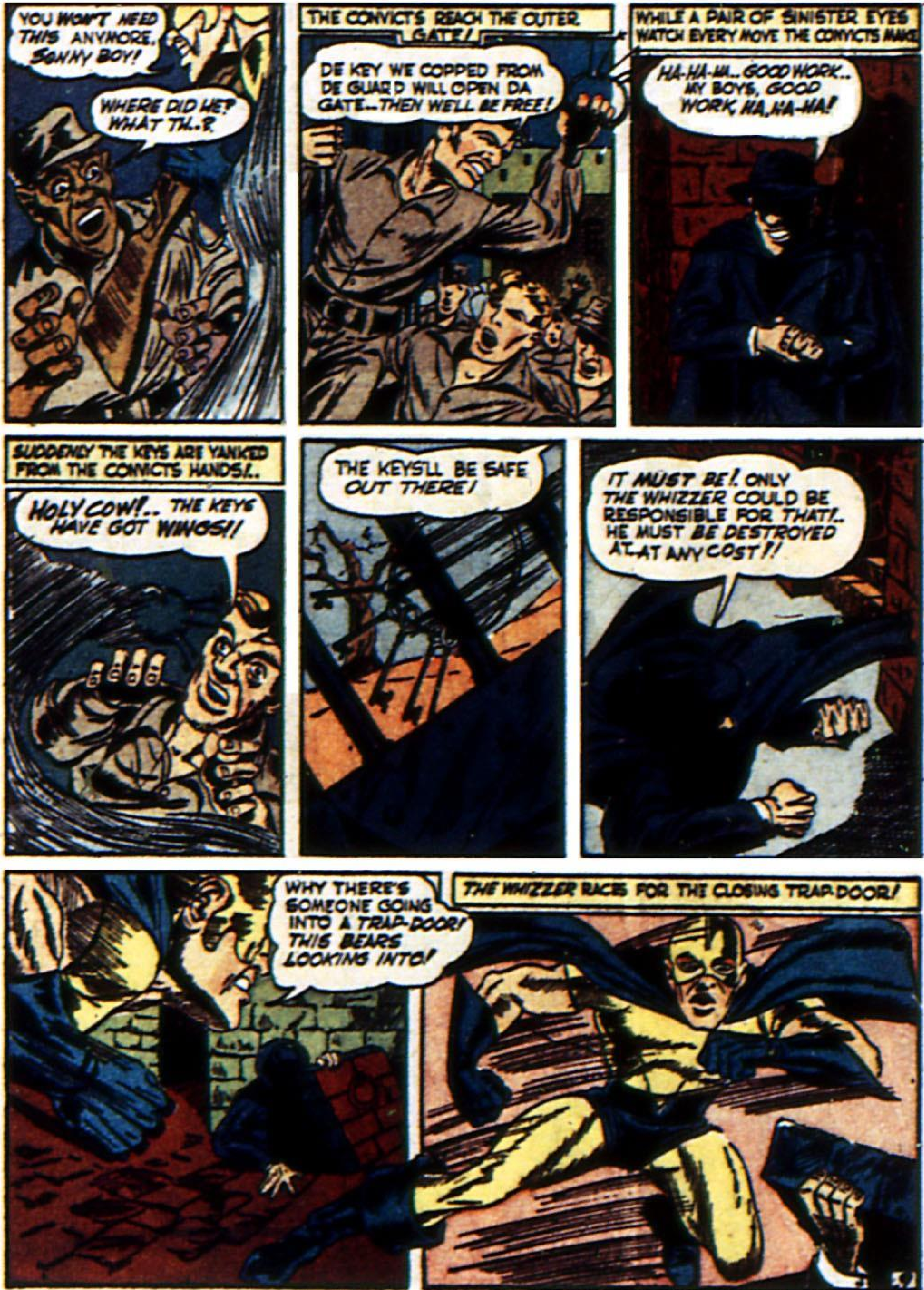

W-WHY.. IT'S THE WHIZZER!
RIGHT YOU ARE! I HEARD THAT THERE'S BEEN SOME TROUBLE AT THE PRISON HERE, AND I THOUGHT PERHAPS I COULD BE OF SOME ASSISTANCE!
THIS COSTUME IS A DEAD GIVE-AWAY, AND IT WOULD BE BEST THAT NO ONE KNOWS WHO I AM!
OH! WE CAN FIX THAT!! HERE!
THE WHIZZER DRESSES LIKE A CONVICT!
BOY!! I LOOK LIKE A REAL CONVICT NOW!
YES! TAKE CELL 1707. FROM THE INSIDE THERE.. YOU OUGHT TO LEARN A GREAT DEAL!
CELL 1707!..
IN HERE BUD.. YOU'LL SHARE THIS CELL WITH ROMMDO!
JUST A MINUTE!.. I DON'T WANT NO YELLOW-HAIRED KID IN A CELL WIT ME!.. TAKE 'IM OUT!
THE NEW PRISONER DODGES WITH SPEED OF LIGHT!..
SO.. YA WON'T LEAVE EH?.. O.K.. SONNY BOY.. TAKE DIS...WHAT TH.. OW!
LOOK OUT, MR. ROMMDO YOU'LL HURT YOUR HAND!
I'LL KILL YA FOR DAT!
THE WHIZZER GIVES ROMMDO SOME SPECIAL TREATMENT!
TA, TA, MUSN'T BE TOO HASTY!
EEE-OW!
OW!

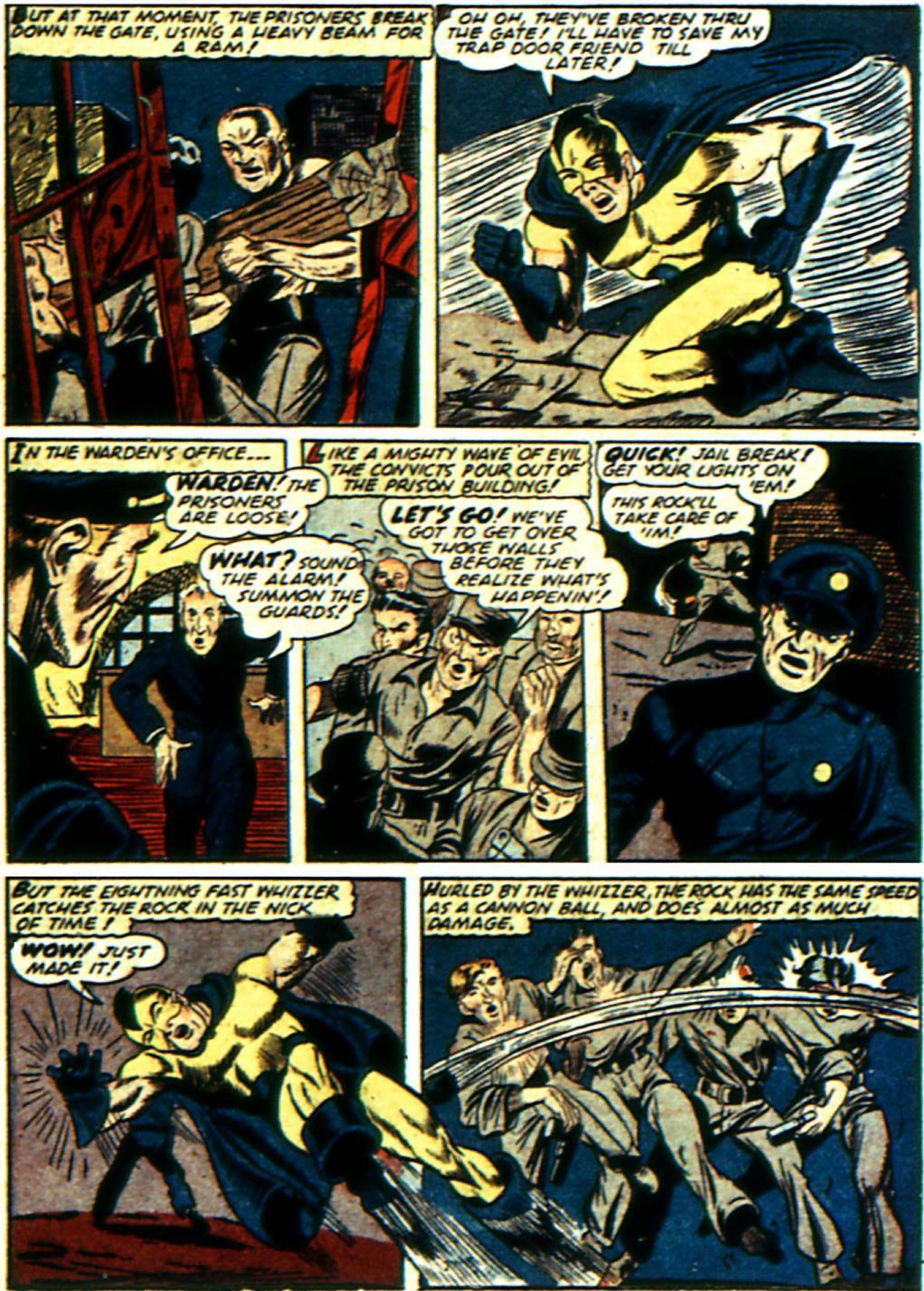

YOU.. I'LL TEAR YOU APART FOR THAT!
MAYBE I'D BETTER LET HIM LICK ME.. I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO SUSPECT I'M THE WHIZZER JUST YET!
THE WHIZZER ALLOWS ROMMDO TO HIT HIM.. MOVING AWAY AT THE LAST SECOND SO THE BLOW DOESN'T HURT HIM!
AROUSED BY THE SOUNDS OF THE FIGHT.... THE PRISON GUARDS STEP IN!
THIS'LL COOL YA OFF, ROMMDO
But.. LET US TURN OUR ATTENTION TO A HIDDEN DUNGEON FAR UNDER THE PRISON WHERE A SINISTER FIGURE IN BLACK IS LURKING, AND LAYING HIS PLANS!
HA-HA. ALL IS GOING WELL IN TOLEGATE PRISON.. RIOTS.... FIGHTS.. TROUBLE... HA..HA.. EVERYTHING IS GOING JUST AS I HAD PLANNED!
...AND NOW.. FOR THE FINAL MASTER STROKE! NOW FOR A JAIL-BREAK.. HA..HA!
=HIST!=...TOMORROW..MIDNIGHT!.. JAIL-BREAK!. THE BLACK COMMANDS!!

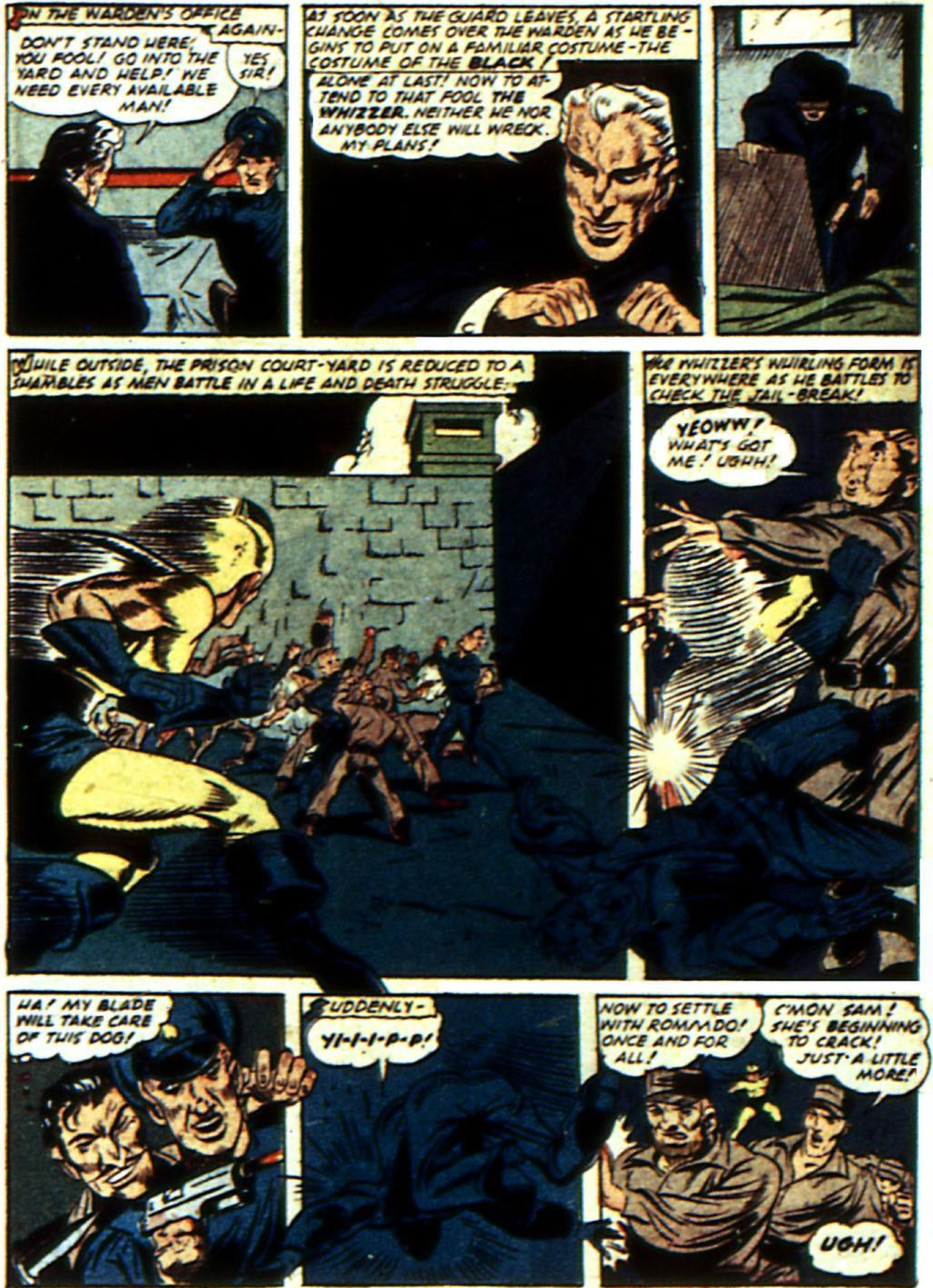

LIKE WILDFIRE.. THE NEWS SPREADS THRU-OUT THE PRISON GRAPE-VINE.. EVERY HARDENED CONVICT'S HEART IS INFLAMED WITH BUT ONE THOUGHT: JAIL-BREAK AND FREEDOM!
MID-NITE!
TO-NITE!
JAIL-BREAK!
TONITE!
WHILE IN THE COURTYARD, SULLEN FIGURES TALK IN LOW GUARDED VOICES!
NOW GET THIS STRAIGHT THE BREAK'LL TAKE PLACE AT MIDNITE!
SI, AN' I, PEDRO CASTELLO, WEEL GIVE ZE SIGNAL!. ZE SWEET WHISTLING OF ZE SO VER' BEAUTIFUL DOVE!
..AN' DEN YOU'RE GONNA PIN DA BLAME ON DAT NEW GUY, EH?
YEAH! TONITE WE'RE GONNA GET EVEN WIT DAT FAIR-HAIRED BOY!.. JUST WAIT AN' SEE!

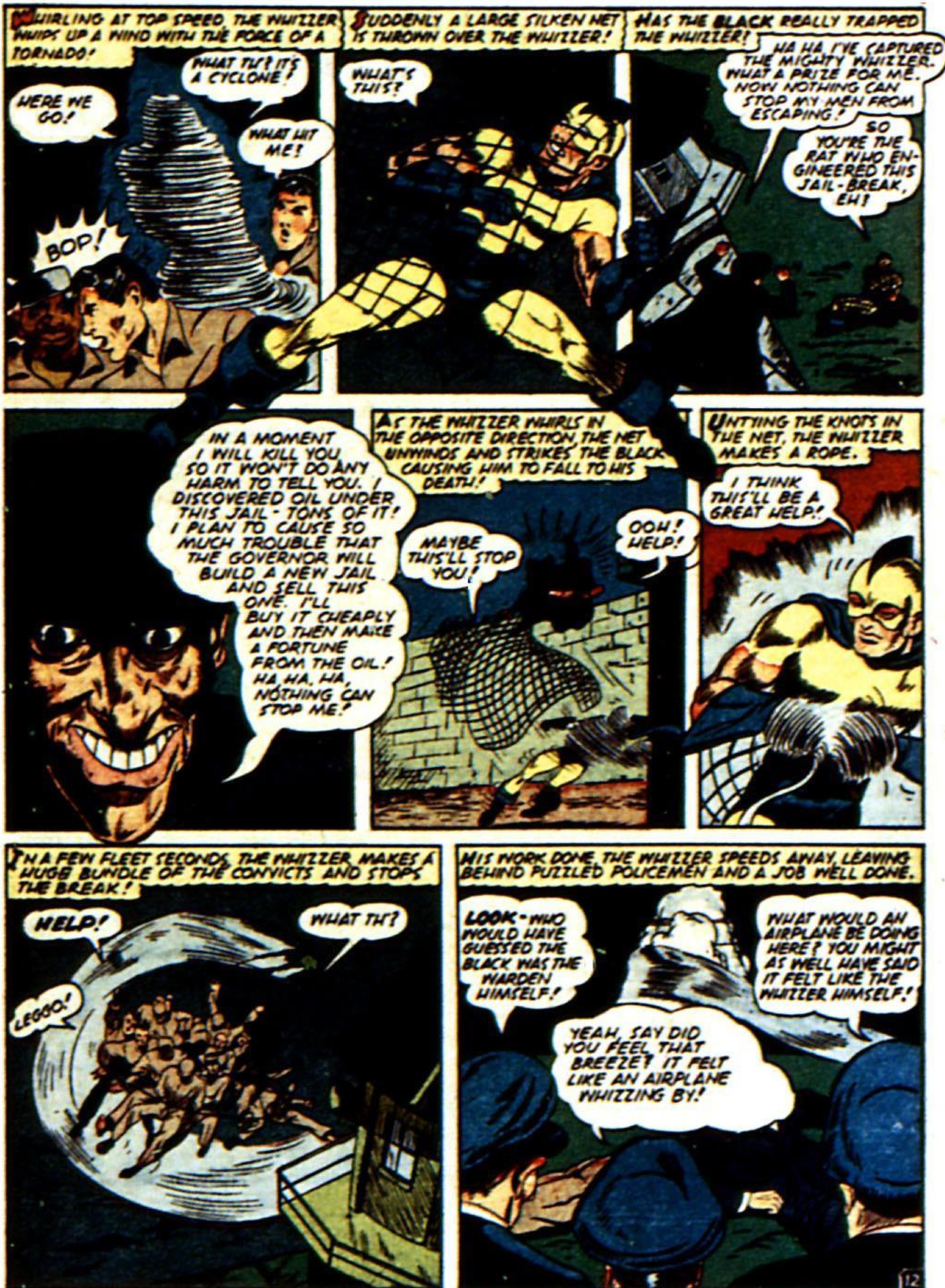

BUT THE WHIZZER GOES ON WITH HIS WORK, SENSING DANGER, BUT NOT KNOWING FROM WHERE, OR WHEN IT WILL STRIKE!
THOSE THREE ARE UP TO SOMETHING AND I WISH I KNEW WHAT IT WAS!!
FINALLY DARKNESS FALLS! A SILENT SINISTER FIGURE OUTSIDE THE PRISON GATES APPROACHES BENT UPON A MISSION OF EVIL!
POW!
IN THE UNIFORM OF THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARD THE MYSTERIOUS PROWLER ENTERS THE PRISON!
HA! THE POOR FOOLS! HOW EASILY THEY CAN BE TRICKED!
TAPPING A CERTAIN STONE, A SECTION OF WALL SWINGS OPEN ADMITTING THE FAKE GUARD INTO IT'S FOREBODING BLACKNESS!
MEANWHILE IN THE WHIZZER'S CELL.
LOOK, BUD, THERE'S NO REASON FOR US TO BE ENEMIES. WHADDYA SAY...WE FORGET ABOUT OUR FIGHT, EH?
OH...OH... SOMETHIN'S UP. BUT I MAY AS WELL MAKE BELIEVE HE'S FOOLING ME AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
I'LL LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET!.. WE'RE MAKING A BREAK TONITE...AN' YOU CAN BE IN ON IT!
..AT THAT MOMENT...THE SIGNAL!
THERE IT IS! C'MON!
COO! COO ♫.


IN A CELL...FURTHER DOWN THE CORRIDOR...
HERE! GOOD LUCK!
CHEE! AT LAST!
Seconds Later...
FREE! NOW TO FILE OFF THE OTHER LOCKS!
HERE THEY COME! ARE YOU READY, PAL??
SURE!
I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO STOP THIS!
UNKNOWN TO WHIZZER HE IS IN TERRIBLE DANGER FROM THE VENGEFUL ROMMDO!
AS SOON AS WE GET OUR HANDS ON SOME GATS, WE'LL LET THE FOOL HAVE IT FROM BEHIND!
THE ESCAPING CONVICTS REACH THE GUN RACK!
OH BOY! WOT A GAT!
AND NOW FOR MY CELL-MATE! HA..HA HERE GOES!
AT THAT SECOND, BOB FRANK, AGAIN BECOMES THE ARCH-FOE OF EVIL AND THE KING OF SPEED..THE WHIZZER!!
IT'S TIME FOR THE WHIZZER TO ACT!!
WHAT TH-- WHERE DID HE GO?!


YOU WON'T NEED THIS ANYMORE, SONNY BOY!
WHERE DID HE? WHAT TH..?
THE CONVICTS REACH THE OUTER GATE!
DE KEY WE COPPED FROM DE GUARD WILL OPEN DA GATE...THEN WE'LL BE FREE!
WHILE A PAIR OF SINISTER EYES WATCH EVERY MOVE THE CONVICTS MAKE
HA-HA-HA...GOOD WORK.. MY BOYS, GOOD WORK, HA-HA-HA!
SUDDENLY THE KEYS ARE YANKED FROM THE CONVICTS HANDS!..
HOLY COW!.. THE KEYS HAVE GOT WINGS!!
THE KEYS'LL BE SAFE OUT THERE!
IT MUST BE! ONLY THE WHIZZER COULD BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT!.. HE MUST BE DESTROYED AT..AT ANY COST!!
WHY THERE'S SOMEONE GOING INTO A TRAP-DOOR! THIS BEARS LOOKING INTO!
THE WHIZZER RACES FOR THE CLOSING TRAP-DOOR!


BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE PRISONERS BREAK DOWN THE GATE, USING A HEAVY BEAM FOR A RAM!
OH OH, THEY'VE BROKEN THRU THE GATE! I'LL HAVE TO SAVE MY TRAP DOOR FRIEND TILL LATER!
IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE...
WARDEN! THE PRISONERS ARE LOOSE!
WHAT? SOUND THE ALARM! SUMMON THE GUARDS!
LIKE A MIGHTY WAVE OF EVIL THE CONVICTS POUR OUT OF THE PRISON BUILDING!
LET'S GO! WE'VE GOT TO GET OVER THOSE WALLS BEFORE THEY REALIZE WHAT'S HAPPENIN'!
QUICK! JAIL BREAK! GET YOUR LIGHTS ON 'EM!
THIS ROCK'LL TAKE CARE OF 'IM!
BUT THE LIGHTNING FAST WHIZZER CATCHES THE ROCK IN THE NICK OF TIME!
WOW! JUST MADE IT!
HURLED BY THE WHIZZER, THE ROCK HAS THE SAME SPEED AS A CANNON BALL, AND DOES ALMOST AS MUCH DAMAGE.


IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE AGAIN-
DON'T STAND HERE! YOU FOOL! GO INTO THE YARD AND HELP! WE NEED EVERY AVAILABLE MAN!
YES SIR!
AS SOON AS THE GUARD LEAVES, A STARTLING CHANGE COMES OVER THE WARDEN AS HE BEGINS TO PUT ON A FAMILIAR COSTUME - THE COSTUME OF THE BLACK!
ALONE AT LAST! NOW TO ATTEND TO THAT FOOL THE WHIZZER. NEITHER HE NOR ANYBODY ELSE WILL WRECK MY PLANS!
WHILE OUTSIDE, THE PRISON COURT-YARD IS REDUCED TO A SHAMBLES AS MEN BATTLE IN A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE:
THE WHIZZER'S WHIRLING FORM IS EVERYWHERE AS HE BATTLES TO CHECK THE JAIL-BREAK!
YEOWW! WHAT'S GOT ME! UGHH!
HA! MY BLADE WILL TAKE CARE OF THIS DOG!
SUDDENLY-
YI-I-I-P-P!
NOW TO SETTLE WITH ROMMDO! ONCE AND FOR ALL!
C'MON SAM! SHE'S BEGINNING TO CRACK! JUST A LITTLE MORE!
UGH!


WHIRLING AT TOP SPEED, THE WHIZZER WHIPS UP A WIND WITH THE FORCE OF A TORNADO!
HERE WE GO!
WHAT TH'? IT'S A CYCLONE!
WHAT HIT ME!
BOP!
SUDDENLY A LARGE SILKEN NET IS THROWN OVER THE WHIZZER!
WHAT'S THIS?
HAS THE BLACK REALLY TRAPPED THE WHIZZER?
HA HA I'VE CAPTURED THE MIGHTY WHIZZER. WHAT A PRIZE FOR ME. NOW NOTHING CAN STOP MY MEN FROM ESCAPING!
SO YOU'RE THE RAT WHO ENGINEERED THIS JAIL-BREAK, EH!
IN A MOMENT I WILL KILL YOU SO IT WON'T DO ANY HARM TO TELL YOU. I DISCOVERED OIL UNDER THIS JAIL - TONS OF IT! I PLAN TO CAUSE SO MUCH TROUBLE THAT THE GOVERNOR WILL BUILD A NEW JAIL AND SELL THIS ONE. I'LL BUY IT CHEAPLY AND THEN MAKE A FORTUNE FROM THE OIL! HA HA, HA, NOTHING CAN STOP ME!
AS THE WHIZZER WHIRLS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, THE NET UNWINDS AND STRIKES THE BLACK CAUSING HIM TO FALL TO HIS DEATH!
MAYBE THIS'LL STOP YOU!
OOH! HELP!
UNTYING THE KNOTS IN THE NET, THE WHIZZER MAKES A ROPE.
I THINK THIS'LL BE A GREAT HELP!
IN A FEW FLEET SECONDS THE WHIZZER MAKES A HUGE BUNDLE OF THE CONVICTS AND STOPS THE BREAK!
HELP!
WHAT TH'?
LEGGO!
HIS WORK DONE, THE WHIZZER SPEEDS AWAY, LEAVING BEHIND PUZZLED POLICEMEN AND A JOB WELL DONE.
LOOK- WHO WOULD HAVE GUESSED THE BLACK WAS THE WARDEN HIMSELF!
WHAT WOULD AN AIRPLANE BE DOING HERE? YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE SAID IT FELT LIKE THE WHIZZER HIMSELF!
YEAH, SAY DID YOU FEEL THAT BREEZE? IT FELT LIKE AN AIRPLANE WHIZZING BY!

JUNGLE DRUMS

. . . Greg Lamare had spent every day of his life in the dark jungles of Central Africa. His parents had been missionaries among the friendly natives, and Greg had been born there. He grew up with African boys who were not savages like the wild tribe of the Wiwaris who inhabited the Forbidden Valley to the West. With his friends, Greg learned the manly art of hunting and stalking, and could drop a fast moving animal at a hundred yards!

After his parents had died, young Greg continued to live among the friendly Senu tribe, who accepted him as one of them. The natives engaged in a lively trade of ivory with white merchants, and Greg saw to it that they were not cheated. Peace and happiness reigned among the good Senu people.

Then, one day, a dark cloud of disaster threatened to pass over the village of the Senu tribe. Marauding bands of Wiwari natives were marching out of the Forbidden Valley to the West to make night attacks on the Senu village, killing the terror-stricken inhabitants, and carrying off with them rich loads of ivory! It was not long before Greg Lamare discovered that Carson Wolf was at the bottom of these raids.

Wolf was a notorious trader, who had tried to force the Senu to sell him ivory at very low prices, and when Greg had kicked him out of the village, Wolf had stirred up the wild Wiwaris to attack and steal the rich ivory horde. The Senu were so frightened, that they spoke of leaving their old village and moving farther to the East, away from the dangers of the Forbidden Valley! But Greg knew how much the Senu natives loved this spot in Central Africa, and he realized they would be heart-broken if they had to tear up roots and leave this beautiful region. So, he decided to deal with Carson Wolf in his own way!

Greg sat alone in his hut, smoking his pipe and examining his rifle. He had appointed himself as the nightwatchman, ready to sound the alarm if an attack should come suddenly. The surrounding jungle was unusually quiet tonight! It seemed as if every beast of the forest was holding its breath, waiting for something . . . something grave and terrible to happen! Sometimes the Wiwaris attacked with yells and cries of defiance, as they murdered and stole. Other times, they sneaked into the village and worked silently, and the next morning a few Senu would be found dead, and vast amounts of ivory missing!

"I have a feeling this is going to be one of the silent raids tonight!" Greg thought to himself.

Suddenly, a piercing shriek of agony resounded throughout the village! Greg was on his feet in a second. He dashed out and raced to the hut from which the cry had come. He entered. The sight which met his eyes made him weak as the blood left his face! There was Ra, good kind Ra, lying on the ground dead! A poisoned dart was imbedded in his throat! The Wiwaris had struck silently; had stolen some ivory, killed Ra in a fit of brute terrorism, and then vanished into the dark shadows of the jungle!

Other Senu rushed into the hut and gazed in silence at their murdered friend! Ra, who had been the best hunter of the tribe; Ra, who was slated to be a Chief one day, was dead! This was the end . . . the Senu people must leave their homes and journey far to the East, away from terror and Death!

Greg could see the decision which was expressed on those silent faces. No! he thought. The Senu will *not* give up their homes . . . this very night would witness the end of all the terror and destruction which struck in the dark! He was determined about that!

Young Lamare left the hut and walked toward the fringes of the village, as it met the jungle. The retreating Wiwaris could not be too far away. The tall figure of this white man stepped into the forest and was instantly enveloped in the inky blackness.

. . . The trail led through a maze of paths. Gregg knew every inch of this region. As he came into cleared land, the light of the full moon permitted him to search for signs of the recent passage of the Wiwaris. He spotted broken twigs, then footprints which were left by the killers as they headed back toward the Forbidden Valley. Greg walked on for miles and miles, getting closer to his quarry. Finally, after a trek of more than an hour, he came to the hill which overlooked the valley of the Wiwaris.

He gazed far down the hill, and could see the natives just entering their village! Greg had already formulated a plan of action, but it was necessary that he get closer to the village, so he made his way down the hill with cautious steps, lest the enemy spot him.

In the village, the Wiwaris were handing over their loot to Carson

Wolf, who had established himself among them until he could collect a big enough haul of ivory to ship down the river to the coast. Wolf took immediate possession of the booty, and had it stored in a large hut which he was using as a temporary warehouse. The sinister face of the trader broadened in an evil grin.

"You have done your work well, men of the Wiwaris!" he said. "Now you will receive your payment!"

Wolf passed cheap trinkets and brightly-colored cloth among the natives. They howled in delight. For this they had stolen and killed!

. . . Greg had reached the outskirts of the village, and hid himself behind one of the huts. He watched the natives as they danced around a blazing fire in the center of the village and chanted a song of victory! Before them stood the idol of their god Xandu, whom the superstitius Wiwaris honored as their protector! The idol's right arm was raised in a gesture of benevolence. Greg remembered the legend which stated that when the right arm of Xandu should fall from the figure, he would no longer grant his protection to the Wiwaris! And this superstitious legund was part of Greg's plan!

As the celebrating natives leaped into the air and yelled in joy, young Greg raised his rifle to his shoulder and took careful aim.

Bang! Crack! The powerful elephant rifle barked again and again! The terrified Wiwaris stood motionless and stared at the idol of Xandu aghast. The right arm of the idol was shattered at the elbow . . . with a thud it fell to the ground! Greg had *not missed!*

. . . A split second later, pandemonium broke loose! The fear-crazed Wiwaris raced out of the village into the jungle! The legend promised swift and utter disaster to all who remained in the Forbidden Valley if Xandu should drop his right arm! Five minutes later, the few thousand Wiwaris had disappeared into the darkness, leaving two white men alone in the abandoned village! Wolf was so bewildered, he didn't move an inch. He seemed frozen in his tracks!

Greg stepped forth from his place of concealment and confronted the astounded Wolf. The latter recognized the young man who had [illegible] him out of the village of the Senu. His hand reached for his gun in its holster.

But Greg Lamare was quick of eye and swift of foot! He made a quick dash toward Wolf, and tackled him! The two men rolled over and over on the ground, exchanging violent blows! Greg shook his head to clear away the momentary fog which started to settle in his brain as Wolf landed a terrific wallop to the youth's jaw! With a mighty heave, he threw the killer backwords over his head, and sent him sprawling. As Wolf gained his feet, Greg summoned every ounce of strength to his fist and smashed it into his opponent's jaw! Wolf staggered at the impact, and crumbled to the ground!

Greg stood over the prone figure, panting heavily with the exertion of the battle. He then slung the unconscious form over his shoulder and retraced his steps to the village of the Senu. As the morning sun appeared over the horizon, Greg walked into the village with Wolf walking before him, since he had recovered during the trek.

Greg related the whole story, and the Senu shouted in joy. No more would they fear Death striking from the Forbidden Valley. Many of them went to the deserted village of the Wiwaris to bring back their stolen ivory.

Days later, Wolf was turned over to Government officials and sentenced to a long prison term. That same night, the Senu sat around their fire in the center of the village and spoke to Greg.

"The Senu owe their lives and their homes to you!" Obu was speaking. "So, we now make you Chief of our tribe! You accept, yes?"

Greg was deeply moved by the love and devotion of these natives. He put his hand on Obu's shoulder in affection, and muttered.

"I accept this honor!"

And that is the story of how a white man became the Chief of a native tribe in darkest Africa!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of All Winners Comics, published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1941.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Abraham Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the All Winners Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, U. S. A. Comic Magazine Corp., 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Managing Editor Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Business Manager Abraham Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

U. S. A. Comic Magazine Corp., 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C.; Martin Goodman, 330 W. 42nd St. N. Y. C.

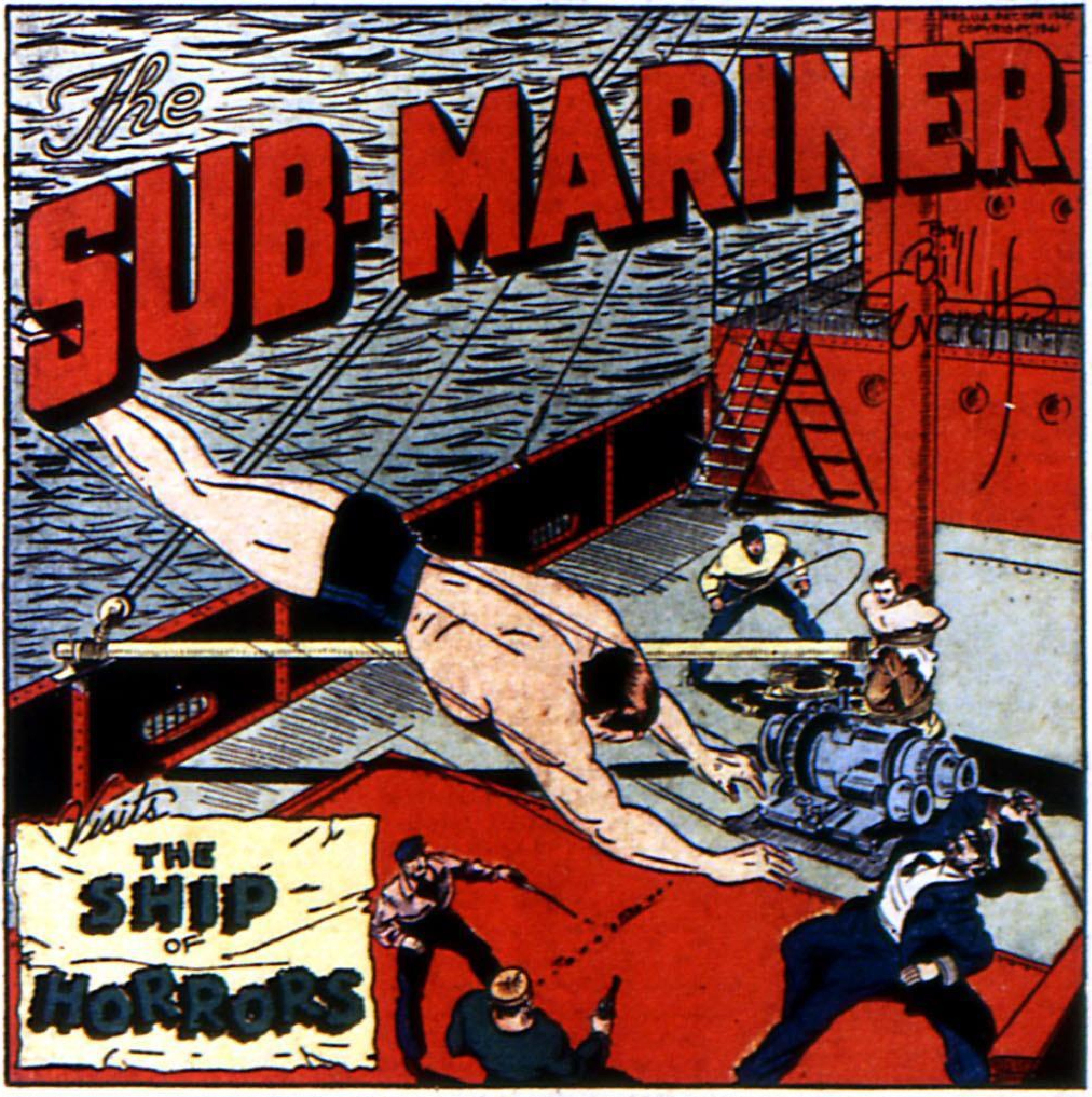
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

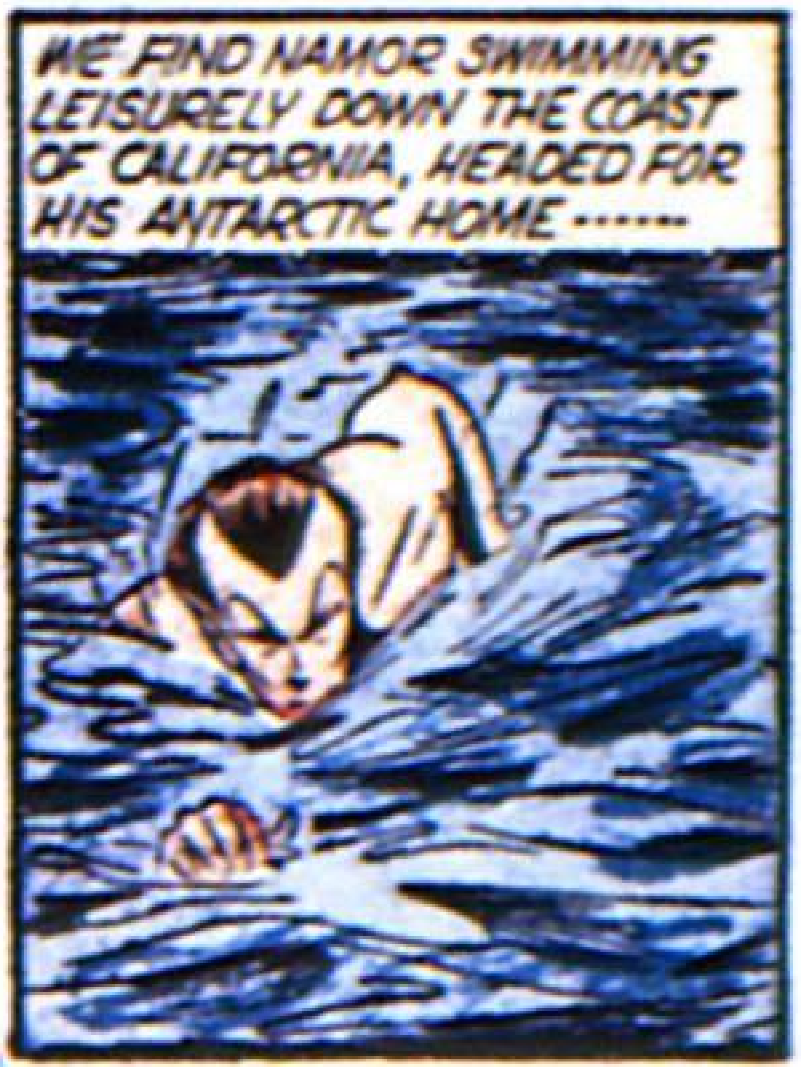
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

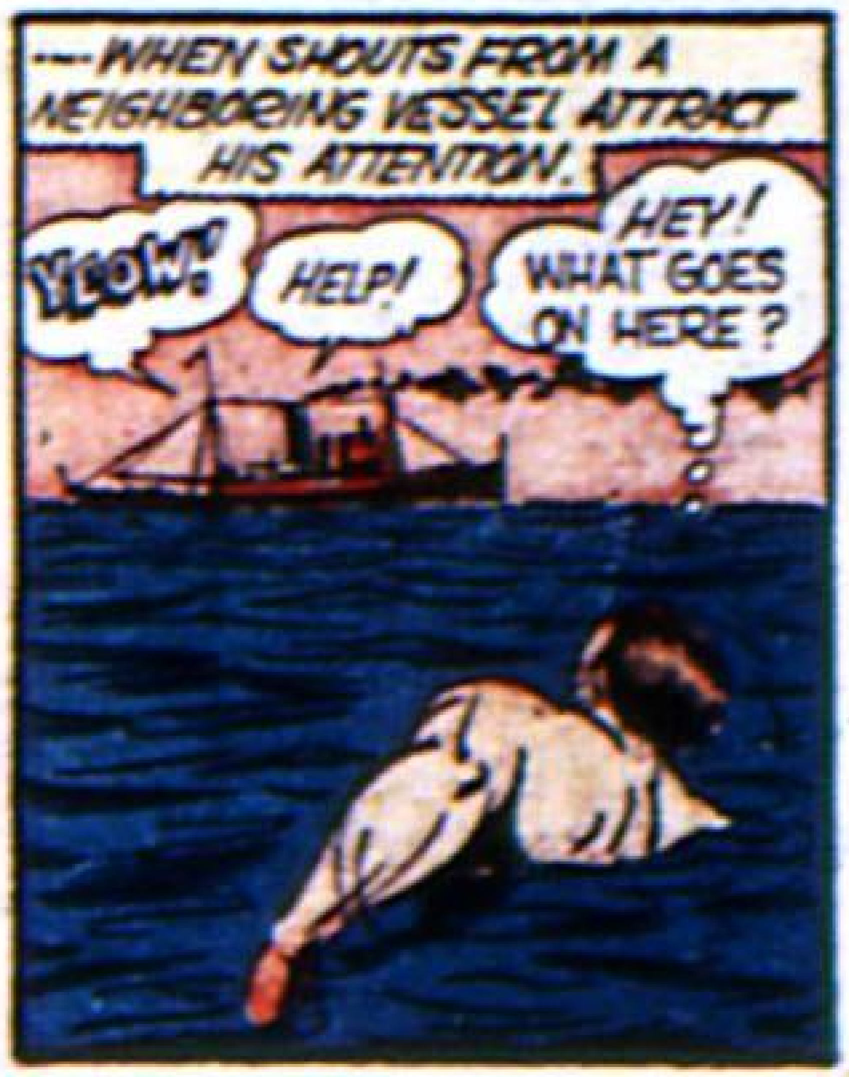
(Signed) ABRAHAM GOODMAN.

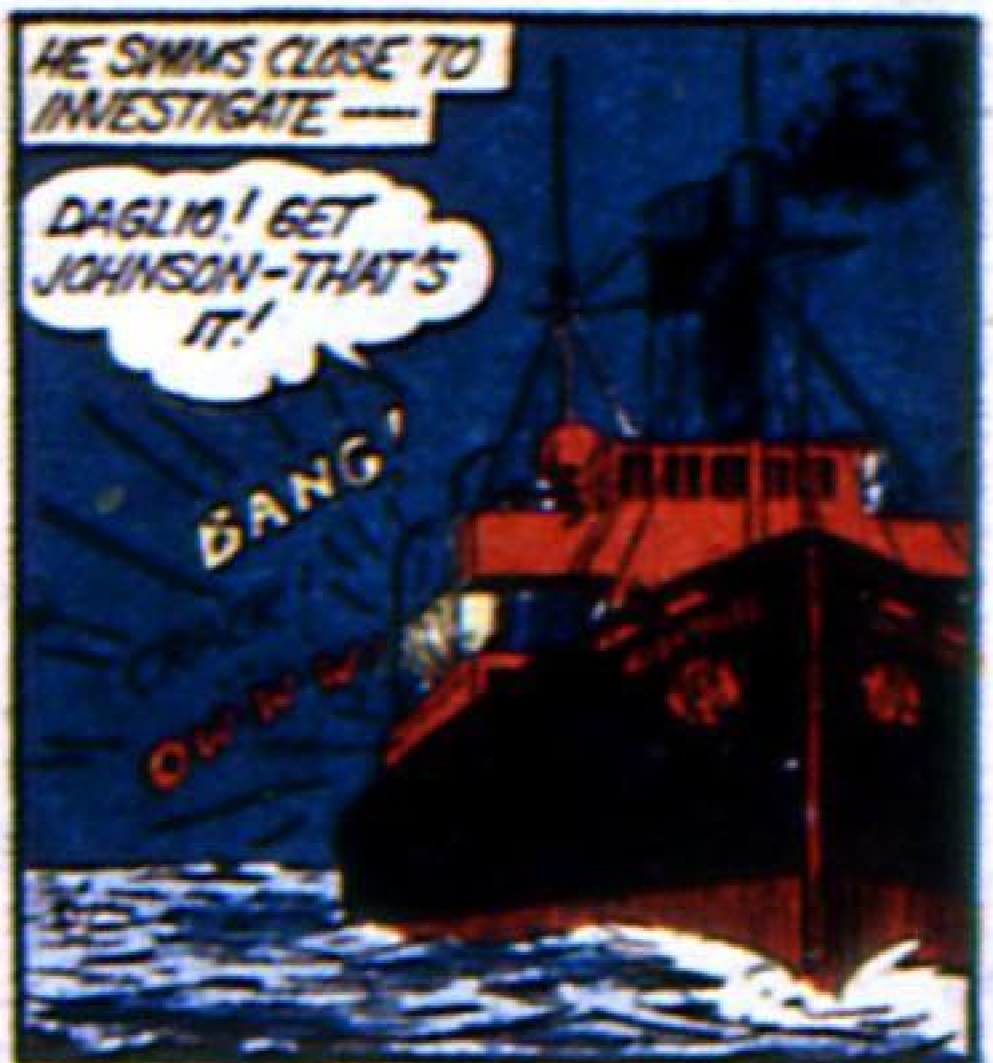
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1941

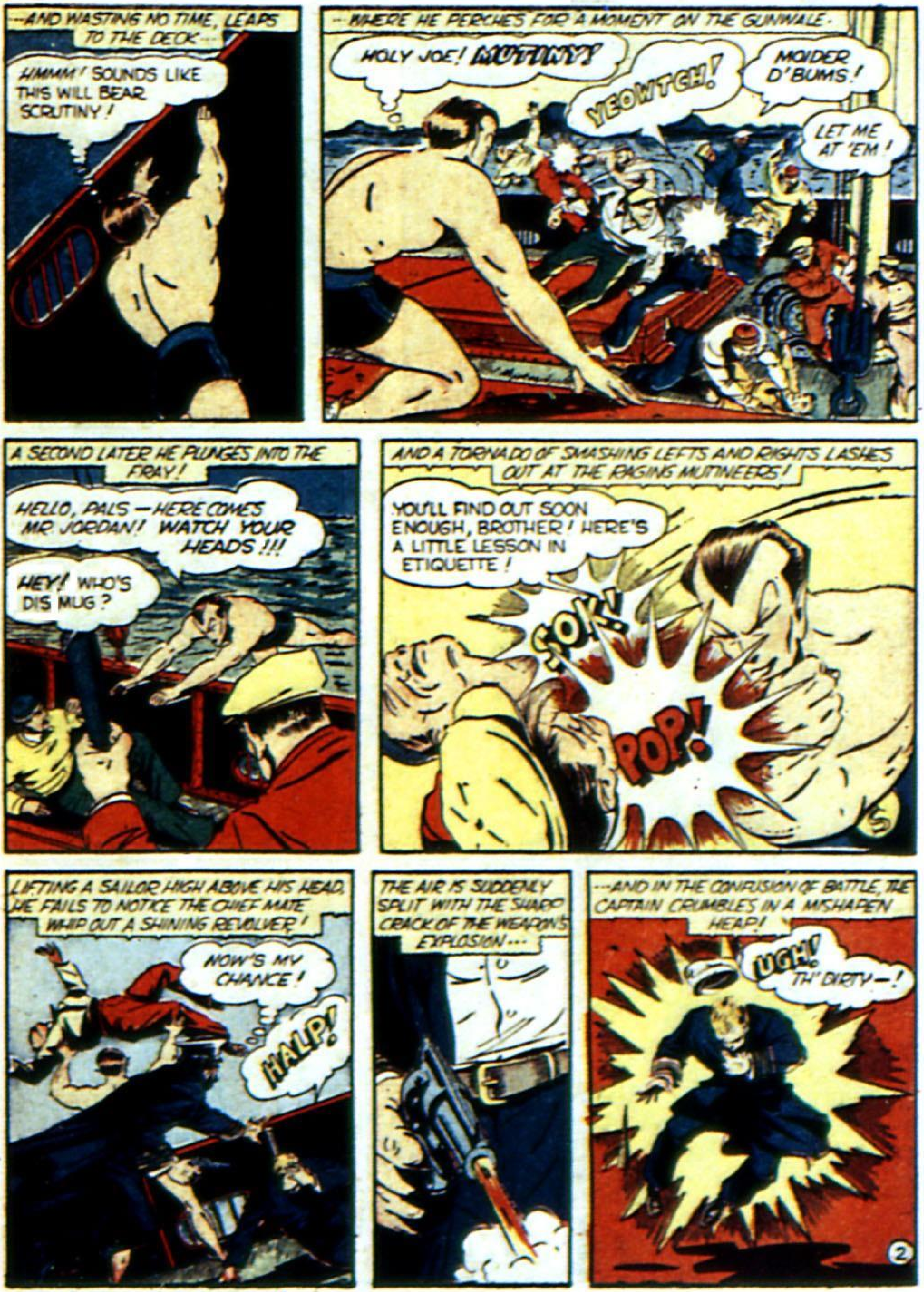
(SEAL) BERNARD ARBITAL.
(My Commission expires March 30, 1943.)

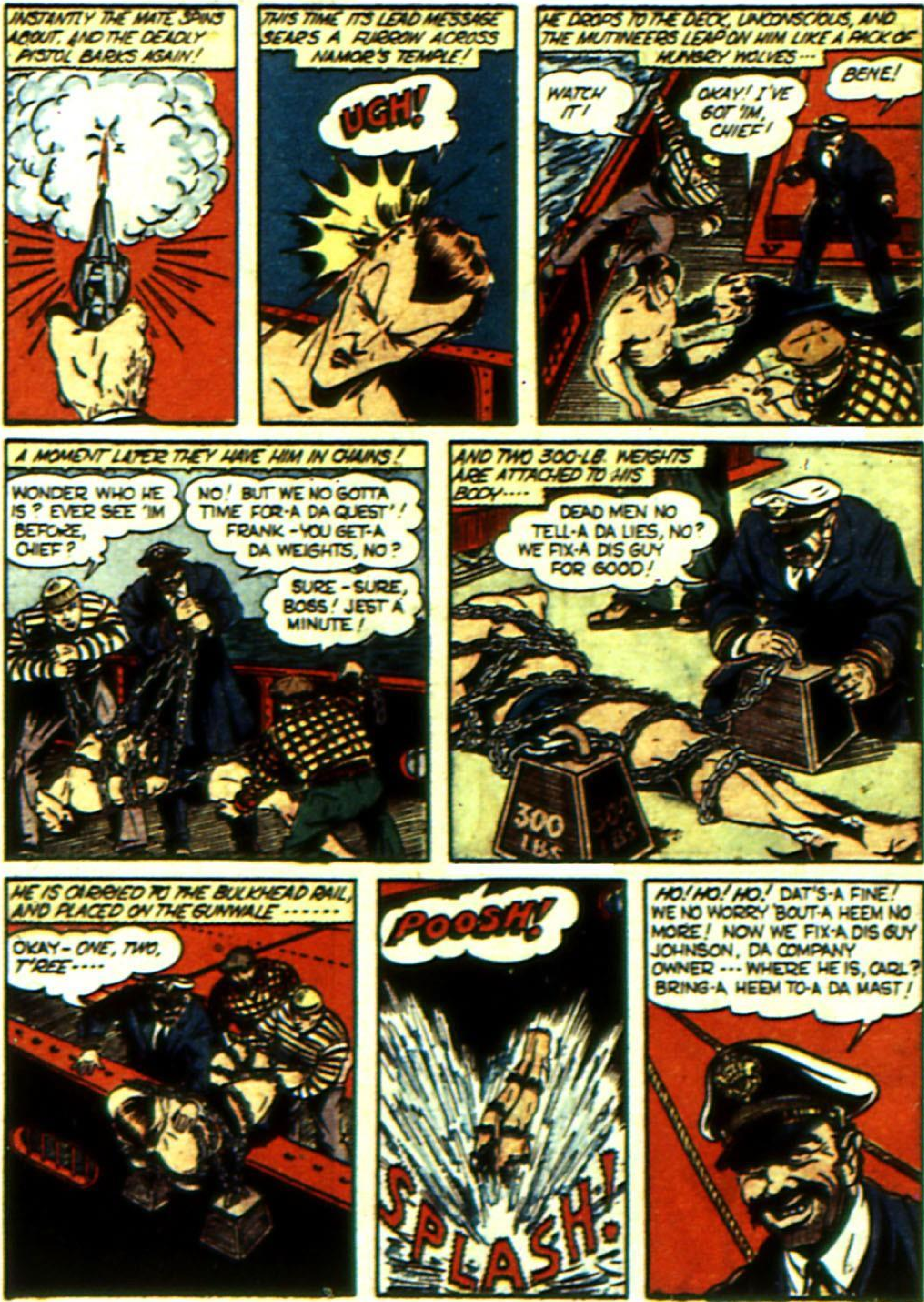

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
COPYRIGHT 1941
The SUB-MARINER
by Bill Everett
Visits THE SHIP OF HORRORS

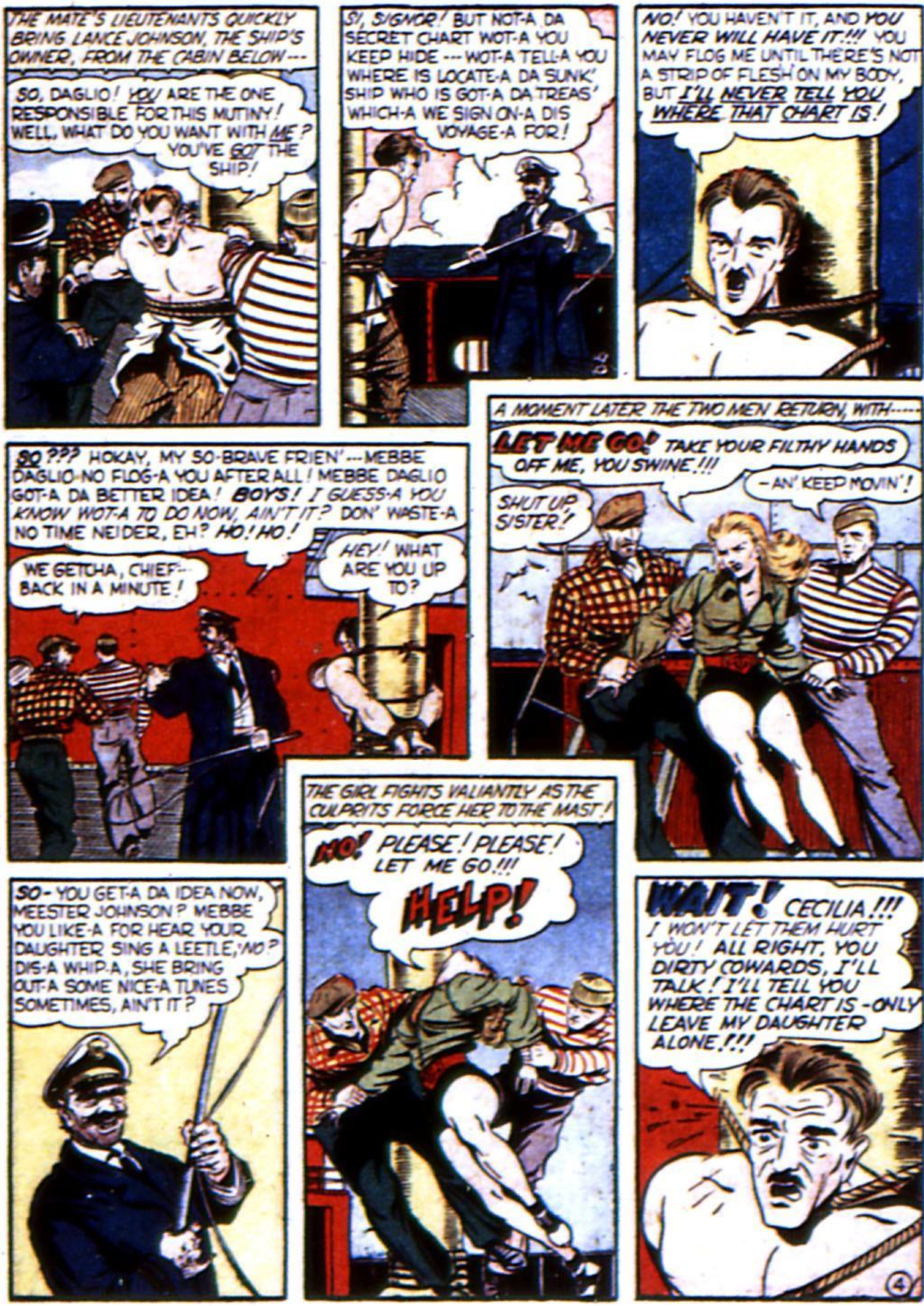

WE FIND NAMOR SWIMMING LEISURELY DOWN THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA, HEADED FOR HIS ANTARCTIC HOME ------

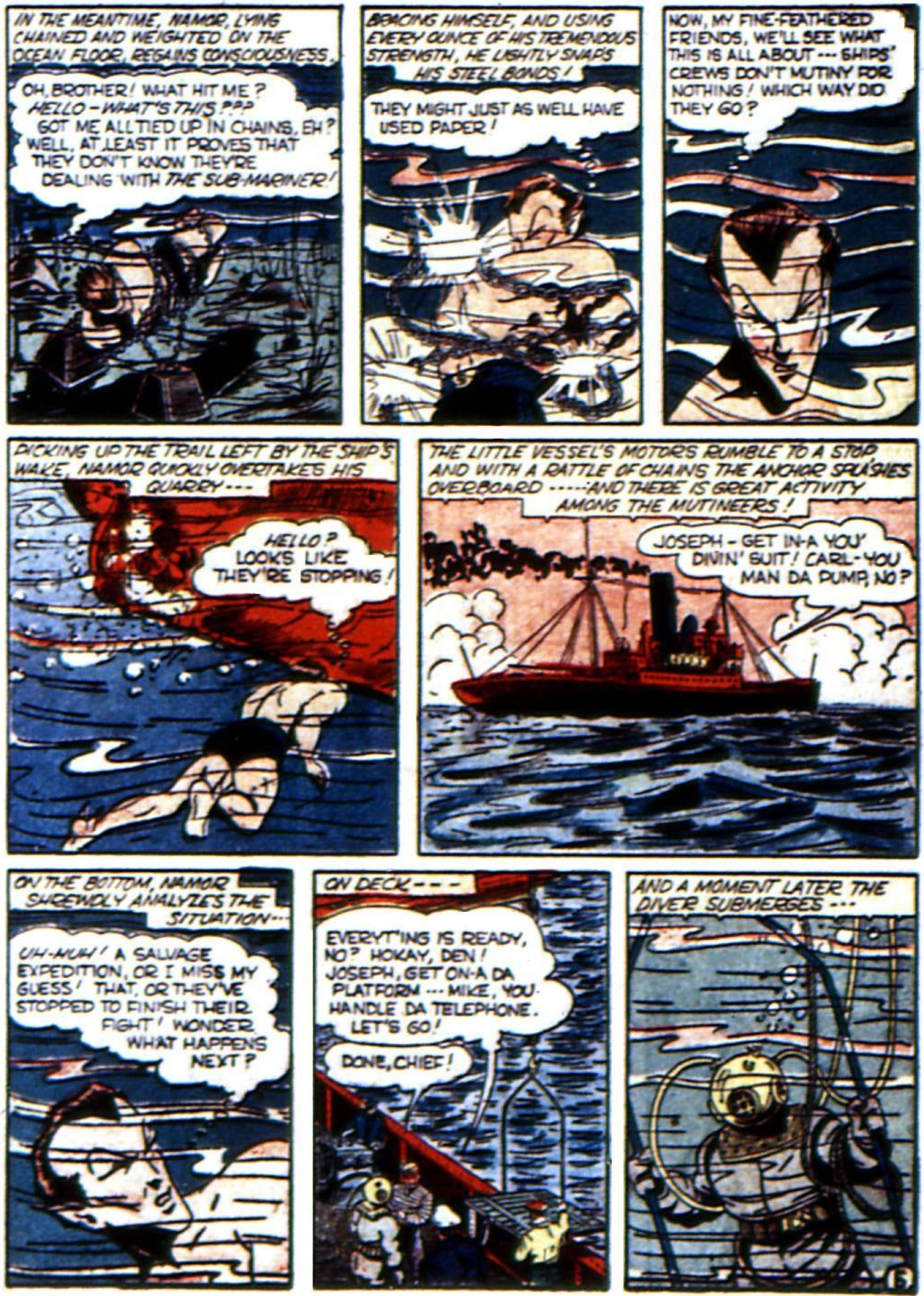

---- WHEN SHOUTS FROM A NEIGHBORING VESSEL ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION.
YEOW!
HELP!
HEY! WHAT GOES ON HERE ?

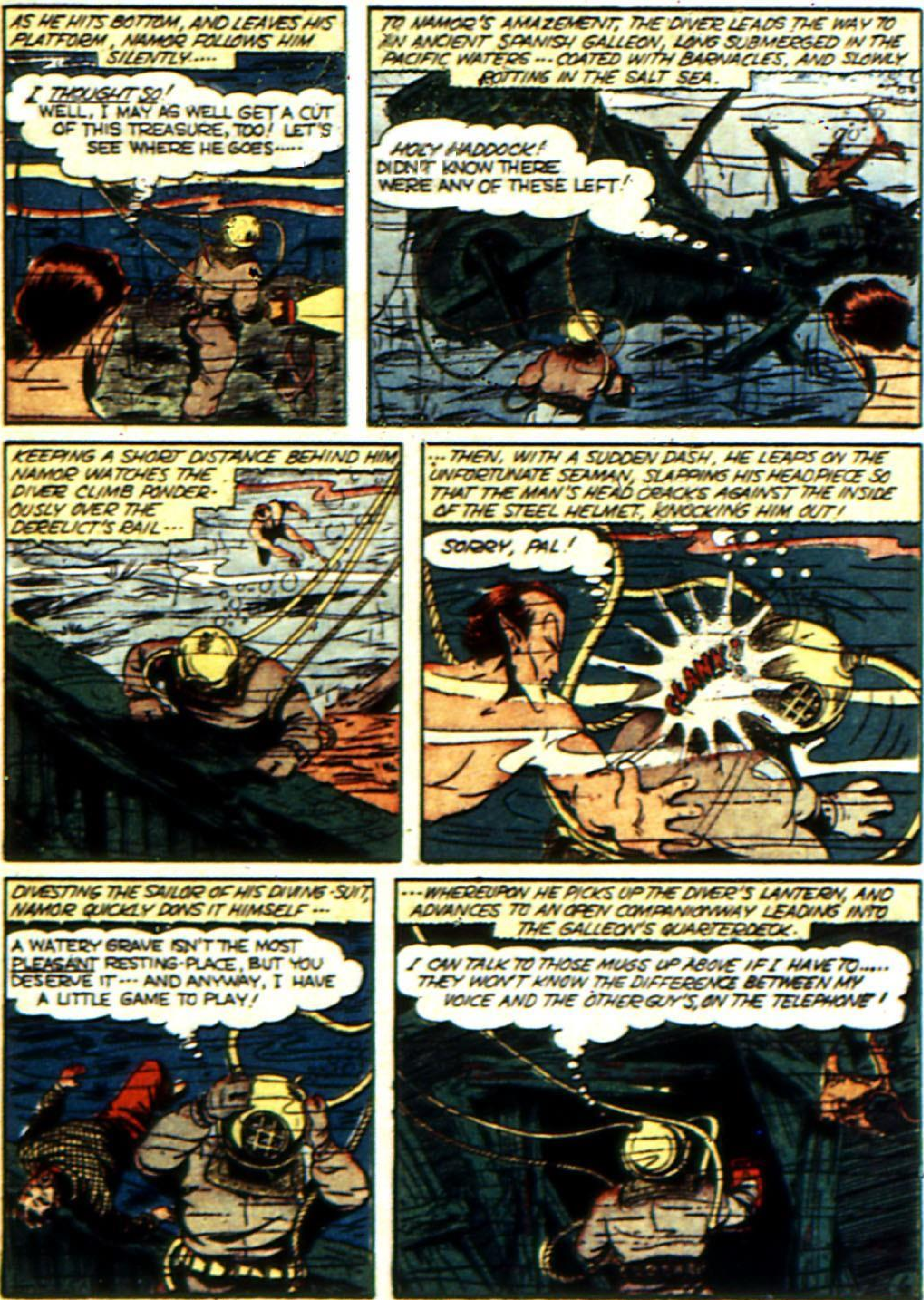

HE SWIMS CLOSE TO INVESTIGATE ----
DAGLIO! GET JOHNSON - THAT'S IT!
BANG!
OWWW

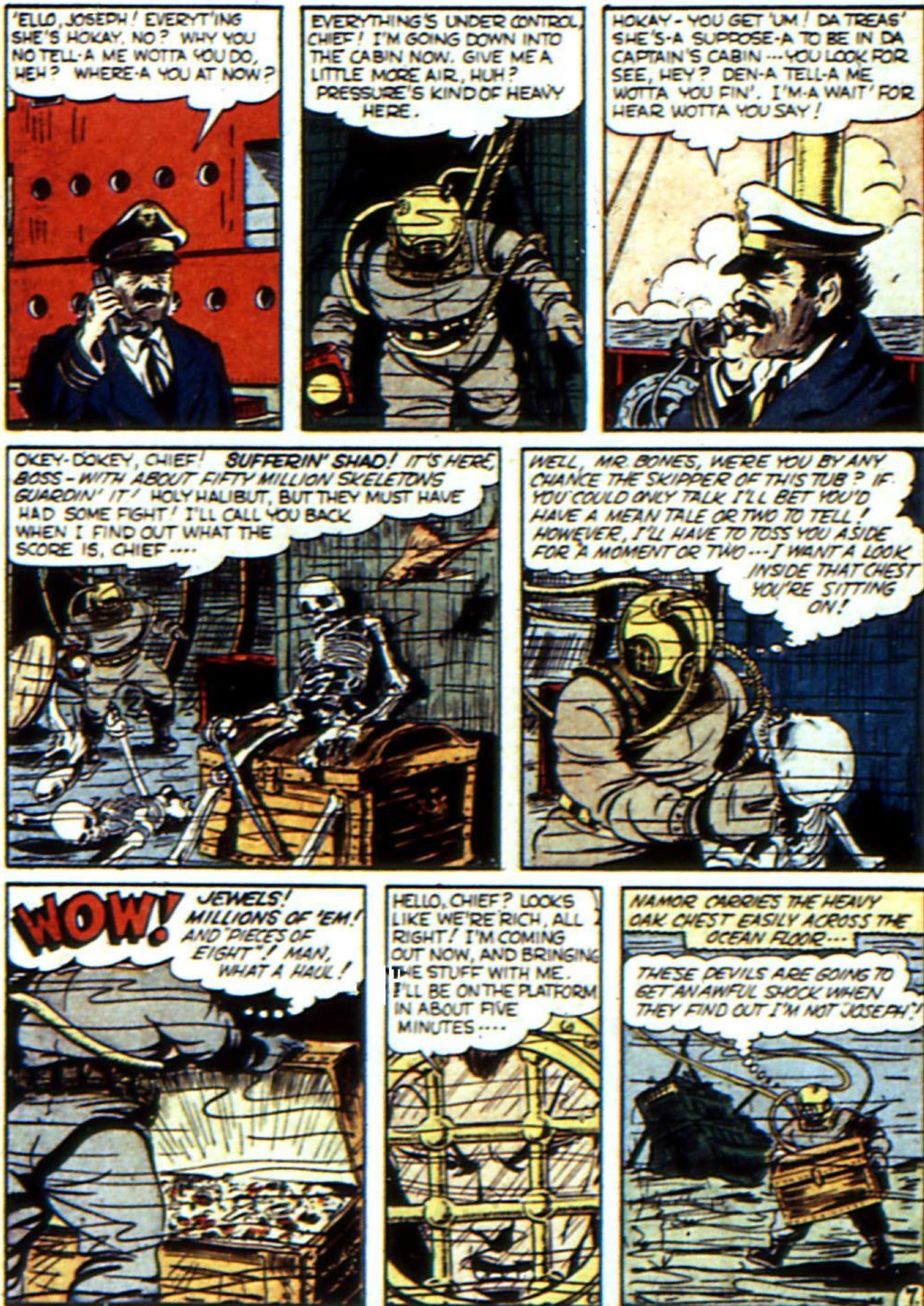

--AND WASTING NO TIME, LEAPS TO THE DECK--
HMMM! SOUNDS LIKE THIS WILL BEAR SCRUTINY!
--WHERE HE PERCHES FOR A MOMENT ON THE GUNWALE.
HOLY JOE! MUTINY?
YEOWTCH!
MOIDER D' BUMS!
LET ME AT 'EM!
A SECOND LATER HE PLUNGES INTO THE FRAY!
HELLO, PALS--HERE COMES MR. JORDAN! WATCH YOUR HEADS!!!
HEY! WHO'S DIS MUG?
AND A TORNADO OF SMASHING LEFTS AND RIGHTS LASHES OUT AT THE RAGING MUTINEERS!
YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH, BROTHER! HERE'S A LITTLE LESSON IN ETIQUETTE!
SOK!
POP!
LIFTING A SAILOR HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD, HE FAILS TO NOTICE THE CHIEF MATE WHIP OUT A SHINING REVOLVER!
NOW'S MY CHANCE!
HALP!
THE AIR IS SUDDENLY SPLIT WITH THE SHARP CRACK OF THE WEAPON'S EXPLOSION...
--AND IN THE CONFUSION OF BATTLE, THE CAPTAIN CRUMBLES IN A MISHAPEN HEAP!
UGH! TH' DIRTY--!
2

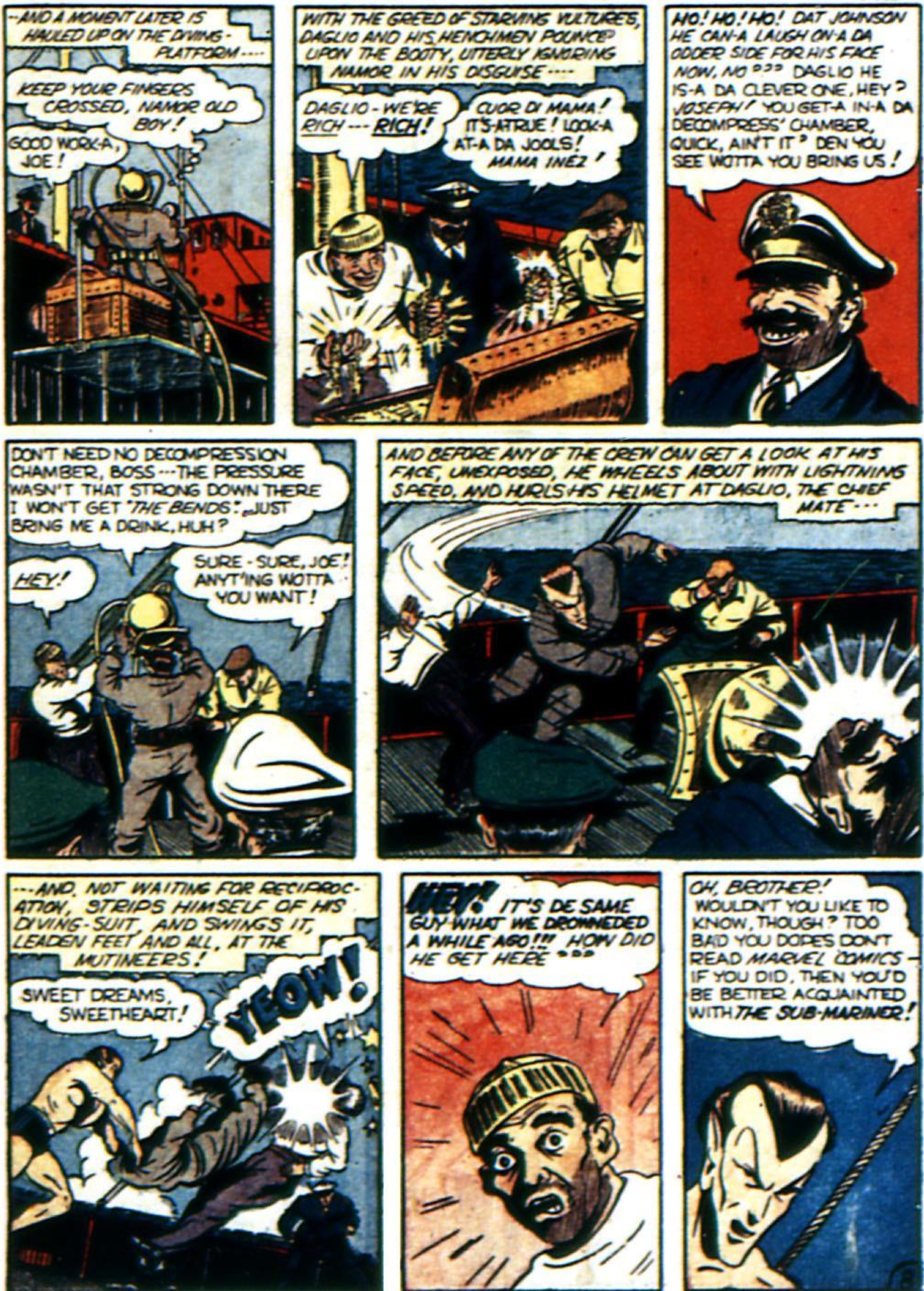

INSTANTLY THE MATE SPINS ABOUT, AND THE DEADLY PISTOL BARKS AGAIN!
THIS TIME ITS LEAD MESSAGE SEARS A FURROW ACROSS NAMOR'S TEMPLE!
UGH!
HE DROPS TO THE DECK, UNCONSCIOUS, AND THE MUTINEERS LEAP ON HIM LIKE A PACK OF HUNGRY WOLVES---
WATCH IT!
OKAY! I'VE GOT 'IM, CHIEF!
BENE!
A MOMENT LATER THEY HAVE HIM IN CHAINS!
WONDER WHO HE IS? EVER SEE 'IM BEFORE, CHIEF?
NO! BUT WE NO GOTTA TIME FOR-A DA QUEST'! FRANK - YOU GET-A DA WEIGHTS, NO?
SURE - SURE, BOSS! JEST A MINUTE!
AND TWO 300-LB. WEIGHTS ARE ATTACHED TO HIS BODY----
DEAD MEN NO TELL-A DA LIES, NO? WE FIX-A DIS GUY FOR GOOD!
300 LBS
300 LBS
HE IS CARRIED TO THE BULKHEAD RAIL, AND PLACED ON THE GUNWALE ------
OKAY - ONE, TWO, T'REE ----
POOSH!
SPLASH!
HO! HO! HO! DAT'S-A FINE! WE NO WORRY 'BOUT-A HEEM NO MORE! NOW WE FIX-A DIS GUY JOHNSON, DA COMPANY OWNER --- WHERE HE IS, CARL? BRING-A HEEM TO-A DA MAST!

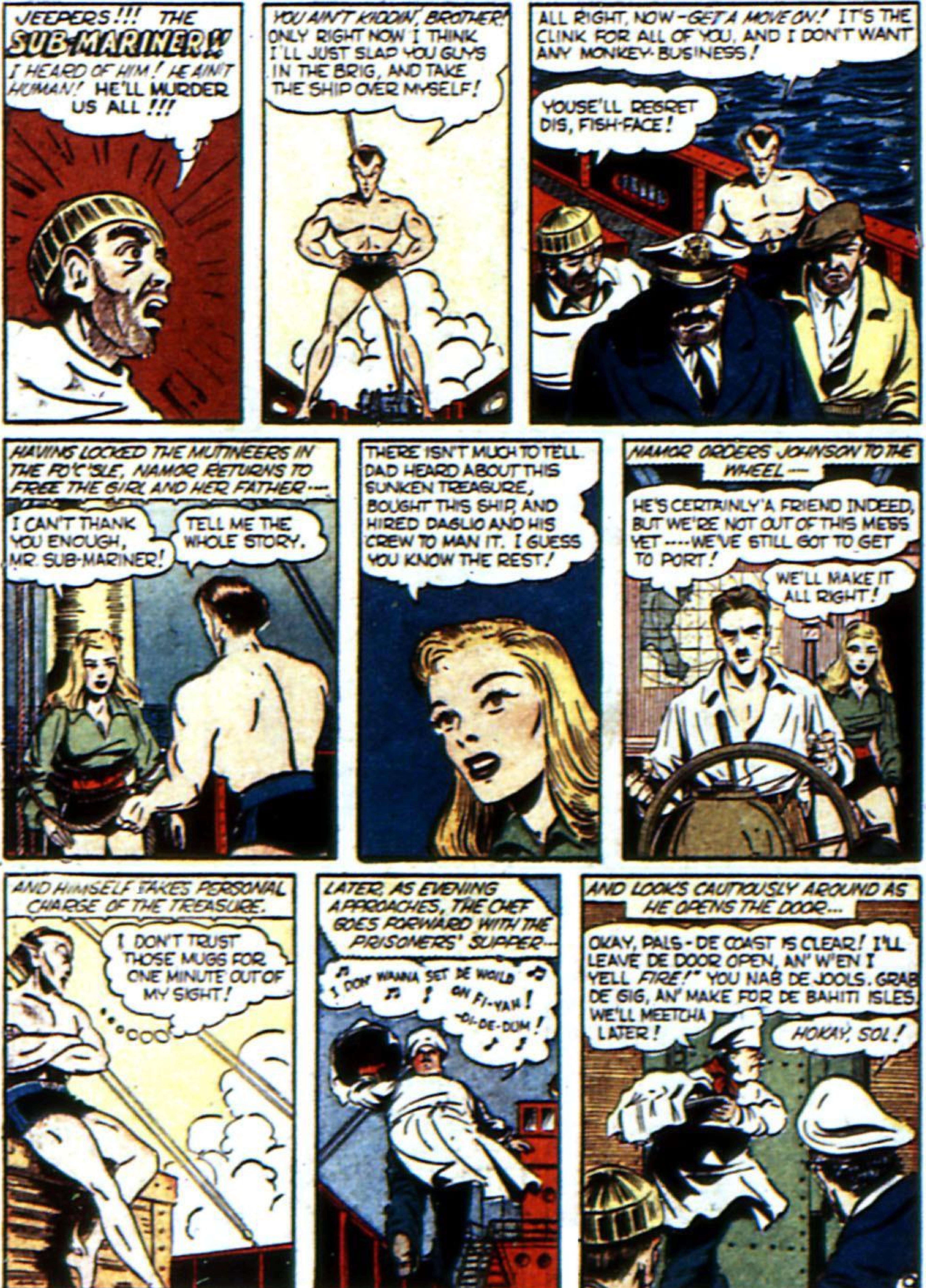

THE MATE'S LIEUTENANTS QUICKLY BRING LANCE JOHNSON, THE SHIP'S OWNER, FROM THE CABIN BELOW---
SO, DAGLIO! YOU ARE THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MUTINY! WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME? YOU'VE GOT THE SHIP!
SI, SIGNOR! BUT NOT-A DA SECRET CHART WOT-A YOU KEEP HIDE --- WOT-A TELL-A YOU WHERE IS LOCATE-A DA SUNK' SHIP WHO IS GOT-A DA TREAS' WHICH-A WE SIGN ON-A DIS VOYAGE-A FOR!
NO! YOU HAVEN'T IT, AND YOU NEVER WILL HAVE IT!!! YOU MAY FLOG ME UNTIL THERE'S NOT A STRIP OF FLESH ON MY BODY, BUT I'LL NEVER TELL YOU WHERE THAT CHART IS!
SO??? HOKAY, MY SO-BRAVE FRIEN'---MEBBE DAGLIO NO FLOG-A YOU AFTER ALL! MEBBE DAGLIO GOT-A DA BETTER IDEA! BOYS! I GUESS-A YOU KNOW WOT-A TO DO NOW, AIN'T IT? DON' WASTE-A NO TIME NEIDER, EH? HO! HO!
WE GETCHA, CHIEF-- BACK IN A MINUTE!
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
A MOMENT LATER THE TWO MEN RETURN, WITH-----
LET ME GO! TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME, YOU SWINE!!!
SHUT UP, SISTER!
-AN' KEEP MOVIN'!
THE GIRL FIGHTS VALIANTLY AS THE CULPRITS FORCE HER TO THE MAST!
NO! PLEASE! PLEASE! LET ME GO!!!
HELP!
SO- YOU GET-A DA IDEA NOW, MEESTER JOHNSON? MEBBE YOU LIKE-A FOR HEAR YOUR DAUGHTER SING A LEETLE, NO? DIS-A WHIP-A, SHE BRING OUT-A SOME NICE-A TUNES SOMETIMES, AIN'T IT?
WAIT! CECILIA!!! I WON'T LET THEM HURT YOU! ALL RIGHT, YOU DIRTY COWARDS, I'LL TALK! I'LL TELL YOU WHERE THE CHART IS -ONLY LEAVE MY DAUGHTER ALONE!!!

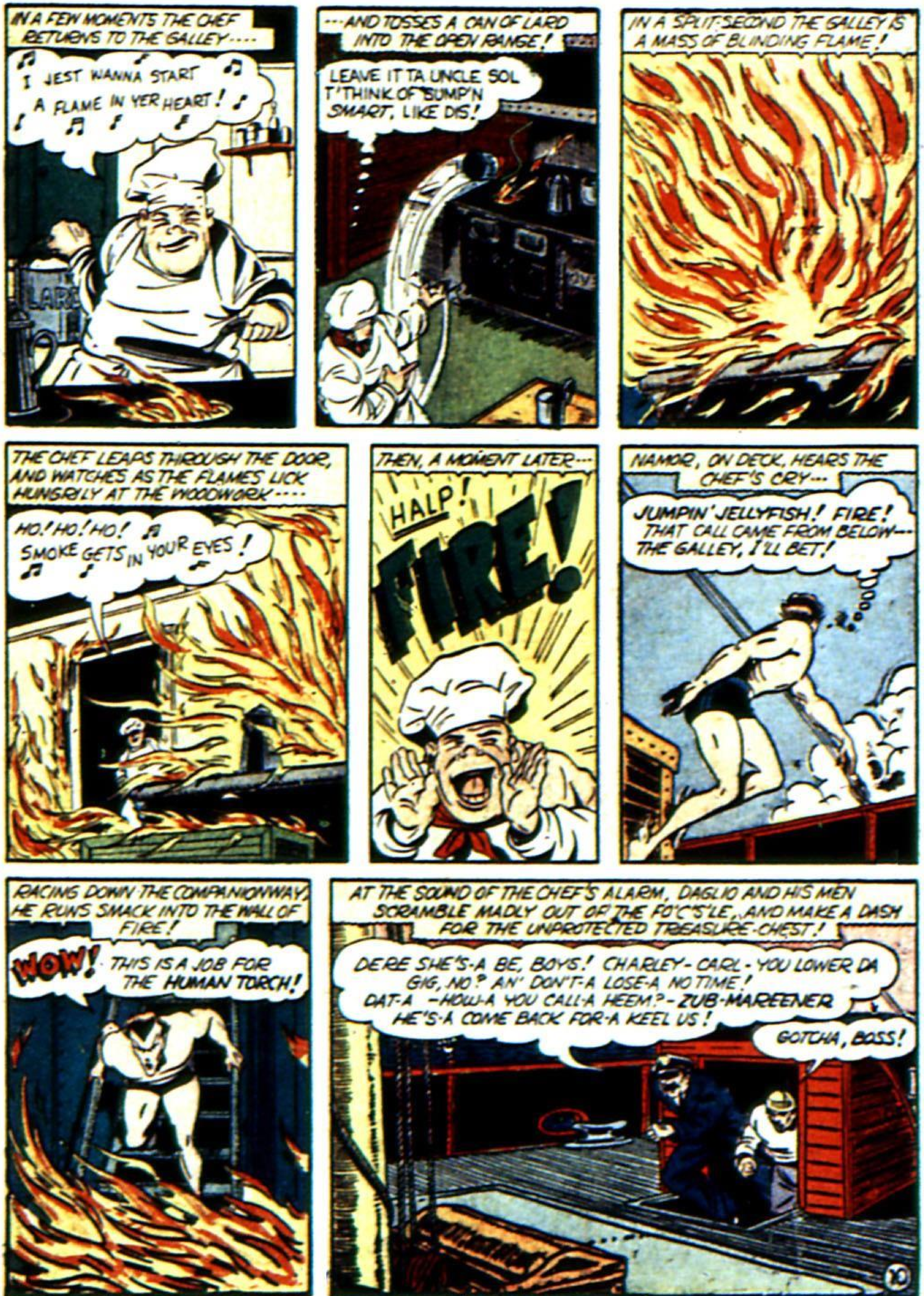

IN THE MEANTIME, NAMOR, LYING CHAINED AND WEIGHTED ON THE OCEAN FLOOR, REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.
OH, BROTHER! WHAT HIT ME? HELLO - WHAT'S THIS??? GOT ME ALL TIED UP IN CHAINS, EH? WELL, AT LEAST IT PROVES THAT THEY DON'T KNOW THEY'RE DEALING WITH THE SUB-MARINER!
BRACING HIMSELF, AND USING EVERY OUNCE OF HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH, HE LIGHTLY SNAPS HIS STEEL BONDS!
THEY MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE USED PAPER!
NOW, MY FINE-FEATHERED FRIENDS, WE'LL SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT --- SHIPS' CREWS DON'T MUTINY FOR NOTHING! WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?
PICKING UP THE TRAIL LEFT BY THE SHIP'S WAKE, NAMOR QUICKLY OVERTAKES HIS QUARRY ---
HELLO? LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE STOPPING!
THE LITTLE VESSEL'S MOTORS RUMBLE TO A STOP AND WITH A RATTLE OF CHAINS THE ANCHOR SPLASHES OVERBOARD -----AND THERE IS GREAT ACTIVITY AMONG THE MUTINEERS!
JOSEPH - GET IN-A YOU' DIVIN' SUIT! CARL- YOU MAN DA PUMP, NO?
ON THE BOTTOM, NAMOR SHREWDLY ANALYZES THE SITUATION ---
UH-HUH! A SALVAGE EXPEDITION, OR I MISS MY GUESS! THAT, OR THEY'VE STOPPED TO FINISH THEIR FIGHT! WONDER WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?
ON DECK ---
EVERYT'ING IS READY, NO? HOKAY, DEN! JOSEPH, GET ON-A DA PLATFORM --- MIKE, YOU HANDLE DA TELEPHONE. LET'S GO!
DONE, CHIEF!
AND A MOMENT LATER THE DIVER SUBMERGES ---

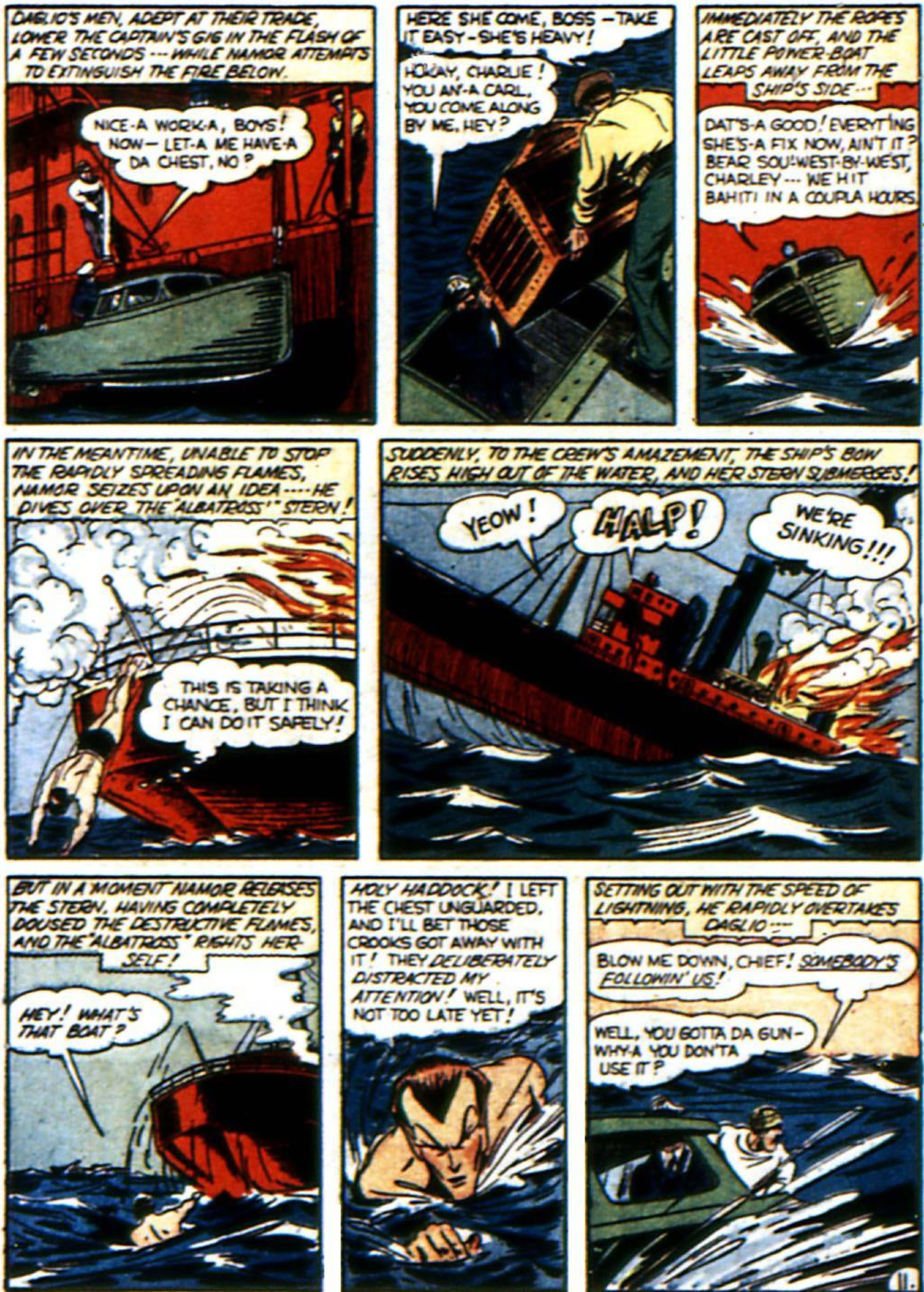

AS HE HITS BOTTOM, AND LEAVES HIS PLATFORM, NAMOR FOLLOWS HIM SILENTLY.....
I THOUGHT SO! WELL, I MAY AS WELL GET A CUT OF THIS TREASURE, TOO! LET'S SEE WHERE HE GOES.....
TO NAMOR'S AMAZEMENT, THE DIVER LEADS THE WAY TO AN ANCIENT SPANISH GALLEON, LONG SUBMERGED IN THE PACIFIC WATERS --- COATED WITH BARNACLES, AND SLOWLY ROTTING IN THE SALT SEA.
HOLY HADDOCK! DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE ANY OF THESE LEFT!
KEEPING A SHORT DISTANCE BEHIND HIM NAMOR WATCHES THE DIVER CLIMB PONDEROUSLY OVER THE DERELICT'S RAIL---
...THEN, WITH A SUDDEN DASH, HE LEAPS ON THE UNFORTUNATE SEAMAN, SLAPPING HIS HEADPIECE SO THAT THE MAN'S HEAD CRACKS AGAINST THE INSIDE OF THE STEEL HELMET, KNOCKING HIM OUT!
SORRY, PAL!
CLANK!
DIVESTING THE SAILOR OF HIS DIVING-SUIT, NAMOR QUICKLY DONS IT HIMSELF ---
A WATERY GRAVE ISN'T THE MOST PLEASANT RESTING-PLACE, BUT YOU DESERVE IT --- AND ANYWAY, I HAVE A LITTLE GAME TO PLAY!
---WHEREUPON HE PICKS UP THE DIVER'S LANTERN, AND ADVANCES TO AN OPEN COMPANIONWAY LEADING INTO THE GALLEON'S QUARTERDECK.
I CAN TALK TO THOSE MUGS UP ABOVE IF I HAVE TO..... THEY WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MY VOICE AND THE OTHER GUY'S, ON THE TELEPHONE!

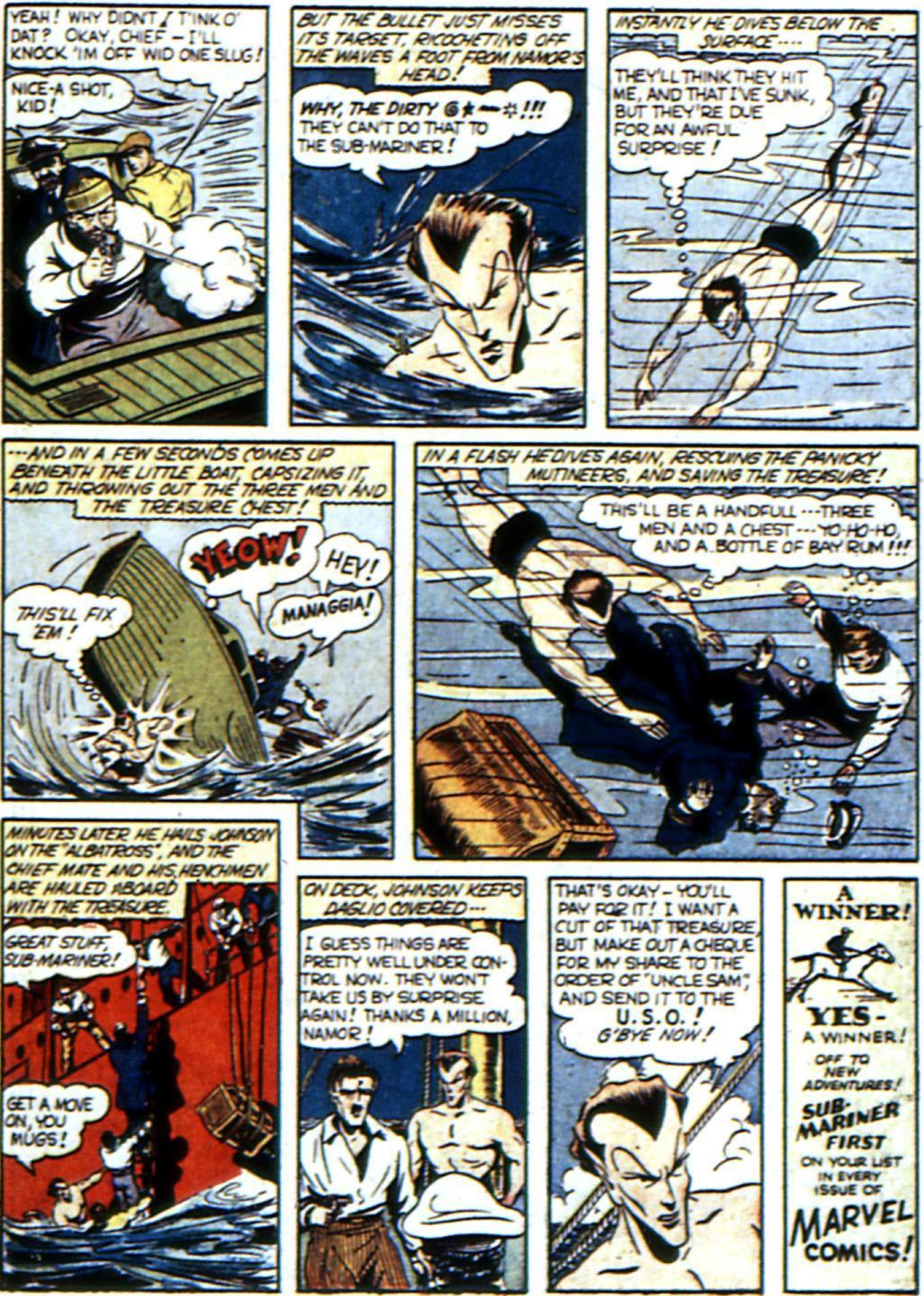

'ELLO, JOSEPH! EVERYT'ING SHE'S HOKAY, NO? WHY YOU NO TELL-A ME WOTTA YOU DO, HEH? WHERE-A YOU AT NOW?
EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL, CHIEF! I'M GOING DOWN INTO THE CABIN NOW. GIVE ME A LITTLE MORE AIR, HUH? PRESSURE'S KIND OF HEAVY HERE.
HOKAY - YOU GET 'UM! DA TREAS' SHE'S-A SUPPOSE-A TO BE IN DA CAPTAIN'S CABIN --- YOU LOOK FOR SEE, HEY? DEN-A TELL-A ME WOTTA YOU FIN'. I'M-A WAIT' FOR HEAR WOTTA YOU SAY!
OKEY-DOKEY, CHIEF! SUFFERIN' SHAD! IT'S HERE, BOSS - WITH ABOUT FIFTY MILLION SKELETONS GUARDIN' IT! HOLY HALIBUT, BUT THEY MUST HAVE HAD SOME FIGHT! I'LL CALL YOU BACK WHEN I FIND OUT WHAT THE SCORE IS, CHIEF ----
WELL, MR. BONES, WERE YOU BY ANY CHANCE THE SKIPPER OF THIS TUB? IF YOU COULD ONLY TALK I'LL BET YOU'D HAVE A MEAN TALE OR TWO TO TELL! HOWEVER, I'LL HAVE TO TOSS YOU ASIDE FOR A MOMENT OR TWO --- I WANT A LOOK INSIDE THAT CHEST YOU'RE SITTING ON!
WOW!
JEWELS! MILLIONS OF 'EM! AND "PIECES OF EIGHT"! MAN, WHAT A HAUL!
HELLO, CHIEF? LOOKS LIKE WE'RE RICH, ALL RIGHT! I'M COMING OUT NOW, AND BRINGING THE STUFF WITH ME. I'LL BE ON THE PLATFORM IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES ----
NAMOR CARRIES THE HEAVY OAK CHEST EASILY ACROSS THE OCEAN FLOOR ---
THESE DEVILS ARE GOING TO GET AN AWFUL SHOCK WHEN THEY FIND OUT I'M NOT "JOSEPH"!

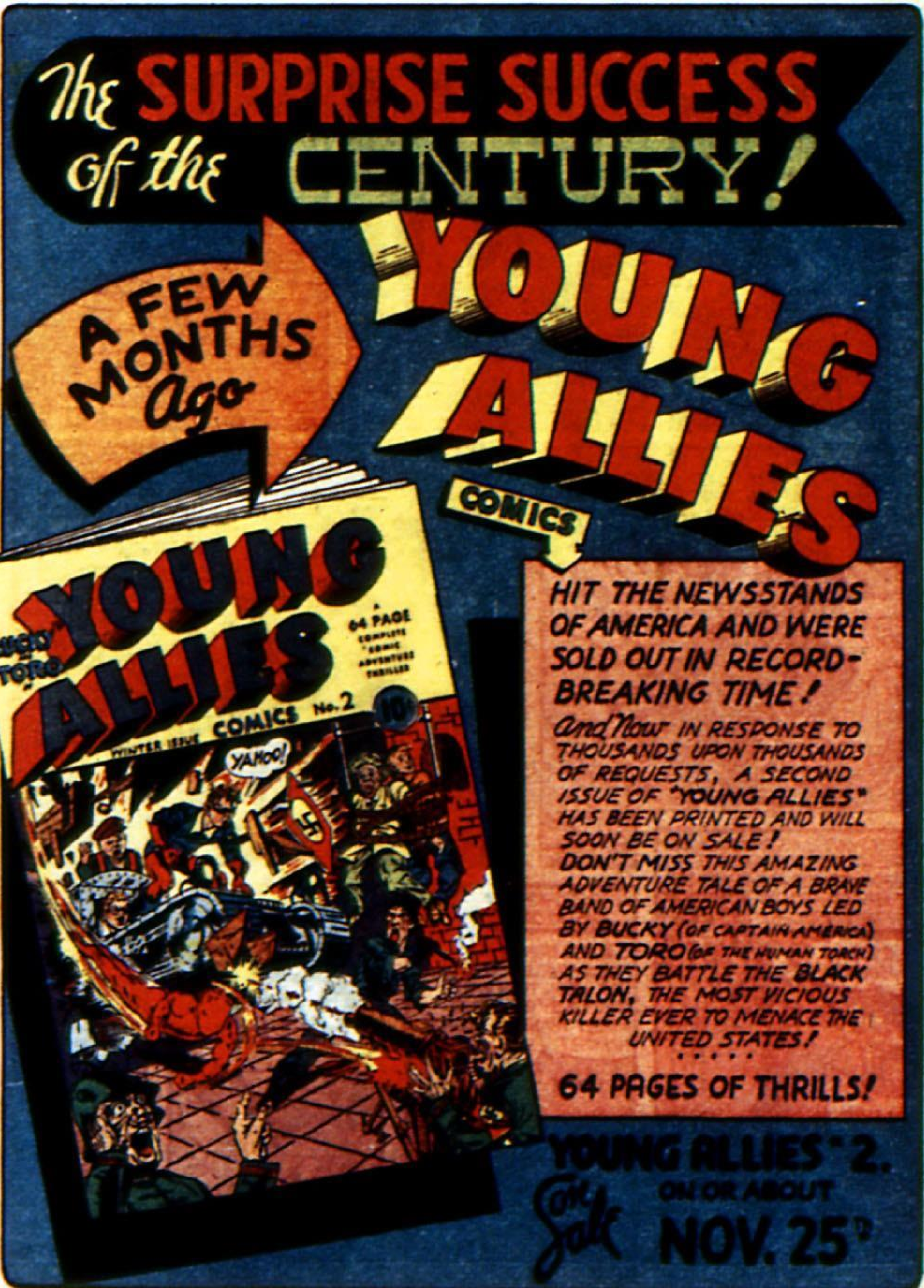

--AND A MOMENT LATER IS HAULED UP ON THE DIVING-PLATFORM----
KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED, NAMOR OLD BOY!
GOOD WORK-A, JOE!
WITH THE GREED OF STARVING VULTURES, DAGLIO AND HIS HENCHMEN POUNCE UPON THE BOOTY, UTTERLY IGNORING NAMOR IN HIS DISGUISE----
DAGLIO - WE'RE RICH --- RICH!
CUOR DI MAMA! IT'S-A TRUE! LOOK-A AT-A DA JOOLS! MAMA INEZ!
HO! HO! HO! DAT JOHNSON HE CAN-A LAUGH ON-A DA ODDER SIDE FOR HIS FACE NOW, NO??? DAGLIO HE IS-A DA CLEVER ONE, HEY? JOSEPH! YOU GET-A IN-A DA DECOMPRESS' CHAMBER, QUICK, AIN'T IT? DEN YOU SEE WOTTA YOU BRING US!
DON'T NEED NO DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER, BOSS---THE PRESSURE WASN'T THAT STRONG DOWN THERE I WON'T GET 'THE BENDS'...JUST BRING ME A DRINK, HUH?
HEY!
SURE - SURE, JOE! ANYT'ING WOTTA YOU WANT!
AND BEFORE ANY OF THE CREW CAN GET A LOOK AT HIS FACE, UNEXPOSED, HE WHEELS ABOUT WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, AND HURLS HIS HELMET AT DAGLIO, THE CHIEF MATE---
---AND, NOT WAITING FOR RECIPROCATION, STRIPS HIMSELF OF HIS DIVING-SUIT, AND SWINGS IT, LEADEN FEET AND ALL, AT THE MUTINEERS!
SWEET DREAMS, SWEETHEART!
YEOW!
HEY! IT'S DE SAME GUY WHAT WE DROWNEDED A WHILE AGO!!! HOW DID HE GET HERE???
OH, BROTHER! WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW, THOUGH? TOO BAD YOU DOPES DON'T READ MARVEL COMICS-- IF YOU DID, THEN YOU'D BE BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH THE SUB-MARINER!


JEEPERS!!! THE SUB-MARINER!! I HEARD OF HIM! HE AIN'T HUMAN! HE'LL MURDER US ALL!!!
YOU AIN'T KIDDIN', BROTHER! ONLY RIGHT NOW I THINK I'LL JUST SLAP YOU GUYS IN THE BRIG, AND TAKE THE SHIP OVER MYSELF!
ALL RIGHT, NOW—GET A MOVE ON! IT'S THE CLINK FOR ALL OF YOU, AND I DON'T WANT ANY MONKEY-BUSINESS!
YOUSE'LL REGRET DIS, FISH-FACE!
HAVING LOCKED THE MUTINEERS IN THE FO'C'SLE, NAMOR RETURNS TO FREE THE GIRL AND HER FATHER—
I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, MR. SUB-MARINER!
TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY.
THERE ISN'T MUCH TO TELL. DAD HEARD ABOUT THIS SUNKEN TREASURE, BOUGHT THIS SHIP, AND HIRED DAGLIO AND HIS CREW TO MAN IT. I GUESS YOU KNOW THE REST!
NAMOR ORDERS JOHNSON TO THE WHEEL—
HE'S CERTAINLY A FRIEND INDEED, BUT WE'RE NOT OUT OF THIS MESS YET—WE'VE STILL GOT TO GET TO PORT!
WE'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT!
AND HIMSELF TAKES PERSONAL CHARGE OF THE TREASURE.
I DON'T TRUST THOSE MUGS FOR ONE MINUTE OUT OF MY SIGHT!
LATER, AS EVENING APPROACHES, THE CHEF GOES FORWARD WITH THE PRISONERS' SUPPER—
♫ I DON' WANNA SET DE WOILD ♫ ♫ ON FI-YAH! —OI-DE-DUM! ♪ ♪
AND LOOKS CAUTIOUSLY AROUND AS HE OPENS THE DOOR...
OKAY, PALS—DE COAST IS CLEAR! I'LL LEAVE DE DOOR OPEN, AN' W'EN I YELL "FIRE!" YOU NAB DE JOOLS. GRAB DE GIG, AN' MAKE FOR DE BAHITI ISLES. WE'LL MEETCHA LATER!
HOKAY, SOL!


IN A FEW MOMENTS THE CHEF RETURNS TO THE GALLEY....
I JEST WANNA START A FLAME IN YER HEART!
LARD
---AND TOSSES A CAN OF LARD INTO THE OPEN RANGE!
LEAVE IT TA UNCLE SOL T'THINK OF SUMP'N SMART, LIKE DIS!
IN A SPLIT-SECOND THE GALLEY IS A MASS OF BLINDING FLAME!
THE CHEF LEAPS THROUGH THE DOOR, AND WATCHES AS THE FLAMES LICK HUNGRILY AT THE WOODWORK....
HO! HO! HO! SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES!
THEN, A MOMENT LATER---
HALP! FIRE!
NAMOR, ON DECK, HEARS THE CHEF'S CRY---
JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! FIRE! THAT CALL CAME FROM BELOW--- THE GALLEY, I'LL BET!
RACING DOWN THE COMPANIONWAY, HE RUNS SMACK INTO THE WALL OF FIRE!
WOW! THIS IS A JOB FOR THE HUMAN TORCH!
AT THE SOUND OF THE CHEF'S ALARM, DAGLIO AND HIS MEN SCRAMBLE MADLY OUT OF THE FO'C'S'LE, AND MAKE A DASH FOR THE UNPROTECTED TREASURE-CHEST!
DERE SHE'S-A BE, BOYS! CHARLEY - CARL - YOU LOWER DA GIG, NO? AN' DON'T-A LOSE-A NO TIME! DAT-A -HOW-A YOU CALL-A HEEM?- ZUB-MAREENER HE'S-A COME BACK FOR-A KEEL US!
GOTCHA, BOSS!


DAGLIO'S MEN, ADEPT AT THEIR TRADE, LOWER THE CAPTAIN'S GIG IN THE FLASH OF A FEW SECONDS --- WHILE NAMOR ATTEMPTS TO EXTINGUISH THE FIRE BELOW.
NICE-A WORK-A, BOYS! NOW— LET-A ME HAVE-A DA CHEST, NO?
HERE SHE COME, BOSS —TAKE IT EASY - SHE'S HEAVY!
HO-KAY, CHARLIE! YOU AN'-A CARL, YOU COME ALONG BY ME, HEY?
IMMEDIATELY THE ROPES ARE CAST OFF, AND THE LITTLE POWER-BOAT LEAPS AWAY FROM THE SHIP'S SIDE ---
DAT'S-A GOOD! EVERYT'ING SHE'S-A FIX NOW, AIN'T IT? BEAR SOU'-WEST-BY-WEST, CHARLEY --- WE HIT BAHITI IN A COUPLA HOURS.
IN THE MEANTIME, UNABLE TO STOP THE RAPIDLY SPREADING FLAMES, NAMOR SEIZES UPON AN IDEA ---- HE DIVES OVER THE "ALBATROSS'" STERN!
THIS IS TAKING A CHANCE, BUT I THINK I CAN DO IT SAFELY!
SUDDENLY, TO THE CREW'S AMAZEMENT, THE SHIP'S BOW RISES HIGH OUT OF THE WATER, AND HER STERN SUBMERGES!
YEOW!
HALP!
WE'RE SINKING!!!
BUT IN A MOMENT NAMOR RELEASES THE STERN, HAVING COMPLETELY DOUSED THE DESTRUCTIVE FLAMES, AND THE "ALBATROSS" RIGHTS HER-SELF!
HEY! WHAT'S THAT BOAT?
HOLY HADDOCK! I LEFT THE CHEST UNGUARDED, AND I'LL BET THOSE CROOKS GOT AWAY WITH IT! THEY DELIBERATELY DISTRACTED MY ATTENTION! WELL, IT'S NOT TOO LATE YET!
SETTING OUT WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING, HE RAPIDLY OVERTAKES DAGLIO ----
BLOW ME DOWN, CHIEF! SOMEBODY'S FOLLOWIN' US!
WELL, YOU GOTTA DA GUN - WHY-A YOU DON'TA USE IT?


YEAH! WHY DIDN'T I T'INK O' DAT? OKAY, CHIEF — I'LL KNOCK 'IM OFF WID ONE SLUG!
NICE-A SHOT, KID!
BUT THE BULLET JUST MISSES ITS TARGET, RICOCHETING OFF THE WAVES A FOOT FROM NAMOR'S HEAD!
WHY, THE DIRTY @★—☼!!! THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO THE SUB-MARINER!
INSTANTLY HE DIVES BELOW THE SURFACE....
THEY'LL THINK THEY HIT ME, AND THAT I'VE SUNK, BUT THEY'RE DUE FOR AN AWFUL SURPRISE!
...AND IN A FEW SECONDS COMES UP BENEATH THE LITTLE BOAT, CAPSIZING IT, AND THROWING OUT THE THREE MEN AND THE TREASURE CHEST!
YEOW!
HEY!
THIS'LL FIX 'EM!
MANAGGIA!
IN A FLASH HE DIVES AGAIN, RESCUING THE PANICKY MUTINEERS, AND SAVING THE TREASURE!
THIS'LL BE A HANDFULL ---THREE MEN AND A CHEST --- YO-HO-HO, AND A BOTTLE OF BAY RUM!!!
MINUTES LATER HE HAILS JOHNSON ON THE "ALBATROSS", AND THE CHIEF MATE AND HIS HENCHMEN ARE HAULED ABOARD WITH THE TREASURE.
GREAT STUFF, SUB-MARINER!
GET A MOVE ON, YOU MUGS!
ON DECK, JOHNSON KEEPS DAGLIO COVERED---
I GUESS THINGS ARE PRETTY WELL UNDER CONTROL NOW. THEY WON'T TAKE US BY SURPRISE AGAIN! THANKS A MILLION, NAMOR!
THAT'S OKAY — YOU'LL PAY FOR IT! I WANT A CUT OF THAT TREASURE, BUT MAKE OUT A CHEQUE FOR MY SHARE TO THE ORDER OF "UNCLE SAM", AND SEND IT TO THE U.S.O.! G'BYE NOW!
A WINNER!
YES - A WINNER!
OFF TO NEW ADVENTURES!
SUB-MARINER FIRST ON YOUR LIST IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!



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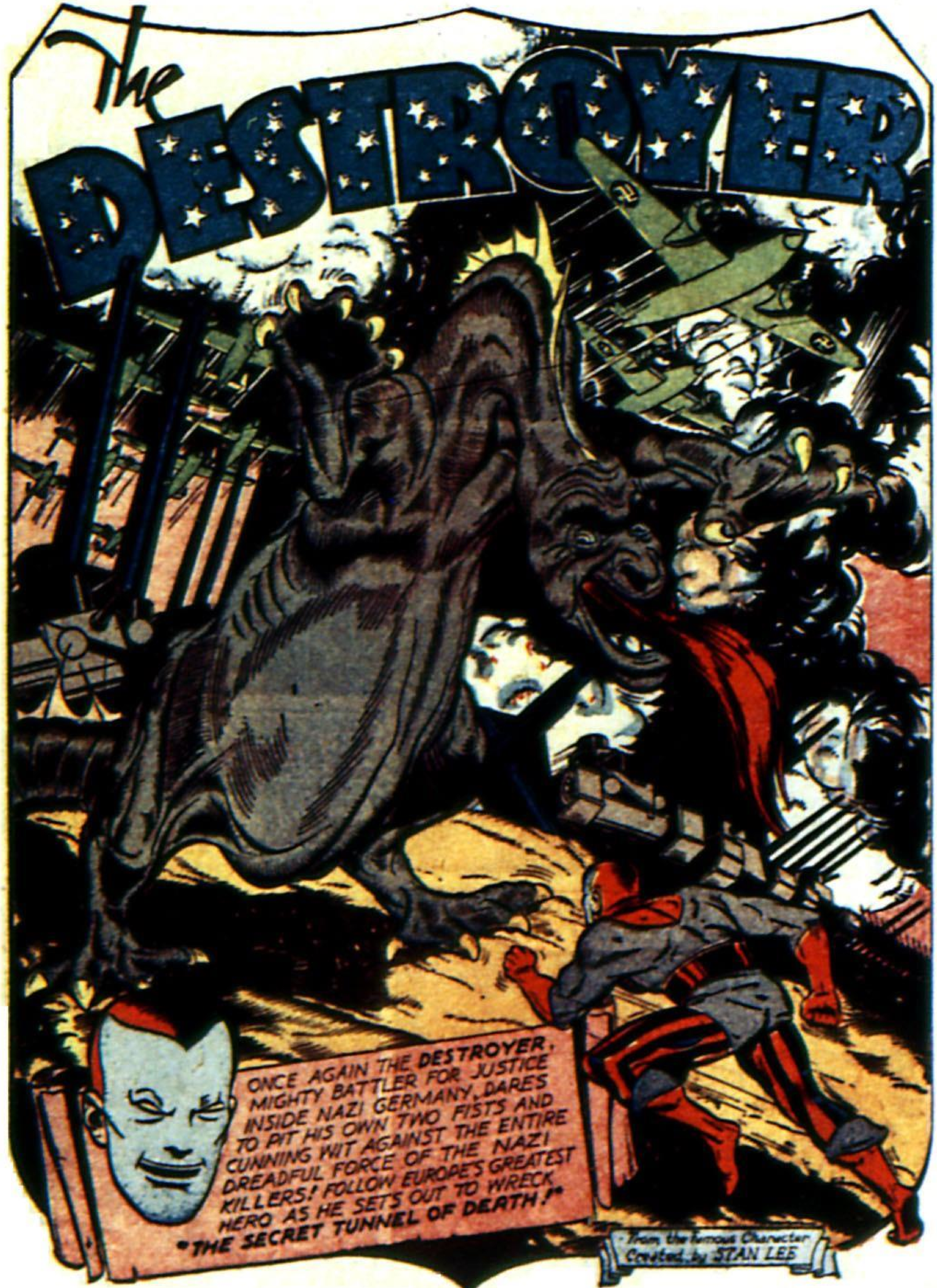
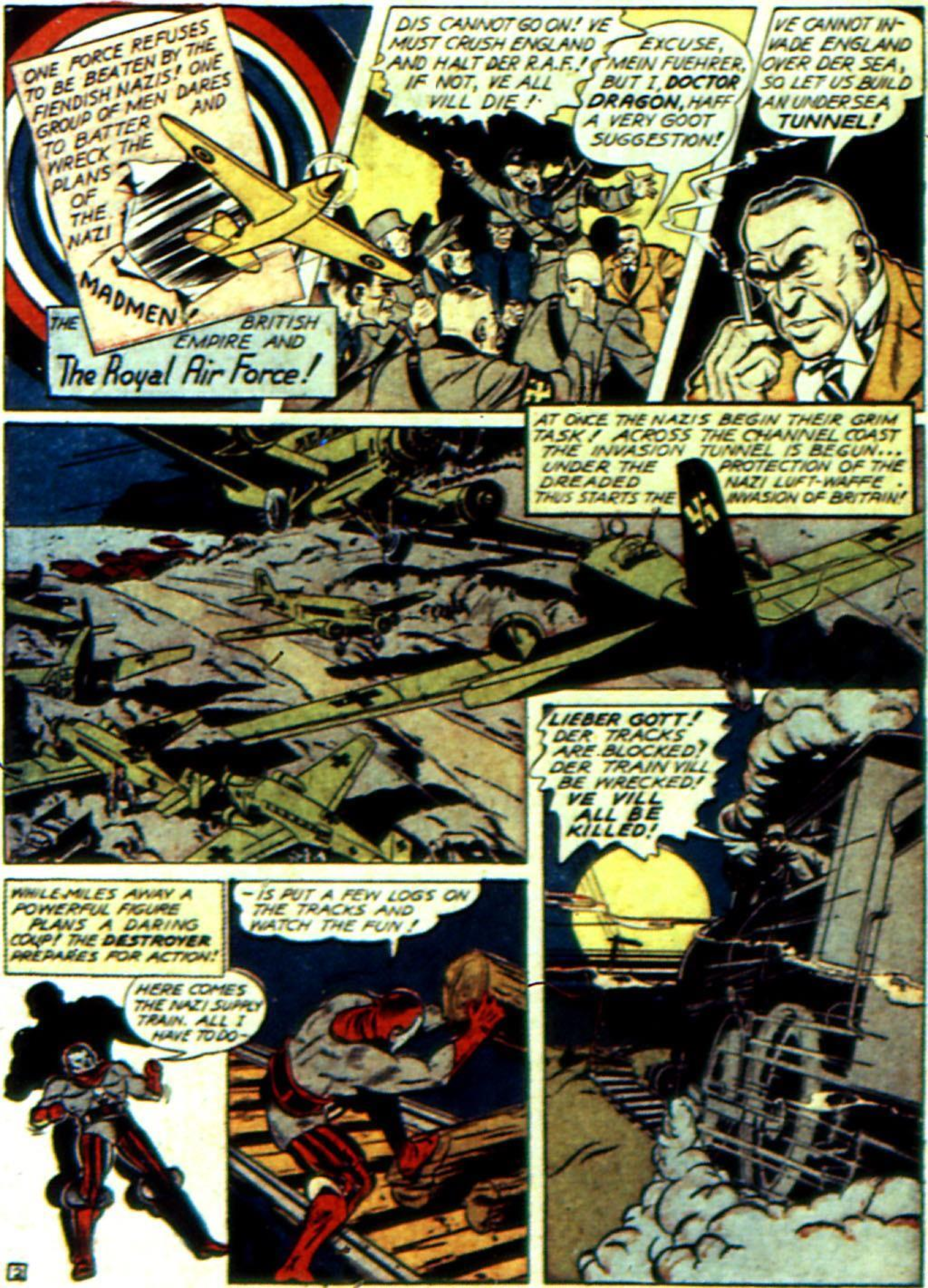
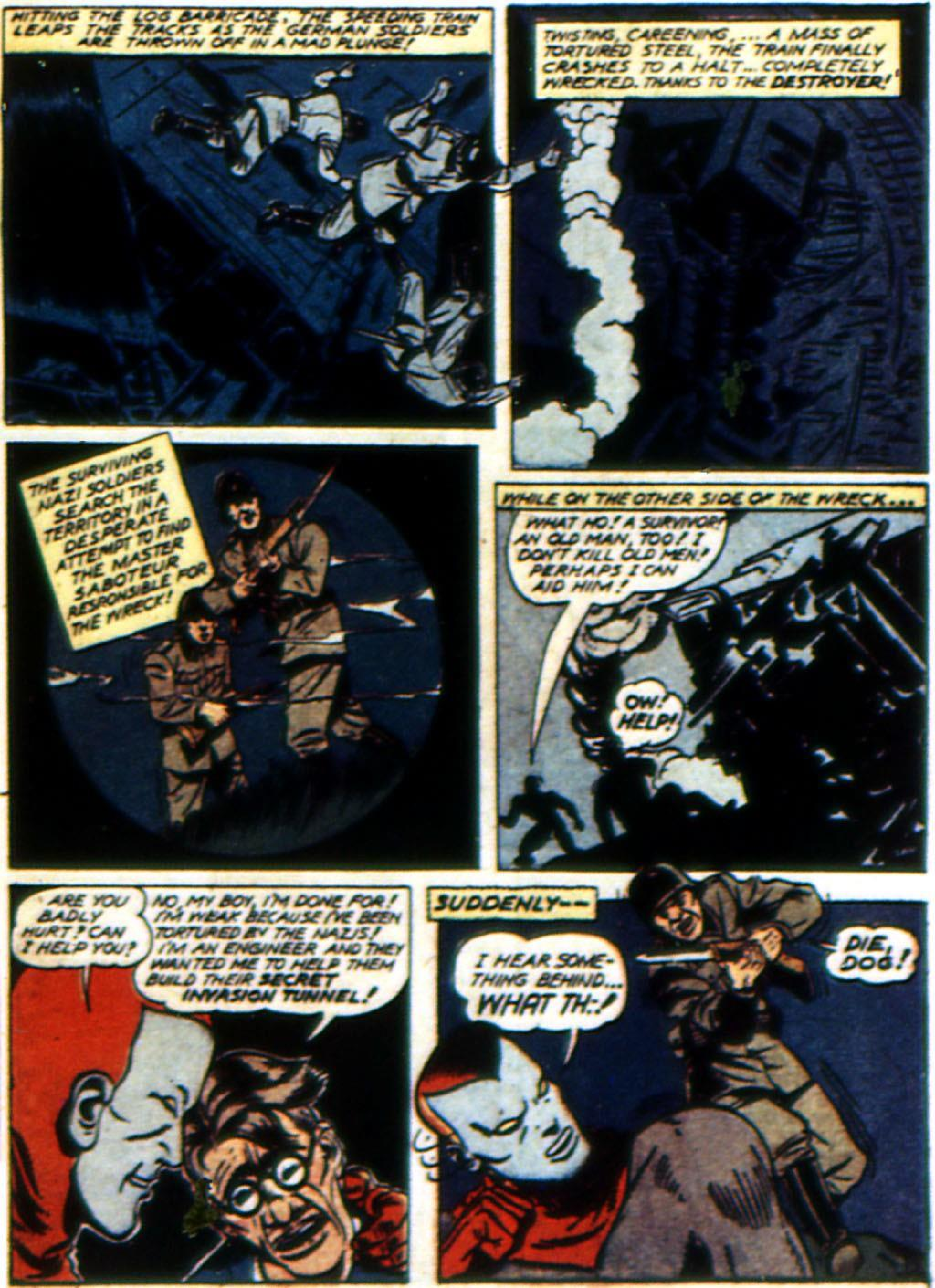
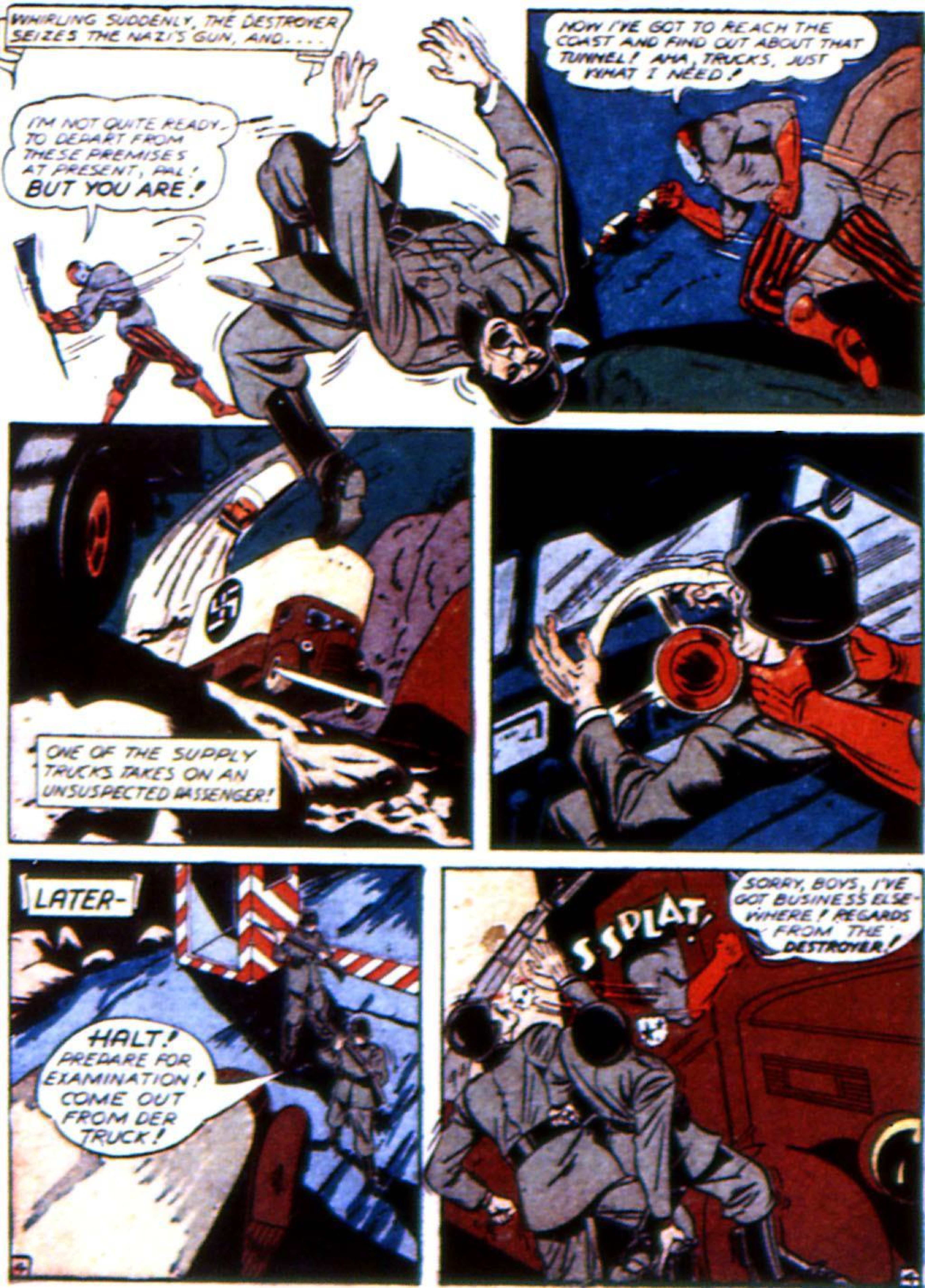
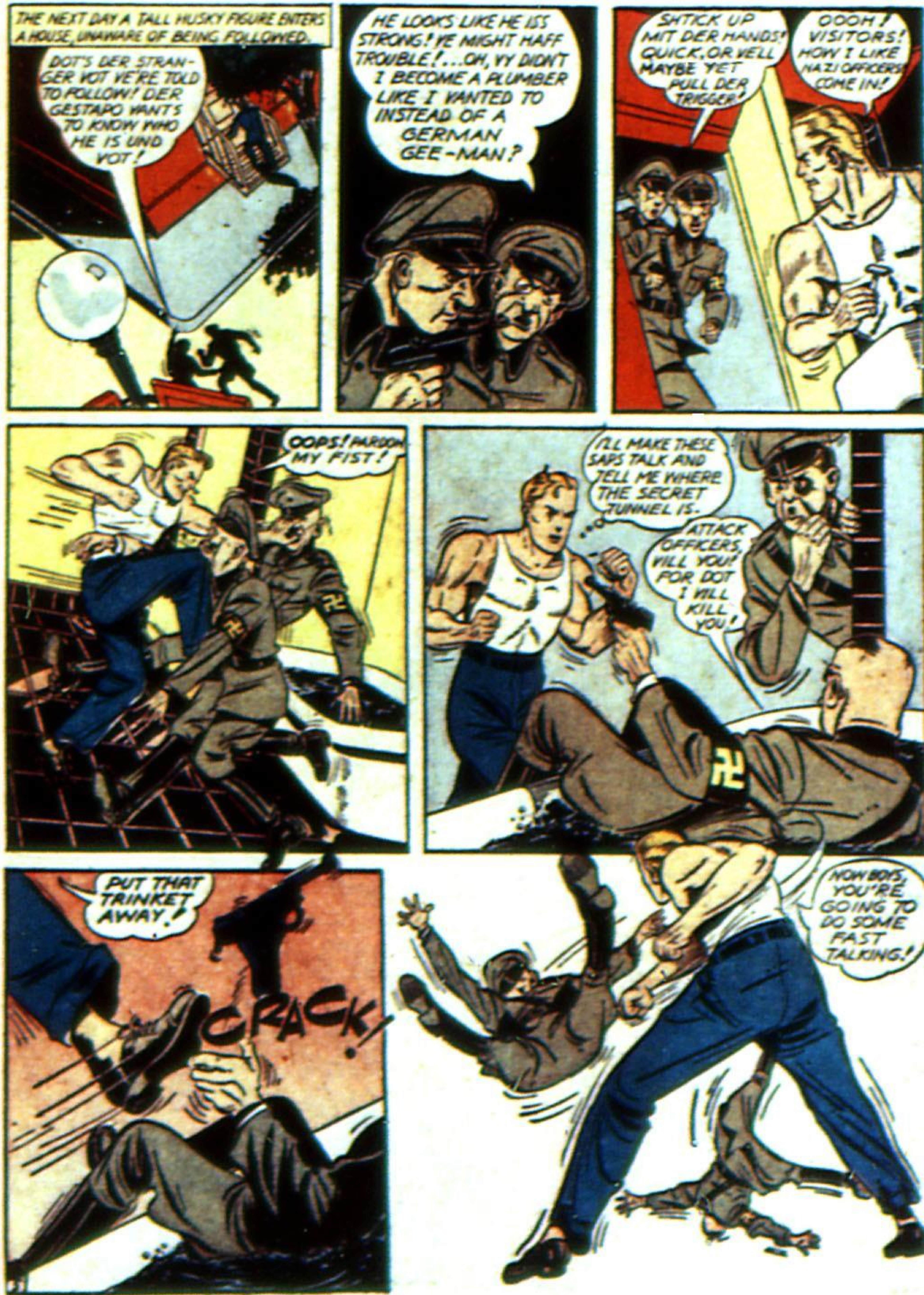
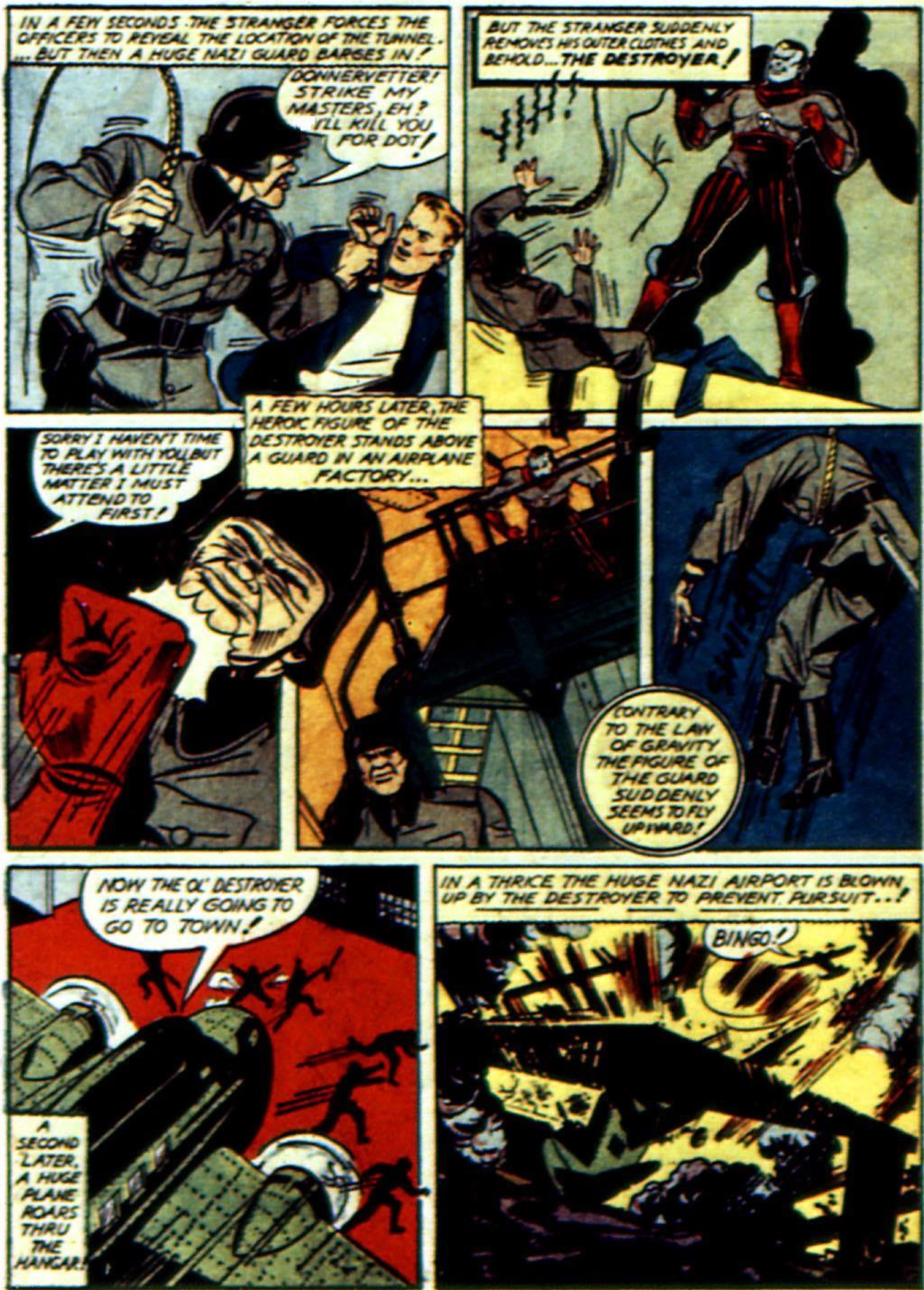

The DESTROYER
ONCE AGAIN THE DESTROYER, MIGHTY BATTLER FOR JUSTICE INSIDE NAZI GERMANY, DARES TO PIT HIS OWN TWO FISTS AND CUNNING WIT AGAINST THE ENTIRE DREADFUL FORCE OF THE NAZI KILLERS! FOLLOW EUROPE'S GREATEST HERO AS HE SETS OUT TO WRECK "THE SECRET TUNNEL OF DEATH!"
-From the Famous Character Created by STAN LEE

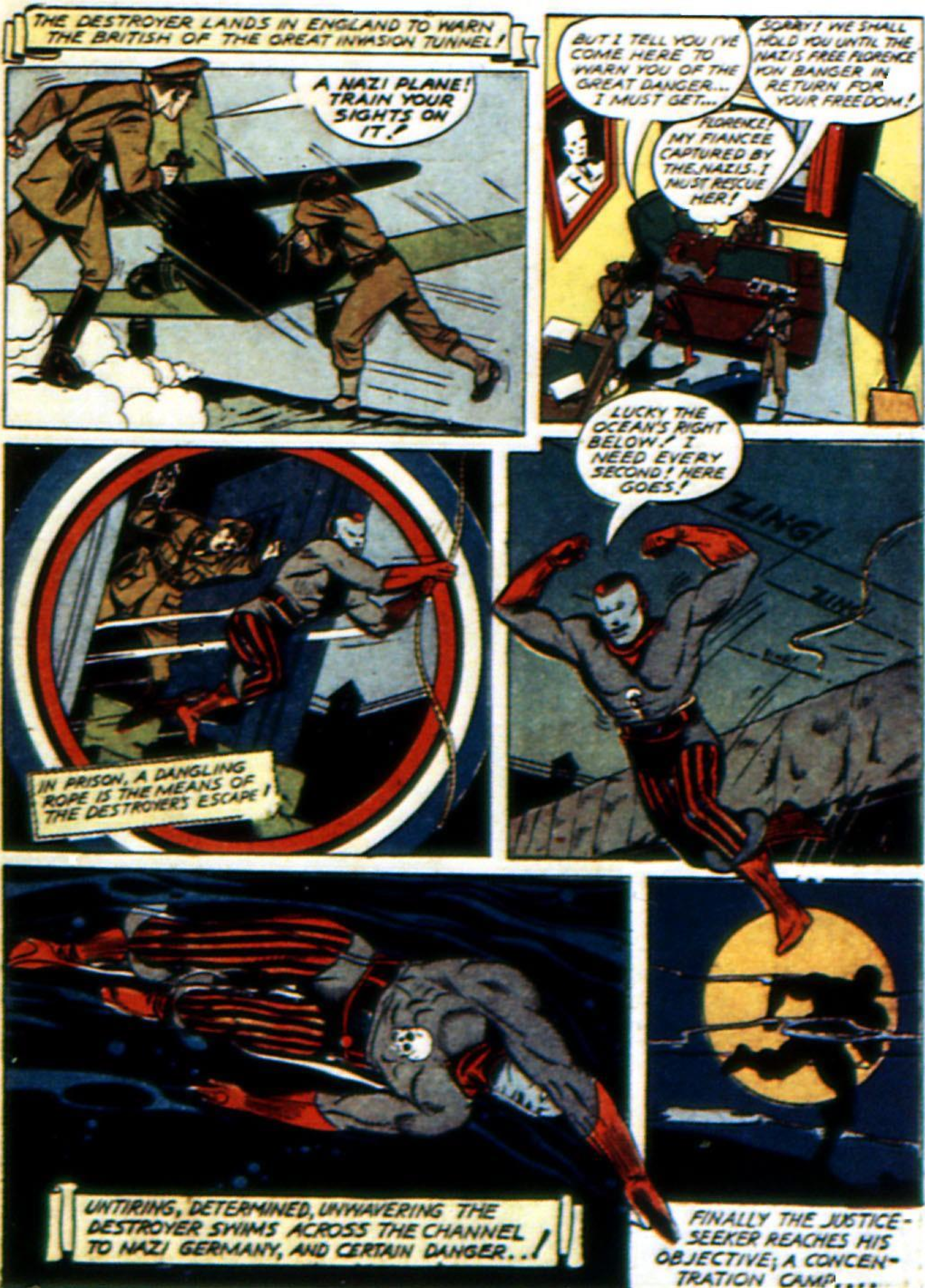

ONE FORCE REFUSES TO BE BEATEN BY THE FIENDISH NAZIS! ONE GROUP OF MEN DARES TO BATTER AND WRECK THE PLANS OF THE NAZI MADMEN! THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND The Royal Air Force!
DIS CANNOT GO ON! VE MUST CRUSH ENGLAND AND HALT DER R.A.F.! IF NOT, VE ALL VILL DIE!
EXCUSE, MEIN FUEHRER. BUT I, **DOCTOR DRAGON**, HAFF A VERY GOOT SUGGESTION!
VE CANNOT INVADE ENGLAND OVER DER SEA, SO LET US BUILD AN UNDERSEA **TUNNEL!**
AT ONCE THE NAZIS BEGIN THEIR GRIM TASK! ACROSS THE CHANNEL COAST THE INVASION TUNNEL IS BEGUN... UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE DREADED NAZI LUFT-WAFFE. THUS STARTS THE INVASION OF BRITAIN!
WHILE MILES AWAY A POWERFUL FIGURE PLANS A DARING COUP! THE **DESTROYER** PREPARES FOR ACTION!
HERE COMES THE NAZI SUPPLY TRAIN. ALL I HAVE TO DO-
-IS PUT A FEW LOGS ON THE TRACKS AND WATCH THE FUN!
LIEBER GOTT! DER TRACKS ARE BLOCKED! DER TRAIN VILL BE WRECKED! **VE VILL ALL BE KILLED!**

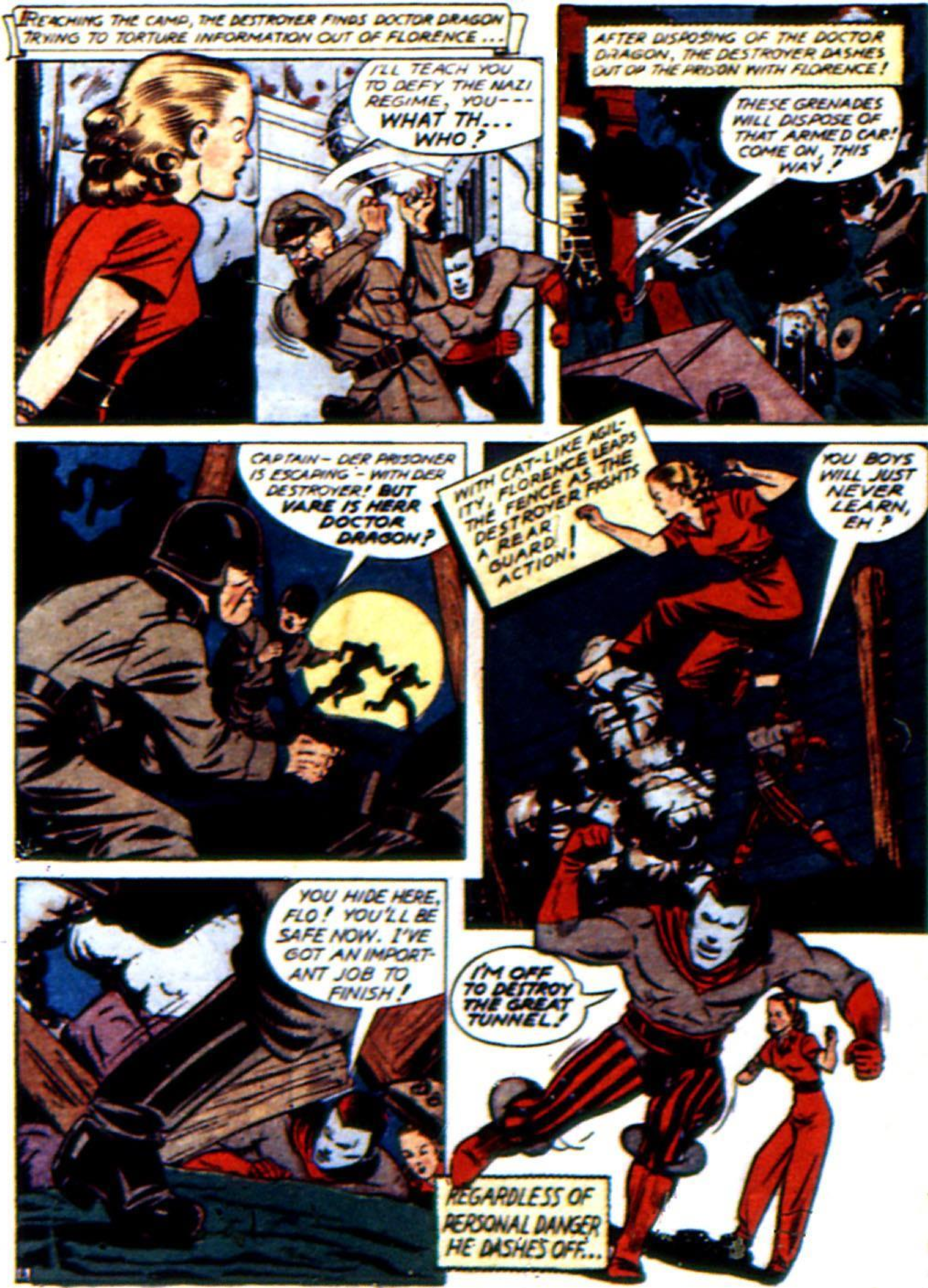

HITTING THE LOG BARRICADE, THE SPEEDING TRAIN LEAPS THE TRACKS AS THE GERMAN SOLDIERS ARE THROWN OFF IN A MAD PLUNGE!
TWISTING, CAREENING, ... A MASS OF TORTURED STEEL, THE TRAIN FINALLY CRASHES TO A HALT... COMPLETELY WRECKED. THANKS TO THE **DESTROYER**!
THE SURVIVING NAZI SOLDIERS SEARCH THE TERRITORY IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO FIND THE MASTER SABOTEUR RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WRECK!
WHILE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WRECK...
WHAT HO! A SURVIVOR! AN OLD MAN, TOO! I DON'T KILL OLD MEN! PERHAPS I CAN AID HIM!
OW! HELP!
ARE YOU BADLY HURT? CAN I HELP YOU?
NO, MY BOY, I'M DONE FOR! I'M WEAK BECAUSE I'VE BEEN TORTURED BY THE NAZIS! I'M AN ENGINEER AND THEY WANTED ME TO HELP THEM BUILD THEIR **SECRET INVASION TUNNEL**!
SUDDENLY--
I HEAR SOMETHING BEHIND... WHAT TH:-!
DIE, DOG!

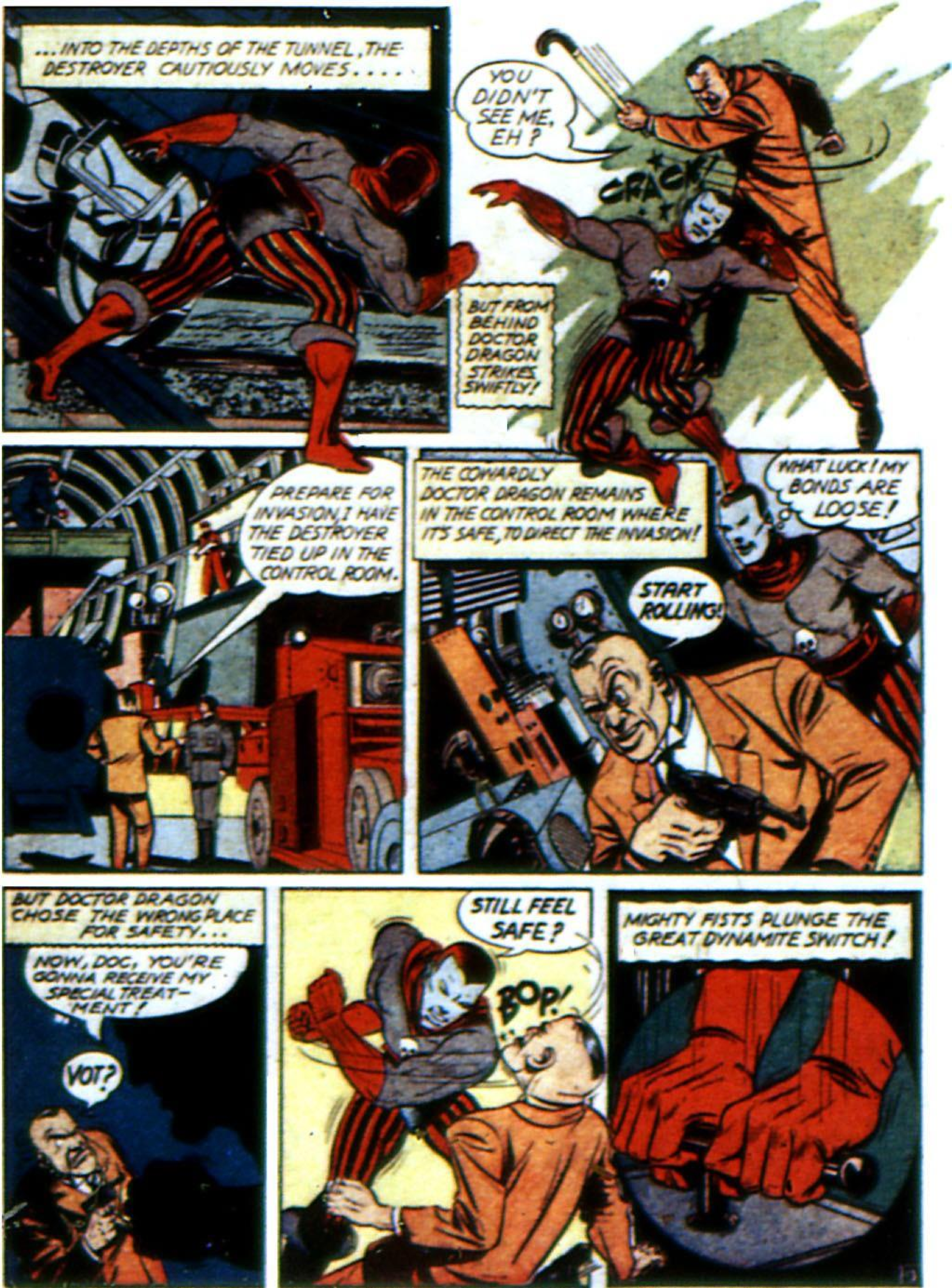

WHIRLING SUDDENLY, THE DESTROYER SEIZES THE NAZI'S GUN, AND....
I'M NOT QUITE READY TO DEPART FROM THESE PREMISES AT PRESENT, PAL! BUT YOU ARE!
NOW I'VE GOT TO REACH THE COAST AND FIND OUT ABOUT THAT TUNNEL! AHA, TRUCKS, JUST WHAT I NEED!
ONE OF THE SUPPLY TRUCKS TAKES ON AN UNSUSPECTED PASSENGER!
LATER-
HALT! PREPARE FOR EXAMINATION! COME OUT FROM DER TRUCK!
S SPLAT
SORRY, BOYS, I'VE GOT BUSINESS ELSEWHERE! REGARDS FROM THE DESTROYER!


THE NEXT DAY A TALL HUSKY FIGURE ENTERS A HOUSE, UNAWARE OF BEING FOLLOWED.
DOT'S DER STRANGER VOT VE'RE TOLD TO FOLLOW! DER GESTAPO VANTS TO KNOW WHO HE IS UND VOT!
HE LOOKS LIKE HE ISS STRONG! VE MIGHT HAFF TROUBLE!...OH, VY DIDN'T I BECOME A PLUMBER LIKE I VANTED TO INSTEAD OF A GERMAN GEE-MAN?
SHTICK UP MIT DER HANDS! QUICK, OR VELL MAYBE YET PULL DER TRIGGER!
OOOH! VISITORS! HOW I LIKE NAZI OFFICERS! COME IN!
OOPS! PARDON MY FIST!
I'LL MAKE THESE SAPS TALK AND TELL ME WHERE THE SECRET TUNNEL IS.
ATTACK OFFICERS, VILL YOU! FOR DOT I VILL KILL YOU!
PUT THAT TRINKET AWAY!
CRACK!
NOW BOYS, YOU'RE GOING TO DO SOME FAST TALKING!

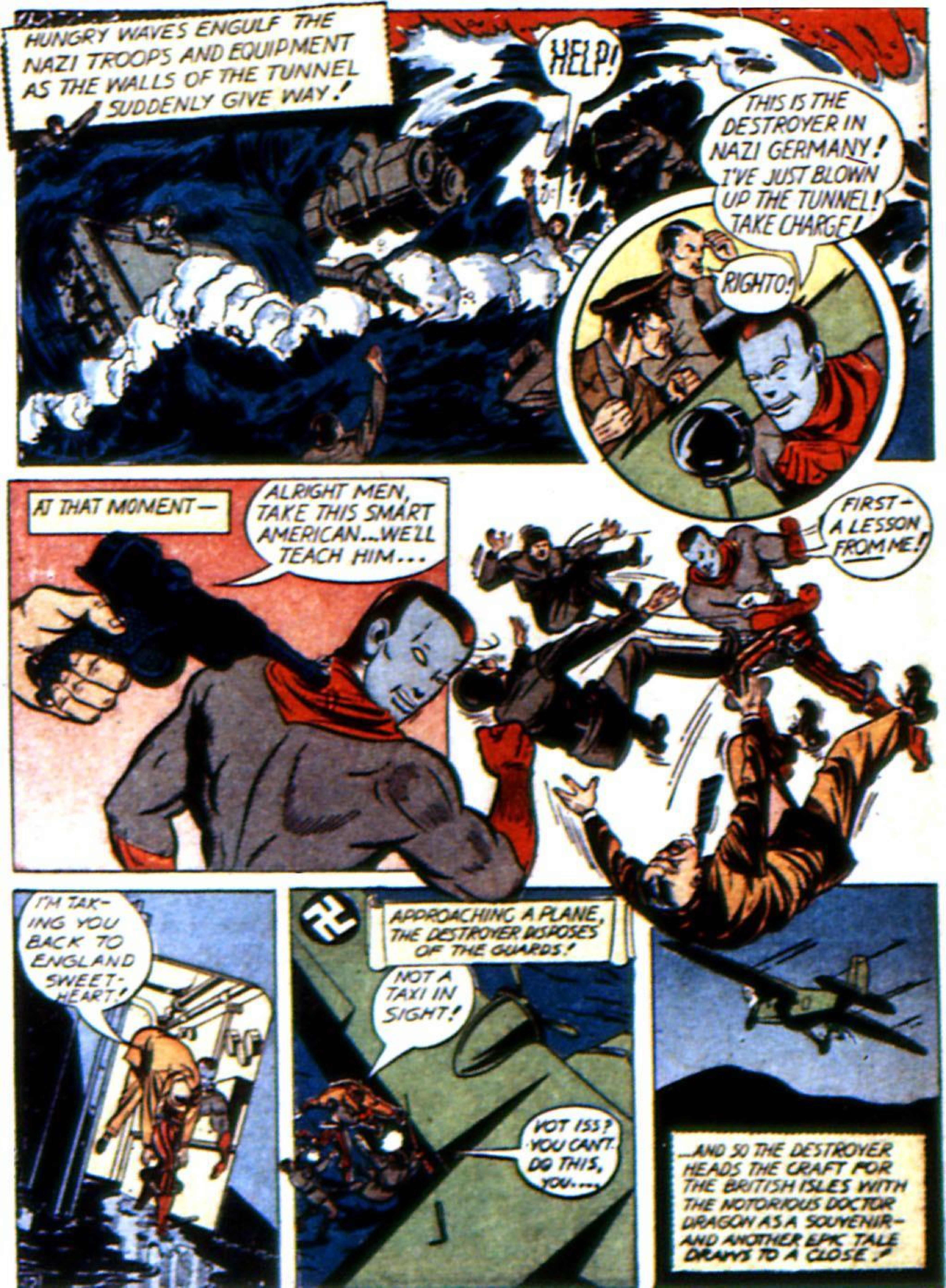

IN A FEW SECONDS THE STRANGER FORCES THE OFFICERS TO REVEAL THE LOCATION OF THE TUNNEL. ...BUT THEN A HUGE NAZI GUARD BARGES IN!
DONNERVETTER! STRIKE MY MASTERS, EH? I'LL KILL YOU FOR DOT!
BUT THE STRANGER SUDDENLY REMOVES HIS OUTER CLOTHES AND BEHOLD... THE DESTROYER!
YIII!
A FEW HOURS LATER, THE HEROIC FIGURE OF THE DESTROYER STANDS ABOVE A GUARD IN AN AIRPLANE FACTORY...
SORRY I HAVEN'T TIME TO PLAY WITH YOU BUT THERE'S A LITTLE MATTER I MUST ATTEND TO FIRST!
CONTRARY TO THE LAW OF GRAVITY THE FIGURE OF THE GUARD SUDDENLY SEEMS TO FLY UPWARD!
SWISH
NOW THE OL' DESTROYER IS REALLY GOING TO GO TO TOWN!
A SECOND LATER, A HUGE PLANE ROARS THRU THE HANGAR!
IN A THRICE THE HUGE NAZI AIRPORT IS BLOWN UP BY THE DESTROYER TO PREVENT PURSUIT..!
BINGO!


THE DESTROYER LANDS IN ENGLAND TO WARN THE BRITISH OF THE GREAT INVASION TUNNEL!
A NAZI PLANE! TRAIN YOUR SIGHTS ON IT!
BUT I TELL YOU I'VE COME HERE TO WARN YOU OF THE GREAT DANGER... I MUST GET...
SORRY! WE SHALL HOLD YOU UNTIL THE NAZIS FREE FLORENCE VON BANGER IN RETURN FOR YOUR FREEDOM!
FLORENCE! MY FIANCEE CAPTURED BY THE NAZIS. I MUST RESCUE HER!
IN PRISON, A DANGLING ROPE IS THE MEANS OF THE DESTROYER'S ESCAPE!
LUCKY THE OCEAN'S RIGHT BELOW! I NEED EVERY SECOND! HERE GOES!
ZING!
ZING
UNTIRING, DETERMINED, UNWAVERING THE DESTROYER SWIMS ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO NAZI GERMANY, AND CERTAIN DANGER..!
FINALLY THE JUSTICE-SEEKER REACHES HIS OBJECTIVE; A CONCENTRATION CAMP....


REACHING THE CAMP, THE DESTROYER FINDS DOCTOR DRAGON TRYING TO TORTURE INFORMATION OUT OF FLORENCE...
I'LL TEACH YOU TO DEFY THE NAZI REGIME, YOU--- WHAT TH... WHO?
AFTER DISPOSING OF THE DOCTOR DRAGON, THE DESTROYER DASHES OUT OF THE PRISON WITH FLORENCE!
THESE GRENADES WILL DISPOSE OF THAT ARMED CAR! COME ON, THIS WAY!
CAPTAIN– DER PRISONER IS ESCAPING – WITH DER DESTROYER! BUT VARE IS HERR DOCTOR DRAGON?
WITH CAT-LIKE AGILITY, FLORENCE LEAPS THE FENCE AS THE DESTROYER FIGHTS A REAR GUARD ACTION!
YOU BOYS WILL JUST NEVER LEARN, EH?
YOU HIDE HERE, FLO! YOU'LL BE SAFE NOW. I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT JOB TO FINISH!
I'M OFF TO DESTROY THE GREAT TUNNEL!
REGARDLESS OF PERSONAL DANGER HE DASHES OFF...


...INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE TUNNEL, THE DESTROYER CAUTIOUSLY MOVES....
YOU DIDN'T SEE ME, EH?
CRACK!
BUT FROM BEHIND DOCTOR DRAGON STRIKES SWIFTLY!
PREPARE FOR INVASION, I HAVE THE DESTROYER TIED UP IN THE CONTROL ROOM.
THE COWARDLY DOCTOR DRAGON REMAINS IN THE CONTROL ROOM WHERE IT'S SAFE, TO DIRECT THE INVASION!
WHAT LUCK! MY BONDS ARE LOOSE!
START ROLLING!
BUT DOCTOR DRAGON CHOSE THE WRONG PLACE FOR SAFETY...
NOW, DOC, YOU'RE GONNA RECEIVE MY SPECIAL TREATMENT!
VOT?
STILL FEEL SAFE?
BOP!
MIGHTY FISTS PLUNGE THE GREAT DYNAMITE SWITCH!

AT THAT INSTANT THE ENTIRE NAZI TUNNEL GIVES A SUDDEN HEAVE AS THOUGH A GIANT VOLCANO WERE SUCKING IN ITS BREATH... AND THEN, A CATACLYSMIC TREMBLE AND AN EARTH-SHAKING ROAR... AND THE TREMENDOUS TUNNEL IS NO MORE! THE DYNAMITE HAS DONE ITS WORK!


HUNGRY WAVES ENGULF THE NAZI TROOPS AND EQUIPMENT AS THE WALLS OF THE TUNNEL SUDDENLY GIVE WAY!
HELP!
THIS IS THE DESTROYER IN NAZI GERMANY! I'VE JUST BLOWN UP THE TUNNEL! TAKE CHARGE!
RIGHTO!
AT THAT MOMENT—
ALRIGHT MEN, TAKE THIS SMART AMERICAN...WE'LL TEACH HIM...
FIRST— A LESSON FROM ME!
I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO ENGLAND SWEETHEART!
APPROACHING A PLANE, THE DESTROYER DISPOSES OF THE GUARDS!
NOT A TAXI IN SIGHT!
VOT ISS? YOU CAN'T DO THIS, YOU....
...AND SO THE DESTROYER HEADS THE CRAFT FOR THE BRITISH ISLES WITH THE NOTORIOUS DOCTOR DRAGON AS A SOUVENIR— AND ANOTHER EPIC TALE DRAWS TO A CLOSE!

HERE IT COMES!

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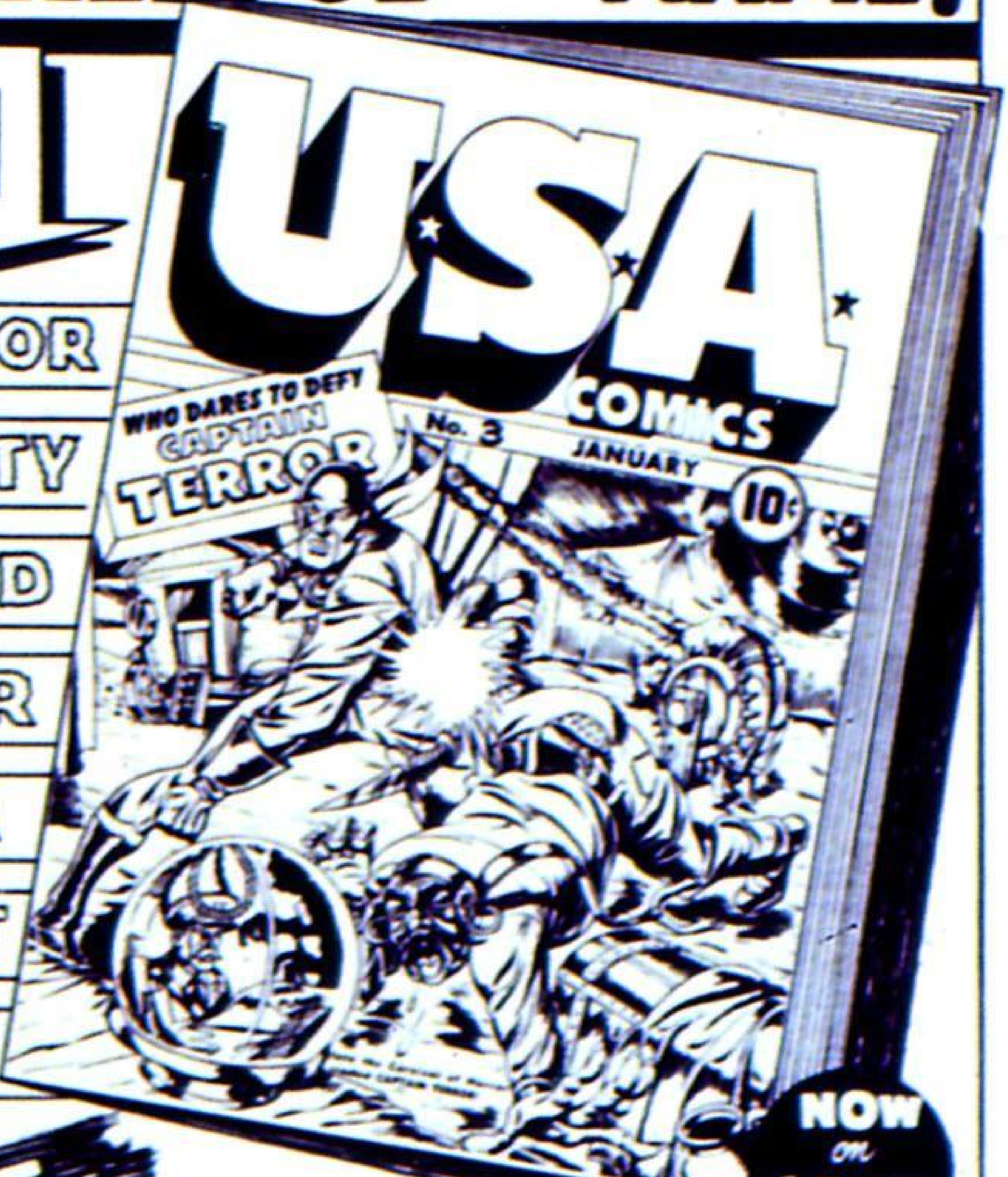
- ★ JACK FROST
- ★ ROCKMAN

AND OTHERS!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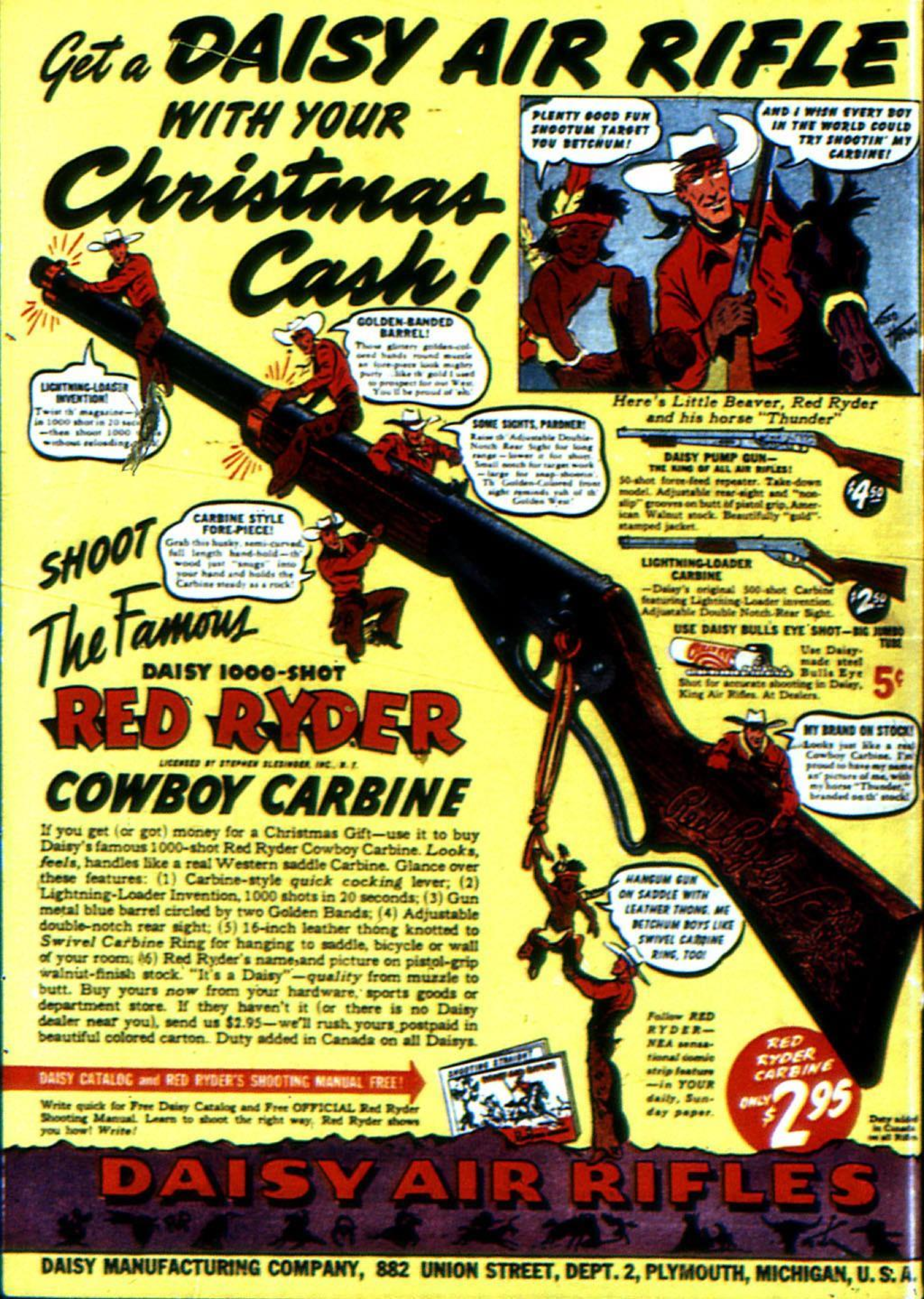
PLENTY GOOD FUN SHOOTUM TARGET YOU BETCHUM!
AND I WISH EVERY BOY IN THE WORLD COULD TRY SHOOTIN' MY CARBINE!
LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION! Twist th' magazine—[illegible] in 1000 shot in 20 sec[illegible] —then shoot 1000 [illegible] without reloading
GOLDEN-BANDED BARREL! Those glittery golden-colored bands round muzzle an' fore-piece look mighty purty ...like th' gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of 'em.
SOME SIGHTS, PARDNER! Raise th' Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Small notch for target work—large for snap-shooting. Th' Golden-Colored front sight reminds yuh of th' Golden West.
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MY BRAND ON STOCK! —Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. I'm proud to have my name an' picture of me, with my horse "Thunder," branded on th' stock!
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